

M. Vanderbank inv.t. Gav. Vander Gucht Sculp.



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A

LETTER

TO

CLEOMENES

KING of

SPARTA,

FROM

Euſtace Budgell, Eſq;

Being An

ANSWER,

Paragraph by Paragraph,

To His *Spartan* Majeſty's ROYAL EPISTLE Publiſhed ſome Time ſince in the *Daily Courant*.

With ſome Account of the MANNERS and GOVERNMENT of the Antient GREEKS and ROMANS, and *Political* REFLECTIONS thereon.

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THE CONTENTS

Contents of the INTRODUCTION.

ANSWER.

HAB-NAB-GATE R and Defign of Mr. R. M's Pamphlet pag. 3.

—Proved by a Narration out of it 5

Story of Sir Robert Car, and Sir Thomas Overbury 6

What Infamous Court the Star Chamber abolished 11

Mr. R. M's Obfervations on The little Tricks of the long Robe, and the Laws being made to cenfure Writings which it ought not 12

—The Beft in all his Book ibid.

—The Worft in all his Book ibid.

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BRITISH MUSEUM 15 73 OCT

THE

CONTENTS.

Contents of the INTRODUCTION.

CHARACTER *and Design of Mr.* R. M's *Pamphlet* pag. 3.

——*Proved by a Quotation out of it* 5

Story of Sir Robert Car, *and Sir* Thomas Overbury 6

That Infamous Court the Star Chamber abolished 11

Mr. R. M's *Observations on* The little Tricks of the long Robe, *and the* Laws *being* made *to* cenſure *Writings which it ought not* ibid.

——*The Beſt in all his Book* ibid.

Inſtance of Mr. R. M's *reducing a Controverſy to one ſingle Point* 12
A Groupe of Mr. R. M's *Queſtions* 13
——*All anſwered by* one *Query* 14
Mr. Scrubb *calls Mr.* R. M. *Mr.* What-d'ye-call-him ibid.
A ſatirical Query of Mr. R. M's ibid.
——*Not anſwered* 15
Another Groupe of Mr. R. M's *Queſtions* 16
——*Not anſwered* ibid.
Mr. R. M's *Vindication of the St.* James's Evening Poſt 18
Story of Attilius Regulus 19
Mr. Thomſon's *handſome Compliment to the Committee for inſpecting Goals* 24
Mr. R. M's *Vindication of Sir* R. W. 26
Mr. R. M's *generous Behaviour to* ſcreen *his Friend* ibid.
——*Is the* peculiar Author *of* particular Queries 27
A malicious Obſervation of Mr. Scrubb's ibid.
Mr. R. M. *not altogether ſo* Modeſt *as Mr.* Calcot *and Mr.* Jones 29
Two other malicious Obſervations of Mr. Scrubb's 30, 31

Story

Story of Pylades *and* Oreſtes 31
A ſcandalous Report that Mr. R. M. *has a Penſion during Pleaſure, and writes for Hire* ibid.
The Juſtice and Candour of Mr. R. M's *perſonal Reflections* 34
Mr. R. M's *Compliment to the Lord Chancellor aud Maſter of the Rolls* 39
To Sir R. W. *and the Lord Chief Juſtice* Eyre 40
Mr. R. M's *excellent Definition of* Madneſs ibid.
——*Is a profound Aſtrologer* 41
——*Differs with Sir* Iſacc Newton *about the Motion of the Planets* ibid.
Mr. R. M's *ingenious Method of making a Quotation* 42
Character of Mr. Scrubb's *Letter to Mr.* R. M. 44
Cleomenes *at leaſt one Claſs above Mr.* R. M. 45
A State of the Author's Caſe 46
——*Some of the Compliments which have been beſtowed upon him by the humble Servants of a certain Noble Perſon* 50
——*Thoſe Gentlemen not entirely agreed about his Underſtanding* 52

Machiavel's *Opinion of what is neceſſary for the Conſervation of any State* 55
The Aſſertion, that the Author appeals to the King and the Publick *on the* ſame Heads, *is* falſe in Fact 56
Stratagem of a certain Politician 58
Great Moderation of the ancient Greeks *and* Romans 59
Inſtances of it in Epaminondas, Paulus Emilius, *and others* ibid.
Lycurgus's *Policy* 60
Cato's *Generoſity* 62
Difference between the Ancient *and* Modern *Patriots* ibid.
The certain Effect of Avarice 64
To what the Spartans *chiefly owed their Greatneſs* 66
Account of the Spartan *Education* 67
Pyrrhus's *ſcandalous Stratagem* ibid.
Remarkable Saying of Pedaretes 70
——*Of* Pittacus *at the Banquet of* Periander ibid.
Two Objections particularly made to the Inſtitutions of Lycurgus 73
The Spartans *ſtrictly commanded to kill all Children born with any viſible* Defect *or* Deformity *in their Limbs* ibid.

Lycurgus's *Reaſons for making this Law* ibid.
Richard *the Third, why called* Crook-Back Richard 77
Æſop's *uncommon Generoſity* ibid.
——*His* Deformity *a meer* Fiction *according to Dr.* Bently 78
Lycurgus's *great Indulgence to both Sexes in Caſes of Love* 79
——*Juſtified in ſome meaſure by the Practice of* Cato 80
——*Illuſtrated by the Story of* Acrotatus *and* Chelidonis 81
Adultery a Crime unknown in Sparta 83
The Spartan, Roman, *and* Engliſh *Conſtitutions, ſomewhat alike* 84
Lycurgus's *Artifice to keep* Love *alive after* Marriage 86
Story of Cliſthenes 88
Spartans *Cruelty to their Slaves* 90
Account of China 92
Voſſius's *Calculation of the Number of Inhabitants in the Capital City of* China 93
The Chineſe *excel all other Nations in the* Art of Government 95
No Hereditary Honours *or* Titles *in* China 96

Way of chuſing their Mandarines *or* Gentlemen 97
Queen Elizabeth's *glorious Reign, and* able *Miniſters* 99
Cromwell's *great Actions* 101
——*What was the real Source of them* 104
Why the greateſt Men are moſt inclined to Love 108
Story of Coriolanus 110
A remarkable Omiſſion of Livy's 114
Valeria's *Speech to* Volumnia 124
Volumnia's *Anſwer* 126
Volumnia's *Speech to her Son* 129
Death of Coriolanus 138
——*His Funeral* 139
Humanity and Politeneſs of the Roman *Ladies* 140
Machiavel's *Method in his* Prince *and* Diſcourſes *upon* Livy 143
——*In his* Art of War 144
The Romans *ſend to* Athens *for Laws* 145
How the Twelve Tables were compoſed ibid.
Cicero's *Encomium upon them* 147
Character of Montaign's *Eſſays* 149
——*Of Lord* Orrery's *Book againſt Dr.* Bentley 150
——*Of Monſieur* Bayle's Thoughts upon the Comet *in* 1680 ibid.
——Protogenes's *Picture of the* Satyr *and* Partridge 151

Con-

Contents of the Letter to the King of SPARTA.

THE preſent happy Condition of Great Britain 2
Firſt Paragraph of the King of Sparta's *Letter* 4
Another Paragraph 5
——*His Method of ending a Diſpute with the Ephori* 9
——*Another Paragraph of his Letter* 10
An Article out of the Craftſman, *giving an Account of the King of* Great Britain's *going to* Newmarket 14
King of Sparta's *Definition of a* factious Perſon 16
Another Paragraph of his Letter 18
His Principles altered much for the worſe 19
——*Offended with the* Author, *for having paid a little Reſpect to his* lawful Sovereign 21
——*Another Paragraph of his Letter* 23
——*His groundleſs Charge of the Author's making* an ungentlemanly Diſcovery of private Converſation 24
——*Calls the Author a* Deſperado 26
The Maxim Lycurgus *chiefly endeavoured to inculcate in the Minds of the* Spartans 27
Subject of the Spartan *Songs* ibid.

——*Their*

——*Their Behaviour after they had loſt the Battle at* Leuctra 28
——*Their Manner of Eating, and* Table-Talk 29
The City of Sparta *preſerved by the Gallantry of the Ladies* 31
Lycurgus's *Reaſon for having no Walls to the City of* Sparta 33
Ageſiſtrata's *Love for her Country* 35
The Behaviour of Cleomenes's *Mother* 36
——*Of the Mother of* Pauſanias 37
——*Of another* Spartan *Lady* 38
——*Of a* Spartan *Boy* 39
——*Of another* 40
The Feaſt of Diana, *or of* Whipping the Youths ibid.
Cleomenes *overthrown by* Antigonus *at the Battle of* Sellaſia 42
Deſcription of one of the late Duke of Marlborough's *Battles* 43
Story of Tyrtæus *the Poet*, General *of the* Spartans 44
Character of the Dutcheſs of M——h 47
Story of the Wife of Panteus ibid.
The Manner in which we have been lately treated by the Spaniards 48
The Happineſs of our Merchants ſince the late Peace 49
Character of the late Mr. Congreve 51
His Letter to the Lord Cobham ibid.
Quotation from a Poem intitled Britannia 53

Raw-

Rawleigh *and* Blake, *how they treated the* Spaniard 56
——*Superior to* Lyſander *the* Spartan *Admiral* ibid.
Another Paragraph from Cleomenes's *Letter* 57
An Italian *Proverb* 59
The King of Sparta's *ingenious Manner of making a Quotation* 63
Quotation from the Author's Poem on the King of Great Britain's *Journey to* Cambridge *and* Newmarket 64
Mr. R. M's *Criticiſm and Charge againſt the Author for Complimenting an* Horſe 68
The King of Sparta's *Criticiſm* 70
Homer's *Definition of* Valour 71
Plutarch's *Judgment upon it* 72
Virgil's *Hero ridiculed by Monſieur St.* Evremont 73
Æneas's *Behaviour on the Night* Troy *was taken*; Hector *appears to him in his Sleep* 74
Dryden's *wretched Tranſlation of this Paſſage in* Virgil ibid.
Æneas *determines to oppoſe the* Grecians 75
Dryden's *faulty Tranſlation of this Paſſage* 76
What Liberties a Tranſlator may take 77
The Author's Expreſſion——Prodigal of Life
——*Juſtified* 79

Virgil's

Virgil's *Manner of making his Hero quit the Field* 81
Dryden *cenſured* 85
——*Commended* 86
The Publick extreamly indulgent to Tranſlators ibid.
Perſpicuity *one of the greateſt* Beauties *in writing* 88
Virgil's *Encomium upon* Lauſus 89
——*Upon* Niſus *and* Euryalus 91
Raſhneſs of Aſcanius 92
Mr. Addiſon *upbraids the late Duke of* Marlborough 95
——*Had* Lucan *probably in his Eye* 96
An Inſtance of raſh Valour in Alexander ibid.
Another 97
Another ibid.
A French *Author's Obſervation upon one of* Alexander's *Actions* 99
An Inſtance of raſh Valour in Pyrrhus ibid.
In Cæſar 100
In Iſadas 101
In Edward *the Third King of* England 102
In Henry *the Fifth* 103
In Charles *the Seventh, the* French *King* ibid.
In Richard *the Third of* England ibid.
In the late King of Sweden 104
In Cleomenes *himſelf* ibid.
A pretty Obſervation of Mr. Dryden's 107
The Author's Caution to the King of Great Britain 108

Para-

Paragraph of the King of Sparta's *Letter* 109
The Author's Propoſal to him 110
A Laconic Epiſtle 113
The Anſwer to it 114
A Definition of the Liberty of the Preſs 116
Timocreon's *Satire upon* Themiſtocles 120
Themiſtocles's *Rapaciouſneſs* 121
Pericles *his Character* 122
His Eloquence and Way of managing a Debate 123
Cimon *his Character* 124
Thucydides *his Character* 128
Pericles *corrupts the* Athenians *with their* own Money 129
——*Baniſhes* Cimon ibid
——*Is beaten at* Tanagra 130
Baniſhes Thucydides 131
——*Becomes a downright* Tyrant ibid.
——*Bribes the King of* Sparta's *firſt Miniſter* 132
——*Makes a* ſcandalous Truce 133
——*Demands* Secret-Service-Money ibid.
——*Makes an* impudent Propoſal *to the People of* Athens 135
——*Takes* Samos 137
——*Is mortified by* Elpinice 138
——*Is the Author of a moſt wicked Law* 139
——*Called upon to account for the* Publick Money 141
——Alcibiades's *Advice to him.* 142

Kindles

Kindles the Peloponnesian *War, which ended in the Taking of* Athens, *and the Destruction of the Commonwealth* 143
The Plague of Athens ibid.
Pericles's Cruelty *and* Ingratitude *to* Anaxagoras 147
A Guess at the Reason of his Antipathy to Men of Parts *and* Learning 152
He is fallen upon by the Athenian *Wits* ibid.
——*By* Teleclides ibid.
——*By* Cretinus 153
——*By* Hermippus 155
Story of an Athenian *Audience* 157
——*Another* 158
Cato *writes a Satire against* Scipio 160
Tully *writes a Satire against* Cæsar 161
The Liberty Cæsar's *Soldiers took with him* ibid.
Story of one of Augustus's *Soldiers* 162
A Saying of Marcus Antonius's 163
Gregory Nazianzen's *Satires against the Emperor* Julian 164
Julian's *Character* ibid.
Remarkable Conversation of the late Queen Mary's *with a learned Prelate* 168
Murder of Sir Walter Rawleigh *and* Coke's *Behaviour* 170
Liberty of the Press in China 171
A remarkable Story ibid.
——*Another of* Confucius 174
A Chinese *Chronicle* 177

——*Re-*

——Remarkable Cuſtom in China 183
Prodigious Bells in Pekin 184
Cranmer's *Cruelty* 187
Sidney *murdered* 189
What People dread the Preſs 190
Two fictitious Caſes 191
Late Earl of Oxford *a noble Patron of learned Men* 196
An Account of his Peace and Politicks 198
What ſome People think was a happy Criſis for Great Britain 201
How Queen Elizabeth *would probably have acted* ibid.
Character of the Counteſs of Ox——d 204
Mr. Addiſon's *Character of the late Lord* B———ke 205
Remarkable Converſation of Mr. Addiſon *and late Lord* Halifax 207
Impreſſions given the late King at the Hague 211
Lord Halifax's *Scheme not followed* ibid.
Great Genius's have uſually an Averſion to Satire 215
Remarkable Quotation from the late Earl Shaftesbury 217
Inuendoes 227
A Roman *Triumph* 229
Remarkable Story of Marius 231
Juſtice done to a certain Reverend Prelate 233
Liberty taken by Cleomenes's *Hero* 236

The

The Author growing a Perſon of Importance 238
——*Like to become chief Favourite to the King of* Sparta 240
Cato's *Opinion of Shame* 242
Spartan *Virgins obliged to dance Naked* 243
Cleomenes's *Panegyrick upon his Hero* 245
Infamous Forgeries invented by his Enemies 246
The Craftſman *an impudent Fellow* 247
Character of the late Mr. Law 248
Late Inſtances of the Queen of Great Britain's *well-placed Bounty, and Regard to* Perſonal Merit 258
The Author's Behaviour when the Pretender *landed in* Scotland 260
Milton, Cromwell's *Latin Secretary* 264
His Behaviour in that Poſt 265
The Spirit raiſed by Mr. Addiſon's Cato 266
The Behaviour of an able and dexterous Stateſman at that Time 267
The Concluſion ibid.
Poſtſcript 272

Contents of the APPENDIX.

ONE of the Author's Caſes as delivered into the Houſe of Lords 5
Character of the late Earl of Halifax 16
A Letter to the late Mr. Law 24
A Letter to the Craftſman 43

INTRO-

THE

*INTRODUCTION.

The following Sheets contain an Anſwer to the Celebrated Letter *of the* mighty CLEOMENES.

IT is no great Secret from what *Hand* that Letter came, and what Endeavours were uſed at its firſt Appearance to make it paſs for a Maſter-piece; tho', ſince the Town has declared againſt it, I find thoſe very People who were once its greateſt Admirers, are not quite ſo loud in their Encomiums.

* It is ſo neceſſary my Readers ſhould peruſe *This* before the *Letter to Cleomenes*, that I have ventured to give it a Name after the Manner of the Ancients: *Theophraſtus* calls the Diſcourſe before his Excellent *Characters*, Προοίμιον; in *Latin*, *Proœmium*; in *Engliſh*, The *Introduction*.

I ſhould have anſwer'd this Letter *ſooner*, but for ſome *particular Reaſons*, which it is neither *neceſſary* my Readers ſhould *know*, nor might be *ſafe* for me to *tell*.

I did not begin to write till ſome time after that *Sixpenny Pamphlet* was publiſh'd againſt me, which the *King of Sparta* thought fit to mention in his own *Royal* Epiſtle; and was pleaſed to intimate, wou'd be a *full* Reply to my *Letter to the Craftſman*. Upon this Intimation I reſolved to receive my Enemies *whole Fire*, and to hear *all* they could ſay, that I might at once give an Anſwer to whatever ſhould deſerve one.

At laſt this Pamphlet came out, which was *Advertiſed* about *ſix Weeks* before it was *publiſhed*: I am told, that, upon *Second Thoughts*, it was *withdrawn* after it was firſt ſent to the Preſs, in order to make ſome *neceſſary Alterations*. The Author ſubſcribes himſelf *R. M.* and appears to be ſo very *warm* in the *Cauſe* he undertakes, that from *hence*, and the *two Letters* R. M. which

which he has printed as the *Initial Letters* of his *proper Name*, one would almoſt ſuſpect him to be a *well-known* Gentleman, of whoſe *Labours* and *Zeal* for the *Intereſt* of a certain *noble Perſon*, the Journals of the *Britiſh* Houſe of Commons are ſtanding and undeniable Evidences. The Stile of this Pamphlet is not extreamly *ſublime*, tho' it muſt be confeſſed, that in many Places it is hardly *intelligible*. Whatever it aſſerts as *Matter of Fact*, is, generally ſpeaking, directly *falſe*. The Author's principal *Deſign*, if I gueſs right, was to provoke me by theſe *falſe Aſſertions* (added to the moſt *abuſive Language* and *cruel Inſults*, upon my *being under Confinement*) to ſay ſomething in Anſwer to him, which might be laid hold of by my Adverſaries; with whoſe *tender Mercies* I am already too well acquainted, to entertain the leaſt Doubt about their applying to the *Secular Arm*, and making a *full Uſe* of any ſuch *Advantage*. Tho', as ſoon as I ſaw this Pamphlet, I reſolved never to give it a *formal Anſwer*, I ſhall quote enough of it to convince my Readers that I have not miſrepreſented Mr. *R. M.* the worthy Author.

In my *Letter to the Craftſman*, I affirm, " That, * *In* more *than* one Inſtance, *I have* " *been treated with* greater Severity *than* " *ever any* Engliſhman *was* before *in the* " like Circumſtances.

I afterwards add :

" *As I never loved* general Aſſertions, " *I am here ſtrongly tempted to deſcend to* " Particulars ; *but when I conſider my* preſent " Situation, *I am in great Doubt, whether,* " *with any tolerable Aſſurance of Impunity,* " *I might venture to mention even the moſt* " plain, *the moſt* notorious, *and* undeniable " Facts.

From *theſe Words* Mr. *R. M.* takes Occaſion to fall upon me in the following Manner.

" *Does it well conſiſt or agree with ſuch* " *daring Declarations, ſuch ſturdy Defiances* " *as you have made, that you would give up* " *your* Life *in this Cauſe, if you failed in the* " *Proof: I ſay, does it correſpond with ſuch*

* See Page the 32d in the *Seventh Edition* of the *Letter to the Craftſman.*

" *ſeeming*

" *ſeeming Intrepidity, to make this* ſneaking,
" *this* ſhuffling *Prevarication in the Cloſe,*
" *that, in your* preſent Situation, *you are in*
" *ſome Doubt, whether, with any tolerable*
" *Aſſurance of Impunity, you may venture*
" *to mention, even the moſt* plain, *the moſt*
" notorious *and* undeniable Facts? ——
" *You have at leaſt* one *Security, that* Fines
" *and* Impriſonment *cannot poſſibly affect*
" *you, for* you are in Confinement already.
" *What is it then you have to fear? It is*
" *not High-Treaſon to prove the Truth againſt*
" *Sir* R. W. *Even* Scandalum Magnatum
" *cannot be your Terror.* You are Lodg'd.
" *You are already beyond its Reach. Now,*
" *therefore, ſince neither your* Life *or* Liber-
" ty, *your* Lands *or* Goods, *can* any Ways
" *ſuffer, by your Oppoſition to this* great *and*
" honourable *Perſon,* mighty *and* powerful
" *we allow him to be; What have you to*
" *fear? What is it you are any ways alarm'd*
" *at? for* Providence hath happily indem-
" nified your Ears *by aboliſhing the* Court of
" Star-Chamber; *a Bleſſing that ought to be*
" *acknowledged. It is a* poor *and* wretched
" *Artifice, that you can have* any *Puniſh-*
" *ment to fear.*

To all theſe *Inſults* and *hard Words*, I ſhall only return the Gentleman, from whom I receive them, this *plain Anſwer*.

I confeſs, my preſent Condition is *wretched* enough; tho' perhaps it is not yet ſo *bad*, but that there is a Poſſibility of its becoming ſtill *worſe*. I doubt a little even of the Truth of that *Propoſition* which this ingenious Writer *lays down*, and ſo plainly *demonſtrates*, (viz.) That *Fines cannot poſſibly affect me*, becauſe *I am in Confinement already*: Neither am I *fully* ſatisfied, of what this worthy Author farther aſſerts, *that my Life is in no manner of Danger*; from the *ſame Reaſon*, (viz.) only becauſe *I am in Confinement already*; Having read ſomewhere of an *unhappy Gentleman*, one Sir *Thomas Overbury*, who was *brought into Confinement* by the Contrivances of a * *great Man*, and a *great*

* This *great Man*, and *great Miniſter*, was Mr. *Robert Car*, who, from a *private Gentleman of no great Parts or Birth* (ſays *Echard*) was made a *Knight of the Garter*, and well known afterwards by the Title of Sir *Robert Car*: He was at laſt created Earl of *Somerſet* by King *James* the Firſt, in whoſe Reign he was *firſt Miniſter*, and *chief Favourite*. The Story of *Overbury* has ſome *Particulars* in it ſo *curious*, that, I believe, ſuch of my Readers,

great Miniſter; for *no other Reaſon*, but that he might afterwards be *diſpatch'd into another World*, with the leſs *Noiſe* and *Obſervation*. In a Word, I have had ſome little

---

Readers, as are not already acquainted with it, will be glad to know it. Mr. *Thomas Overbury* was a *Man of Senſe*, and a *Scholar*. He had applied himſelf for ſome time to the Study of the Law, in which he made a conſiderable Progreſs, but at laſt unfortunately left the Temple, in Hopes of getting Preferment at Court. Here he ſoon became acquainted with Sir *Robert Car*. This great Favourite, *upon the Death of that famous Stateſman, the Earl of* Salisbury, (*ſays* Echard) *aſſumed the whole Adminiſtration of the Government, and took the Liberty to receive Packets, and diſpatch Anſwers without the Knowledge of the King or Council.* *Overbury* was *famous* for having a *fine Pen*; and we have ſtill a *Poem* of this unhappy Gentleman's, which is full of *Wit* and *true Satyr*. *Somerſet*, upon ſeveral Occaſions, had made uſe of his *Advice*, and his *Pen*, and had found *both* ſo ſerviceable, that he had often made him the ſtrongeſt Profeſſions of *Gratitude* and *Friendſhip*. Poor *Overbury*, who was now knighted, thought himſelf obliged to act in all Reſpects like a real and ſincere Friend, and to conſult the Good of his Patron. Accordingly, he took the Liberty to ſpeak his Sentiments to the Miniſter, in relation to his Conduct, in a certain *ſcandalous Affair*, which *Overbury* plainly told him would prove his Ruin. *Somerſet*, whoſe Head was now turned with *Pride* and *Power*, could not forgive this Freedom in his Friend, but reſolved to take away his Life by Poiſon; in order to effect this with the more Secrecy, he contrived to get him impriſoned in the Tower. There is a *Letter* of *Overbury*'s ſtill extant, in which he upbraids *Somerſet* in the moſt *lively Terms*, with his *Cruelty* and *Ingratitude*: And *this very Letter* is thought, by moſt People, to have haſtened his *Fate*. When the uncommon Strength of this *poor Gentleman*'s Conſtitution had ſtruggled for above four Months together with all the Poi-

little Experience of my Enemies *Mercy* and *good Nature*, and muſt therefore beg this Gentleman's Pardon, if I ſtill uſe the ſame *Caution* I did in my *Letter to the Craftſman.*

ſons which had been given him at ſeveral Times by *Somerſet's* Direction, he dy'd at laſt under unheard-of Pains. *And, now* (ſays *Echard*) *the Earl of* Somerſet, *like a mighty* Coloſs, *ſtood the Fury of all the Tempeſts raiſed againſt him; making thoſe who carry'd the greateſt Sail, to ſtrike, and come under him; nor would ſuffer any Place in Court, or Dignity in State, to be conferr'd on any, which was not ſweeten'd with his Smile that gave it, or their Bounty that enjoy'd it. This* Pride *and* Avarice *joined to his other Miſcarriages, caus'd ſuch a Number of Underminers, that he ſoon found he had but a tottering Foundation, with no other Support but the King's Favour, which, by Providence and inferior Accidents, was gradually removed; making a Way towards the Vengeance due to the Blood of Sir* Thomas Overbury. The barbarous Murder of this innocent unfortunate Gentleman, which had been privately whiſper'd for ſome time, began at laſt, to be loudly talked of. All who heard the Story, were ſtruck with Horror: King *James*, to convince his Subjects how impartially he was reſolved throughout his whole Reign to adminiſter *Juſtice*, and that he would never tolerate either *Murder* or *Oppreſſion* in his *firſt Miniſters*, ſent for all the Judges to come to him at *Theobalds*: The Judges waited upon him accordingly, when his Majeſty kneeling down in the midſt of a Circle of Court Lords and Gentlemen, after having conjured his Judges in the moſt ſolemn Manner, to examine into the Bottom of *Overbury's* Affair, without *Favour*, *Affection*, or *Partiality*, he added (ſays Sir *Anthony Weldon*) theſe very remarkable Words: *And if you ſhall ſpare any of this Crime, God's Curſe light on you and your Poſterity: And if I ſpare any that are found Guilty, may God's eternal Curſe light on me and my Poſterity.* The Judges having received ſo ſtrict a Charge, and ſuch full Encouragement, fell roundly to their Buſineſs, without fearing

Craftſman. I do, however, make Mr. *R. M.* this *fair* Offer; If he will procure me any tolerable Aſſurance of writing with Impunity (and by his *own Confeſſion*, he is

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fearing the Frowns of a Miniſter whom they now ſuſpected to be *declining*. One *Richard Weſton* was the firſt Man who was convicted and executed, for being an Inſtrument *Somerſet* had made uſe of to murder *Overbury: Weſton* made a very full Confeſſion of the whole Fact; and *Hollis*, *Wentworth*, and *Lumſden* were fined and impriſoned, for having offered him a vaſt Bribe, and ſtrongly tempted him to prevaricate. Mrs. *Turner*, *James Franklin*, and Sir *Jervaſe Ellways*, Lieutenant of the *Tower*, three more of *Somerſet*'s Inſtruments, were ſoon after convicted and executed; who all likewiſe confeſſed the Fact for which they ſuffered. At the Tryal of Sir *Jervaſe Ellways*, it plainly appear'd by *Letters* under the Earl of *Northampton*'s *own Hand*, that he likewiſe had been an Actor in *Overbury*'s Tragedy; and the World was amazed to find, that a Nobleman, who was Maſter of a vaſt Fortune, ſhould engage himſelf in ſo *Low* and *Execrable* a Piece of Villainy, only to make his Court to a *firſt Miniſter*. *Northampton* was dead at this Time, and (having built that Noble Palace near *Charing-Croſs*, now called *Northumberland-Houſe*, and always kept an open and a plentiful Table) had left a tolerable Character behind him. *But now* (*ſays* Echard) *Fame loaded his Memory with all the Blackneſs that Infamy and Odium could produce. Somerſet*, tho' every Body knew he was the Primary Murderer, found Means to defer his Tryal till the Year following: So effectually will *Power* and *Money* ſcreen the moſt evident Guilt. At laſt, when the Cries of the whole Nation grew too loud to be ſtopped, and every Body openly complain'd, that tho' ſome of his Inſtruments had received their juſt Reward, yet the Man who ſet them at Work, was ſtill unpuniſhed; he and his Wife were brought to their Tryals: They were both ſoon convicted: The Counteſs, who was generally thought the

is acquainted with the *Powerful* and the *Mighty*) I am ready to *open* ſuch a *Scene*, as poſſibly every honeſt *Engliſhman* may *ſtart* at the Sight of: But if Mr. *R. M.* will give me no ſuch Aſſurance, the Publick will pleaſe to judge whether his Manner of treating me upon this Head, is altogether conſiſtent with *Candour* and *Generoſity*. I confeſs, his mentioning the *Star-Chamber* with ſome ſort of Concern, that ſo *infamous* and *tyrannical* a Court was ever aboliſh'd, does not mightily *tempt* me to ſay every

the fineſt Woman in *England*, gave her Peers no Trouble, but with a Shower of Tears pleaded Guilty; and rather choſe to confeſs the Fact, than have ſuch Particulars proved upon her by the Evidence, as muſt have made her *Soul* appear a moſt unworthy Tenant of ſo beautiful a *Body*. King *James*, tho' ſo many Perſons had been already executed, who were only the Inſtruments of his Miniſter's Wickedneſs; and notwithſtanding his own moſt ſolemn Execration before-mentioned, not only pardon'd *Somerſet*, but, tho' he removed him from Court, gave him an Eſtate of 4000 *l. per Ann.* in Land; before which this *wicked* and *worthleſs* Man had (according to *Rapin*) by ſeveral *ſcandalous Jobbs*, in *five Years* Time, got an Eſtate of 19,000 *l. per Ann.* in *Land*, and 200,000 *l.* in *Money*; a vaſt Sum at that Time, tho' but a meer *Trifle* to what we have known a firſt Miniſter get *ſince* thoſe Days. *James* the Firſt was moſt ſeverely cenſured for this notorious Partiality towards his Miniſter; and ſome Writers think, that all thoſe Calamities which ſoon after befel himſelf and his unfortunate Poſterity, were owing to his letting *Somerſet* eſcape unpuniſhed: And, that by this Act of Injuſtice, he drew down upon *himſelf* and his *Children*, that *Vengeance* which the cruel *Sufferings* of poor *Overbury* ſeemed ſo loudly to call for.

thing

thing I could, however kindly Mr. *R. M.* is pleaſed to *invite* me to it. The Groans of a whole Nation, added to the *particular Sufferings* of her *braveſt Patriots*, ſpoke at laſt ſo loud, as fired an *Engliſh* Parliament, and made them deſtroy the very *Being* of that *infamous Court* laſt mentioned: But notwithſtanding that Court is aboliſh'd, yet, as Mr. *R. M.* has very rightly, though perhaps a little unwarily, obſerved, in another Part of his Pamphlet; *The* LAW, *by the* LITTLE TRICKS OF THE LONG ROBE, *has been ſometimes* MADE *to Cenſure ſuch Writings as could not properly be term'd* LIBELLOUS; I do intirely agree with Mr. *R. M.* in *this* his Obſervation, which I am afraid is almoſt the *only* juſt one in his whole Book.

I ſhall lay before my Readers, an Inſtance or two of Mr. *R. M*'s *reducing a Controverſy to one ſingle Point: Of his arguing after the Socratical Manner, or by way of Queſtion:* Of his *Method of vindicating his Friends from thoſe unjuſt Aſperſions which have been laid upon them:* Of the *Juſtice of his perſonal Reflections*; of the *Truth of his Facts*, and his *happy Talent at Panegyrick.*

Nothing

" *Nothing* (ſays Mr. *R. M.* to me) *can be*
" *a more* heinous Iniquity, *a more* aggra-
" vated Wickedneſs, *than an Attempt upon*
" *your Life, a Combination with a Creditor*
" *to* impriſon, *and with a Gaoler to* murder
" *you. Make* this *appear to the Satisfaction*
" *of Mankind, we will believe* all *the reſt,*
" *the* worſt things you can ſay againſt Sir
" *R. W. But in* order *to make it appear,*
" *ſhew us likewiſe,* That he influenc'd your
" Bail to ſurrender you.

I do moſt readily aſſent to Mr. *R. M*'s Aſſertion in his *firſt Period*: I am infinitely obliged to him for his *gracious Promiſe* in his *ſecond Period*: But, alas! the *Command* which he lays upon me in his *third Period* (which if I do not *obey*, I am not, it ſeems, entitled to any of his *Favours*) has ſpoilt all. *But in order to make this appear, ſhew us* (ſays Mr. *R. M.*) *that Sir* R. W. *influenced your Bail to ſurrender you.* I muſt own I cannot help thinking this *Order* a little *ſevere*, becauſe in my Letter to the *Craftſman* which Mr. *R. M.* pretends he is anſwering, I do expreſly declare, that my

Bail

Bail *never did ſurrender me*; but that *I ſurrendered myſelf* to the *Fleet*, to *ſave my Bail* from paying a *pretended* Debt, for which I was *unjuſtly* ſued.

Mr. *R. M.* frequently argues in the *Socratical Manner*, that is, by *way of Queſtion*: Speaking of *me* and my *Charge* againſt Sir *R. W.*

" *What* (ſays Mr. *R. M.*) *are his Vouch-*
" *ers? Where are his Evidences? How ſhall*
" *we confront or croſs-examine them? And*
" *will a Man dare to make ſuch an Attack*
" *upon the Fame of a Miniſter, without the*
" *leaſt Intention to juſtify the Charge? Will*
" *he look to Heaven and pray for Mercy?*
" *Will he turn to Men and ſue for Pity?*
" *whilſt he proceeds in ſuch* Wickedneſs,
" Malice *and* Falſhood.

I confeſs this *Groupe* of Queſtions, ſo happily flung together, ſhews a very *fertile* Genius, and perhaps, this is the beſt Method of *Confounding an Adverſary*: I have heard, That when a *certain Sort of Man* turns *Diſputant*, he has been known

to

to ask more Queſtions in an *Hour*, than a *wiſe Man* could anſwer in a *Fortnight*; and perhaps this very Conſideration made the *wiſeſt of Men* ſometimes give no other Anſwer to *one Queſtion*, than by asking *another*. I ſhall for once, preſume to follow ſo great an Example, and ſhall anſwer all the Queries of Mr. *R. M.*, or Mr. *What-d'ye-call-him* (as * Mr. *Scrubb* humorouſly calls him) with this ſingle Queſtion, *viz.* If all my *Vouchers* are *prepared*, if my *Evidences* are *ready* to *appear*, and are even willing to ſubmit to be *Confronted* and *Croſs-examined* by Mr. *What-d'ye-call-him*, *Where* and *When* are we to wait upon him?

" *If* (ſays Mr. *R. M.* to me) *you do not*
" *prove this great, this grievous Oppreſſion,*
" Pray what ſhall we ſay of you? *who*
" *alarm the World, with what you dare not*
" *bring to the Teſt of Enquiry, and which you*
" *are afraid ſhould be examined, tho' under*
" *the View of a moſt impartial and indulgent*
" *Judge, the Prince of whom we ſpeak?*

* A Gentleman who has wrote an humourous Pamphlet in Mr. *Budgell's* Defence, and in Anſwer to Mr. *R. M.* was pleaſed to ſubſcribe himſelf *Timothy Scrubb.*

If

If nothing in my Behaviour has yet ſhewn, that I have aſſerted what *I dare not bring to the Teſt of Enquiry*, or that I am *afraid of being examined* by that *excellent* Prince, who, I believe as firmly as this Author can, would be a *moſt impartial* and *indulgent Judge*; I ſay, If *nothing* in my Behaviour has yet ſhewn, that I am *afraid* of being *Examined* by that *juſt* and *good* Prince, the King of *Great Britain*, I think I need not give any manner of Anſwer to Mr. *R. M*'s ſatyrical Query, in his Paragraph laſt quoted, *viz. Pray what ſhall we ſay of You?*

I ſhall give my Readers one more Inſtance of Mr. *R. M*'s *great Judgment* in *asking Queſtions.*

" *You ſay* (ſays Mr. *R. M.* to me) *you*
" *was* once *Sir* R. W's Friend, *when he was*
" *ſtruggling with a very great, and a very*
" able *Man: I ſuppoſe you mean a noble*
" *Earl, Miniſter in the laſt Reign, who has*
" *long ſince been with his Fathers. But*, do
" you remember in all this Struggle, that
" this Honourable Perſon ever libell'd the
" Great

" Great Man we ſpeak of? or ever abus'd
" him to his Royal Maſter? or to the Pub-
" lick? with general Accuſations, unſup-
" ported Improbabilities, dark Hints, or
" random Inſinuations? *No, Sir, he had*
" *the Pleaſure to* ſuppreſs all ſuch Attempts
" *of this Nature, as were* offered to his
" Approbation, *and* never *made his* Appeals
" to the Populace *againſt* that Miniſter, *on*
" *any Account, but in* Defence *of his* own
" Reputation.

I could give Mr. *R. M.* a very *particular Anſwer* to *each* of his *Queſtions* in this Paragraph; but *at preſent*, for *certain Reaſons*, I ſhall only tell him, that *I am his moſt Obedient and moſt Humble Servant.*

Mr. *R. M.* is extreamly *happy* in his *Vindications* of his *Fellow-labourer*, the *St. James's Evening Poſt*, and of Sir *R. W.*

" *The St. James's Evening Poſt* (ſays
" Mr. *R. M.*) *took the Liberty to ſay you*
" *was ſafely conducted from Court, Home to*
" *your Family.*

The

The *St. James's Poſt* did, indeed, take *this Liberty*, and in anſwer to him, I took the Liberty to ſay, That he had publiſh'd to the World a moſt *ſhameful Falſhood*, for which there was not even the *leaſt* Foundation. That I humbly conceived this Falſehood was a high *Reflection* upon the *King* himſelf, ſince all good Princes have ever lent a gracious Ear to the Complaints of their Subjects, more eſpecially againſt their *own Miniſters*, who are, generally ſpeaking, too powerful to be check'd by any but their *Maſter*: That His Majeſty was pleas'd to hear what I ſaid to him, with that *Goodneſs* and *Condeſcention*, which are never wanting in a *generous Breaſt*; but that any body would imagine, by the Account given in the *St. James's Evening Poſt*, that I had been ſent Home with a *File of Musketeers*, or, at leaſt, in Cuſtody of the Yeomen of the Guard.

Let us now ſee, in what Manner Mr. *R. M.* vindicates his Aſſociate, the *St. James's Evening Poſt*, from my *unjuſt*

Accuſation. He addreſſes himſelf to me in the following Words.

"*Who would interpret it as you do? that "you was ſent Home by a File of Muſqueteers, "or at leaſt by the Yeomen of the Guard? "No, Sir, all that know your preſent Con- "finement, and the Circumſtances of ſo im- "portant a Perſon, can be no Secret with the "Publick: All, I ſay, imagined, as well "they might, that the* Officer attending "your Perſon, *enlarged by a Day-Rule, ſafely "conducted you Home to your* Quarters, *the "* Rules of the Fleet-Priſon.

Though I do not take Mr. *R. M.* to be a very *knowing Perſon*, yet I am fully perſuaded, that in this Place he is pleaſed to make himſelf much more ignorant than he really is, in order to bring off his *Friend* and *Ally*, the *St. James's Poſt*. There is ſcarce a Porter in Town, who does not know, that thoſe unhappy Gentlemen, who are indulged with the *Liberties of the Rules* of the *Fleet*, are only *Priſoners upon Parole*; that they are *never* attended by *any Officer*, either while they are *within* the

the Rules, or when, by virtue of a Day-Rule, they go *out* of them. If they could reſolve to forfeit their *Honour* to their *Bail*, or the *Warden*, it is in their Power to make their Eſcape every Day of their Lives, and to become as free as Mr. *R. M.* himſelf is at this preſent writing. Their own *Honour* is the only *Officer* that *attends them*, and *ſafely conducts them Home to their Quarters, the Rules of the Fleet Priſon.* It is certain, that to *Men of Honour*, this ſame *Honour* is the moſt *inexorable* Gaoler upon Earth, and was never yet known to let one of them eſcape from him: It was he that forced *Regulus* * to return from

* *Attilius Regulus* was Conſul of *Rome* in the firſt Punick War. After having obtain'd ſeveral Victories, he at laſt beſieged *Carthage* itſelf: The *Carthaginians*, in this Extremity, deſired Aid from the *Lacedemonians*, who ſent *Xantippus* to their Aſſiſtance. *Regulus*, engaging in a Plain, and his Cavalry being inferior to the *Spartan* General's, was defeated and taken Priſoner. When he had lain in a Dungeon ſome Years, the *Carthaginians* ſent him to *Rome*, (ſtill a Priſoner upon Parole) to perſuade the Senate to *agree to a Peace*, or at leaſt to an *Exchange of Priſoners*. The *Roman* Senate was well enough inclined to either, and pleaſed with the Thought of recovering a Citizen of ſo much Merit as *Regulus*. *Senatui niſi ipſe Auctor fuiſſet, captivi profecto*

from *Rome* to *Carthage*, though the unhappy Priſoner very well knew the Treatment he was to expect there. Some Sort of People will, indeed, run away from this Keeper; but *ſuch* are very ſeldom committed to his Cuſtody: Since the greateſt Men have met with Misfortunes, and it is not abſolutely impoſſible that Mr. *R. M.* before he dies, may be better acquainted with the *Fleet Priſon* than he *pretends* to be at preſent, I beg leave to inform him as a Friend, that I find the Warden of the *Fleet*

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fecto Pœnis redditi eſſent; incolumis in Patriâ Regulus reſtitiſſet, Cic. The only Obſtacle to their agreeing with the *Carthaginians*, was *Regulus* himſelf; who preferring the *Honour* and *Welfare* of his Country to his *own Safety*, made it appear, with an irreſiſtable Eloquence in the Senate-Houſe, That the *Romans* neither ought to *make Peace*, nor agree to an *Exchange of Priſoners*. When he had obliged the Senate to come into theſe Sentiments, tho' he well knew what he muſt expect at *Carthage*, he returned thither in Spite of all the Perſuaſions of his weeping Friends, and was put to Death by the *Carthaginians*, with the moſt exquiſite Tortures. *Regulum palpebris reſectis, Machinâ, in quâ undiq; præacuti ſtimuli eminebant, incluſum, vigilantiâ pariter & continuo tractu doloris necaverunt*, Valer. Maxim. This Story gave Occaſion to one of the fineſt Odes in all *Horace*: Which begins,

Cœlo

Fleet Priſon is (as it behoves him to be) very *Cautious* whom he truſts, and that ſhould a Man be committed to his Cuſtody, who was pretty well known to have no Notion of *Shame* or *Honour*, to be govern'd by nothing but his *Intereſt*, and to make no Scruple of aſſerting, even in Print, the moſt *flagrant Falſhoods*; I ſay, ſhould *ſuch*

Cœlo tonantem credidimus Jovem
Regnare: præſens divus habebitur
Auguſtus, adjectis Britannis
Imperio, gravibuſque Perſis.

Horace has given us the *Speech* which he ſuppoſes *Regulus* made to the Senate upon this Occaſion, and afterwards deſcribes the Behaviour of *Regulus* himſelf, in thoſe inimitable Lines:

Fertur pudicæ conjugis oſculum,
Parvoſque natos, ut capitis minor,
Ab ſe removiſſe, & virilem
Torvus humi poſuiſſe vultum;

Donec labantes conſilio patres
Firmaret auctor nunquam aliàs dato,
Interque mœrentes amicos
Egregius properaret exul.

Atqui ſciebat quæ ſibi barbarus
Tortor pararet: non aliter tamen
Dimovit obſtantes propinquos
Et populum reditus morantem,

Quàm ſi clientum longa negotia
Dijudicatâ lite relinqueret;
Tendens Venafranos in agros
Aut Lacedæmonium Tarentum.

a Man be committed to the Warden's Cuſtody, 'tis a Hundred to one, but that, inſtead of being truſted with the *Liberty of the Rules*, he would be *locked up* within the *Walls* of the Priſon, a Puniſhment of ſo ſevere and terrible a Nature, that I do aſſure Mr. *R. M.* as much as he has *abuſed* me, I am far from wiſhing he may ever ſuffer. I know at preſent, by ſad Experience, that *Confinement*, even in a tolerable Lodging, to a Man accuſtomed to Exerciſe, is a *ſure*, though *lingering* Death; ſince it will certainly bring ſuch Diſtempers upon him as muſt at laſt prove *fatal*; but that the Air of a Gaol, where a Multitude of Wretches are ſhut up together, has ſomething in it ſo very *Noiſome* and *Peſtilential*, that I am ſurprized, to find Men of the ſtrongeſt Conſtitutions can live in it *three Months* together. Under what Torments moſt of them are obliged to endure Life, is apparent from the *Report* of the Committee for the Inſpecting Gaols, who, (tho' I am well aſſured, *many Particulars* were artfully concealed from them)have laid before the Publick ſuch a Scene, as I hope, and do verily believe, neither the *Spaniſh*

Inqui-

Inquiſition nor the *Baſtile* in *France*, are able to match. I chuſe to dwell a little upon this Subject, that if there are any Men at preſent in Power, whoſe *Pride*, *Cruelty*, or *natural Inſolence*, heightened by that *Luxury* in which they wallow *themſelves*, makes them ready and eager, on the ſlighteſt Pretences, to fling *Engliſhmen*, their *Fellow-Subjects* and *Fellow-Creatures* into *Gaols*, *Priſons*, and *Dungeons*; I ſay, I dwell a little the longer upon this Subject, to make *ſuch* Men (if ſuch there are) reflect, if poſſible, that while they may fancy they are only rendring themſelves awful to the People, or giving an Opportunity to an honeſt Gaoler their Friend, to get a little Money; they are too often committing the *blackeſt Murders*, for which, if there ever is to be a *juſt* and *real Inquiſition*, the Blood of thoſe unhappy Wretches, who periſh in the Priſons to which ſuch Magiſtrates ſend them, will moſt certainly be demanded at their Hands.

Mr. *Thomſon*, in one of his Poems upon *the Seaſons*, has a very proper *Memento*

for *ſuch* Men, whoſe *Inſolence in Power* makes them almoſt forget that they are of the ſame Species with their Fellow Creatures.

Ah, little think the gay, licentious *Proud*,
Whom *Pleaſure*, *Power* and *Affluence* ſurround,
How many feel this very Moment, *Death*,
And all the ſad Variety of Pain.
How many pine in Want, and dungeon Glooms;
Shut from the common *Air*, and common *Uſe*
Of their *own Limbs*.

The ſame Gentleman ſpeaking of the late Committee for Inſpecting Gaols, makes them the following handſome and juſt Compliment.

And here can I forget the *generous Few*,
Who, touch'd with human Woe, redreſſive ſought
Into the Horrors of the gloomy Jail?
Unpitied, and unheard, where Miſery moans;
Where Sickneſs pines; where Thirſt and Hunger burn,
And poor *Miſfortune* feels the Laſh of *Vice*.
While in the *Land of Liberty*, the Land
Whoſe every Street, and publick Meeting glows
With open Freedom, little *Tyrants* rag'd:
Snatch'd the lean Morſel from the ſtarving Mouth,
Tore from cold, wintry Limbs, the tatter'd Robe;

Even

Even robb'd them of the laſt of Comforts, *Sleep*;
The *free-born Briton* to the Dungeon chain'd,
Or, as the *Luſt of Cruelty* prevail'd,
At pleaſure mark'd him with inglorious Stripes;
And cruſh'd out *Lives*, by various nameleſs Ways,
That for their *Country* would have *toil'd*, or *bled*.
Hail Patriot-band! who ſcorning ſecret Scorn,
When *Juſtice*, and when *Mercy* led the Way,
Dragg'd the *detected* Monſters into *Light*,
Wrench'd from their Hand Oppreſſion's *Iron Rod*,
And bade the Cruel *feel* the Pains they *gave*.

I am ſure Mr. *R. M.* will excuſe me, for mentioning a *Committee* in this manner, whoſe *Enquiries*, he aſſures us, Sir *R. W.* moſt *heartily promoted:* To which I ſhall only anſwer, That *I am heartily glad to hear it*; and could even wiſh that Honourable Committee had given ſome *publick Mark* of their *Gratitude* to this great Man for his *generous Aſſiſtance*; which was certainly the more *generous*, as it is commonly thought that *Somebody* uſed all his *Arts* and *Cunning* to *miſlead* them; and even to *wound* the *Reputation* of thoſe particular Gentlemen who appeared moſt active.

Having

Having ſhewn in how notable a Manner Mr. *R. M.* has vindicated the *Author* of that Paragraph, which gave an Account of my *Affair* in the *St. James's Evening Poſt*, I ſhall ſhew my Readers, in the next Place, in what Manner he vindicates his *Patron* Sir *R. W.*

Mr. *R. M.* ſays, That I *confidently aſſert* in my Letter to the *Craftſman*, that Sir *R. W.* was the Author of thoſe Queries which I have anſwered, and which were printed about two Years ſince in the *Britiſh Journal*: Let us ſee how Mr. *R. M.* brings him off; for I confeſs I look upon *this* to be the moſt *remarkable Part* in his whole Pamphlet. Mr. *R. M.* is ſo zealous to ſerve his *Friend*, that he is content to take thoſe Queries upon *himſelf*, though, as Mr. *Scrubb* has obſerv'd before me, he cannot help *Mumbling* a little upon the Thiſtles.

" *As to the Queries in the* Britiſh Journal " *(ſays Mr.* R. M.) I procured them to be " inſerted *myſelf*, at a Time *when I had* " *not ſeen Sir* R. W. *in any Place whatever*,

" *above*

" *above* five *or* ſix Times *in the whole*
" *Courſe of my Life*; *and had ſo little Com-*
" *munication with him, that I do* ſolemnly
" Affirm, *he never knew from me, nor I*
" *believe from any one, that I was the* pe-
" culiar *Author of thoſe* particular *Queries.*

Now I humbly conceive, as Mr. *Scrubb* has obſerved * before me, that Sir *R. W.* might *write* thoſe Queries, though he made Mr. *R. M.* his *Foot-man*, and ſent him with them to the Printer of the *Britiſh Journal*, in which Paper, it ſeems, to uſe his *own* Words, he *procured them to be inſerted.*

I do moſt firmly believe, what Mr. *R. M.* does moſt *ſolemnly Affirm* in the *latter Part* of this Paragraph; *viz.* That Sir *R. W.* never knew either from Mr. *R. M.* or from *any body* elſe, That he the ſaid Mr. *R. M.* was the *peculiar Author of theſe particular Queries*, an *Expreſſion*, in which there is ſo *particular* an *Elegance*, as I dare ſay is *Peculiar* to this very Author, whoſe whole Defence of

* Page 27.

Sir

Sir *R. W.* upon this Head, is ſo extreamly *Peculiar* and *Particular*, that I think it can hardly eſcape the *Obſervation* of any Reader.

But tho' I ſhould take Mr. *R. M's ſolemn Affirmations* and *Declarations*, in that Senſe in which I preſume he would willingly *have* them taken (*viz.*) That he was the *real Author* of thoſe Queries, I cannot help thinking, that Mr. *R. M.* is pleaſed to act in a pretty *extraordinary* Manner. When any Thing is *aſſerted*, the World will moſt certainly take the Liberty either to believe it or not, according to the Opinion they have of *that* Perſon's *Veracity* who tells them the Story. For a Man, therefore, who does not think fit to ſet his *Name* to what he ſays, to expect to be believed in a Caſe where, as the *French* ſay, * *Appearances are againſt him*, is ſuch an *uncommon* Piece of *Aſſurance*, as I do not remember to have met with before in *any* Author. I muſt confeſs, I cannot help thinking, that the

* Les Apparances ſont contre.

Pro-

Proceeding of Mr. *Calcot* and Mr. *Jones* in the *Dunkirk-Affair*, was much more *modeſt*. Thoſe Gentlemen, after having received *proper* Directions, went in *proper* Company before a *proper* Magiſtrate; where, having made a *proper* Affidavit, they ſigned it with their own *proper Names*; and every Body knows, that the Publick had a *proper* Regard, and gave a *proper* Credit to every Syllable they ſwore. Might I therefore preſume ſo far, I ſhould humbly adviſe Mr. *R. M.* to print a *Second Edition* of his Pamphlet; (tho' I find the *Firſt* is not yet diſpoſed of) and to put his *Name* to the New Edition. This is the more *neceſſary*, becauſe in another Part of his Book he is pleaſed to ſtake his *Honour* and his *Reputation* upon certain Points; and it would, doubtleſs, be no ſmall Satisfaction to his Readers to be convinced how *great a Stake* this worthy Gentleman is pleaſed to venture in order to give them *full* Satisfaction.

I cannot help adding one more Argument to induce this great Author, if poſſible, to comply with my Requeſt. Speaking of Sir *R. W.* "*Neither have I herein*

"(ſays

" (ſays Mr. *R. M.*) *Expectations of Sir* R. W's " *Favour.* —— *But, really, I vindicate this* " Honourable Perſon *from other Motives* " *than* private Views.—— *I therefore* defy " *and* deſpiſe *the fooliſh Imputation of* Wri- " ting for Hire.

Notwithſtanding all theſe *Solemn Profeſſions* from a Man of Mr. *R. M's ſtrict Honour* and *eſtabliſh'd Reputation*, ſuch is the ſhameful Incredulity of the Age we live in, that it has been ſtrongly reported, Mr. *R. M.* is an humble Adherent to a certain *moſt Noble Perſon*, and has at this very Time a *Penſion during Pleaſure*; which, as a Reward for his *Merit* and *Services*, was conferr'd upon him by that great *Mœcenas* of the preſent Age. Mr. *Scrubb* has had the Malice to obſerve that, by Mr. *R. M's* own Confeſſion, he had the Honour to ſee this Noble Perſon *five* or *ſix times* ſome Years *ſince*; and as great Genius's do in a manner demand an Alliance, and run into each other's Arms by a ſort of Inſtinct *. Mr.

* Great Souls by *Inſtinct*, to each other turn,
Demand *Alliance*, and in *Friendſhip* burn.
ADDISON.

Scrubb

Scrubb ſeems to imagine, that Mr. *R. M.* and Sir *R. W.* live together at *preſent* like *Pylades* and *Oreſtes* *, and are become the moſt *intimate* Friends.

Common Fame goes ſo far as to ſay, that Mr. *R. M.* has had a *Particular* Reward for Writing this very Pamphlet: It is true, *Common Fame* is a *malicious Baggage*; yet, if ſhe ſhould happen for once to be in the Right, I do hereby aſſure Mr. *R. M.* that I take nothing at all amiſs from *him*: An *hired Servant* in regular Pay muſt do ſomething for his *Wages*; and I ſhall only beg Leave to ſet down a few of his *perſonal Civilities*, to the Account of his *Maſter*: I am ſorry that I am forced to tell Mr. *R. M.* that, to my *certain Knowledge*, he did not write thoſe Queries in the *Britiſh Journal*; which for *certain Reaſons* he now moſt

* *Thoas*, King of *Taurica*, having determined to put *Oreſtes* to Death, his Friend *Pylades*, who was not unlike him, declared that he was *Oreſtes*; and was going to have ſuffered Death, if *Oreſtes*, as the Truth was, had not declared that *he was the Man*. This *generous Contention* between the two Friends, made *The Friendſhip of* Pylades *and* Oreſtes become a Proverb throughout all *Greece*.

earneſtly

earneſtly *endeavours* to paſs for the *Author* of. I muſt go a little farther, and ſhall venture to *aſſert*, that any Man living, who is a tolerable *Judge* of *Engliſh* Stiles, and who will but give himſelf the Trouble to compare *my Quotations* out of Mr. *R. M*'s Pamphlet with *thoſe Queries* *, will be *ſoon* convinced that Mr. *R. M.* was not the Author of the *Latter*. I have already ſaid in my *Letter to the Craftſman*, that *I do not take the* QUERIST *to be an Author of the* FIRST CLASS; yet there is a *Smoothneſs* in his Stile which, tho' it may border a little upon the *Inſipid*, is certainly a good deal better than that *hobbling* Stile ſo very *peculiar* to Mr. *R. M.* There is alſo a *Perſpicuity* in the Queriſt's Writing, which I do hereby give it under my Hand, Mr. *R. M.* will never attain to as long as he lives: If, for Example, the *true Queriſt* had thought fit to *father* his *own* Production, I am of Opinion he would have done it in a much *plainer*, if not a more *eloquent Manner*, than by ſaying, *I do ſolemnly affirm, that Mr.*

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* Theſe Queries are inſerted at length in my *Letter to the Craftſman*.

R. M.

R. M. *never knew from me, nor I believe from any one, that I was the peculiar Author of theſe particular Queries.* Upon the whole, I do not find myſelf at all diſpoſed to *recant* whatever I have *confidently Aſſerted* in my *Letter to Mr.* D'Anvers.

I proceed to ſhew,

The Juſtice of Mr. R. M's *perſonal Reflections, The Truth of his Facts, and his happy Talent for Panegyrick,* after which I will give *One ſhort Specimen of his Learning, and of his Ingenuous Manner of making a Quotation.*

A Man would imagine that Mr. *R. M.* had ſufficiently ſhewn his *Zeal* for his *Maſter*, by all the *ill Language* which he has made ſo conſtant an uſe of throughout his Pamphlet; but not content with this, he is pleaſed to go *out* of his Way for ſuch *perſonal Reflections*, which if they had been *true*, (as they are utterly *falſe* and *groundleſs*) would, in my humble Opinion, have been nothing at all to his preſent Purpoſe. Mr. *R. M.* is pleaſed to inform

the World, that I have of *late* Years had a great many Law-Suits in different Courts, and then adds, with equal *Truth* and *good Nature*,

" *If Mr.* Budgell *would have been as* " induſtrious *to have* kept out *of Suits in* " thoſe Courts, *as he was to ſhew his Parts* " *upon thoſe Occaſions, he would not now* " *have complained of any ſuch* terrifying " Severities.

The Character of a *Litigious* Man is, without Diſpute, one of the *worſt* of Characters, and how little I deſerve it, the World is, I believe, at this time pretty well convinced. It is certain I have had, as I find Mr. *R. M. well* knows, a ſufficient Number of Law-Suits to ruin any *private Gentleman* of a moderate Fortune; but it is as certain, that they have been *forced* upon me, and *multiplied* in ſuch a Manner, as I hope and believe is without a *Precedent*. For a Proof of what I affirm, I have printed in the Appendix, *a State of one of my Caſes*, as it was given in to the Houſe of Lords, none of the Facts contained in which were

were *ever* denied by my Enemies, and to ſuch of my Readers as underſtand a little *Law*, I dare ſay this Piece will be *pretty curious*. I ſhall ſay nothing of the *Iſſue* of this Cauſe before the Houſe of Lords: *It is my Duty to Believe, that the famous* PRECEDENT *which was that Day* MADE, *was founded on the moſt ſtrict and impartial Juſtice.*

I have been arreſted more than once, without being *told*, or even able to *gueſs* upon what account. Some few Perſons to whom I have given Notes under my Hand for Money, have been offered a *larger* Sum than my Notes entitled them to, for no other Reaſon, but that I might be *immediately Sued* upon them; and this Offer has been made them by Perſons of ſuch *Figure* in the World, as I am ſorry to find were not much *better* employed. When I ſaw how my private Fortune was ſtruck at, I determined to apply myſelf to the *Profeſſion of the Law*, which I had ſtudied *ſome Years*, and for which I was originally deſigned; but after I had been actually *called to the Bar*, ſuch an Attempt was made to have prevented my *acting* in my Profeſſion in *Weſt-*

minſter-Hall, as I believe I may very ſafely affirm, was never heard of *before*, ſince the *Foundation of the Inns of Court*. I muſt own I can ſcarce forbear enlarging myſelf a little upon ſome of theſe Heads: I can ſcarce forbear ſaying ſomething more——but—— I have done——I hope no other *Engliſhman* will ever be *purſued* or *ruined* by the *like* Methods. For myſelf, I humbly truſt that *Providence*, in its own due time, will either *put an End to my Sufferings*, or, what is juſt the ſame thing, will *enable me to ſupport them*.

Mr. *R. M.* ſpeaking of my formerly having ſerved the Crown as *Secretary of State* in *Ireland*, inſinuates, with his uſual *Candor* and *Generoſity*, that I *loſt* that Employment for ſome *heinous Crime*: His Words are theſe,

"*They who remember what* Place *he had*,
"*do alſo remember* how he loſt it.

I believe and hope, that there are ſome Thouſands of my Fellow-Subjects in *England* and *Ireland*, who do very well *know* and *remember*, that I loſt that Place for no other

other Reaſon, but becauſe I refuſed to do what no Man of Honour or Honeſty would have done. For the Truth of this Aſſertion, I dare refer Mr. *R. M.* to a certain *Friend* of his, even to Sir. *R. W.* who has formerly expreſſed his Sentiments of this Affair in ſeveral *publick Companies*, and in the moſt *open* Manner. In a Word, I take leave to tell Mr. *R. M.* that I am prouder of having loſt a Poſt, for refuſing to do a diſhoneſt Action, though it would have been very much for my own private Advantage, than I ſhould be to get a Poſt by doing ſuch Work as Great Men will ſometimes expect from their humble Adherents.

In another Part of his Pamphlet, Mr. *R. M.* moſt kindly inſinuates, that *His Grace the preſent Duke of* Bol——n *can give ſome ample Teſtimonials relating to me, and not much to my Advantage.* I muſt own I am intirely at a loſs, and cannot even gueſs at what the ingenious Author means by this Reflection: I cannot remember that I ever ſpoke to the preſent Duke of *Bol——n* above once in my Life: It was in the Year 1721, about ſome Affairs depending in

Parliament, relating to the *South-Sea* Company, concerning which I had the good Fortune to be entirely in the ſame Way of Thinking with his Grace. I confeſs I thought myſelf a little hardly uſed by the late Duke of *Bol——n*; moſt People thought ſo too; nay, ſome of his Grace's *beſt Friends* and *neareſt Relations* were of this Opinion. That unfortunate Peer is now no more. The very *Perſon* who was thought to have influenced him to my Prejudice, is ſaid to have occaſioned his *ſuffering* much *ſeverer Pangs* than I ever deſired he ſhould *endure*.

If Mr. *R. M.* is endeavouring to revive the Remembrance of my unhappy Difference with his Grace, to make it an *Italian Quarrel*, and perſuade his Poſterity to keep it up; ſuch a *Deſign* is extreamly *mean*, and I fancy will hardly take. I am ſo very far from having the leaſt Prejudice to any one Perſon of that moſt Noble and Antient Family, that I ſhould be proud to ſerve any of them if it lay in my Power; nor do I believe there is at preſent one among them who would willingly do me the leaſt Injury. Mr.

Mr. *R. M.* in his pretended Anſwer of my Letter to the *Craftſman*, very roundly tells me,

" *You repreſent, that either the Lord* " *Chancellor, or preſent Maſter of the Rolls,* " *would not ſuffer an Account to be ballanced,* " *on one Article of which you loſt your* " *Liberty. You ſay* they refuſed it, *though* " *you often required it, and draw the In-* " *tegrity of thoſe learned and honourable* " *Perſons in Queſtion.*

In anſwer to this Paragraph, I do aſſert, That I never did either *repreſent* or *ſay*, what Mr. *R. M.* with great Ingenuity has here charged me with ſaying: I ſhall therefore leave thoſe Learned and Honourable Perſons, whom he has ſo kindly introduced in this Paragraph, to return him their Thanks for the *Compliment* which he has made them.

Mr. *R. M. ſhines* in a particular Manner, whenever he aims at Panegyrick, of which I humbly conceive his following Obſervation is an undeniable Inſtance.

" *The Caſe of Sir* R. W. *and the L. C.*
" *J.* Eyre (ſays Mr. *R. M.*) *are* too much
" alike, *in the Nature of the Slanders*
" *againſt them, which are* equally *malicious,*
" *ſcandalous, falſe, and utterly groundleſs.*

I ſhall not pretend to determine which of the great Men above-mentioned, is moſt obliged to Mr. *R. M.* for this *happy* Compariſon.

I promiſed to give A ſhort Specimen of Mr. *R. M's Learning*; Mr. *R. M.* in one Part of his Book, is of Opinion with his Fellow-Labourer, the *St. James's Poſt*, that I am *greatly diſorder'd in my Senſes*; he has even taken ſome Pains to perſuade me to *confeſs it ingenuouſly*, and upon *this* Condition graciouſly promiſes, that *all* I have lately done ſhall be *forgiven*: To convince his Readers how true a Notion he has of *Madneſs*, he has given them in Page the Ninth, a moſt *conciſe* and *excellent Definition* of it. Madneſs, if we may believe Mr. *R. M.* is *an Involuntary Misfortune, owing to the Influence of wandring Planets.*

Planets. It is very evident from this *learned Definition* of *Madneſs*, that Mr. *R. M.* is moſt profoundly skilled in the *Influences of the Planets*, and yet perhaps, if he had not given us this *Caſt of his Art*, not one of his Readers would have ſuſpected him for a *Conjurer*. If a *Poor Gentleman greatly diſorder'd in his Senſes* (I hope *this ingenuous Confeſſion* will ſatisfy *) might preſume to ſtart an Objection to ſo *learned* an *Aſtrologer* about his own *Art*, I would humbly inform him, that Doctor *Mead* is very poſitive, that *Madneſs* is not *owing to the Influence of the Planets*, and that one Sir *Iſaac Newton* has pretended to *demonſtrate*, that every one of theſe ſame Planets is ſo very far from being *wandering*, that all its Motions are much more *conſtant*, *ſettled* and *regular* than the Motions of the beſt Watch ever made by the late Mr. *Tompion*; that they have been the ſame ever ſince the Creation, as they are at this

* It is the rather to be hoped, *this Confeſſion* will be thought *ſufficient*, becauſe it is in the *very Words* of the *Author* of the *famous* Paragraph in the *St. James's Evening Poſt*.

Day;

Day; and are likely to continue the ſame for ſome Ages yet to come. I am far from preſuming to *determine* any thing; *Non noſtrum tantas componere lites.* I think it ſufficient to have ſhewn, that *two* ſuch *great Men* as Mr. *R. M.* and Sir *Iſaac Newton* are of *different Opinions* in this Particular.

I ſhall, laſtly, take a little Notice of Mr. *R. M*'s ingenuous Method of making a Quotation: Mr. *R. M.* in all his Anſwer to my Letter to the *Craftſman*, *pretends* to *tranſcribe* but *one ſingle Paragraph* out of my ſaid Letter. There is, however, one Paragraph which Mr. *R. M.* ſays,

"*Is ſo very ſingular, I cannot but chuſe*
"*to tranſcribe it.*

Now Mr. *R. M*'s Method of *tranſcribing* this unhappy Paragraph, which he has *ſingled* out, is thus: The whole Paragraph is but *one* Sentence, conſiſting of *Seven* Lines; Mr. *R. M.* has very dexterouſly tack'd the *two laſt Lines* to the *firſt Line*, and left out thoſe *four Lines* which ſtood between

between them, and made *part of the Sentence.* I am very far from finding fault with this Method of *tranſcribing a Paſſage* from the Writings of an Adverſary, having often obſerved it practiſed with good Succeſs by *ſeveral Authors* on the *ſame* Side of the Queſtion with Mr. *R. M.*, who in this Particular does but imitate the great *Cleomenes* himſelf, as I ſhall have occaſion to ſhew hereafter.

I hope, however, my Readers do not expect that I ſhould anſwer every Particular of a Pamphlet wrote in the *Stile* and *Manner* of Mr. *R. M*'s. I ſhould not eaſily be induced to undertake ſuch a Task; but had much rather give Mr. *R. M.* full Permiſſion to believe that every Word of his Pamphlet is *unanſwerable.*

To confeſs the Truth, I have already, in my own Opinion, ſaid a great deal too much in anſwer to a Pamphlet which I cannot find many People have taken the Pains to *read:* I had fully determined to make no manner of Reply to any Part of it, if two or three of my Friends, who aſſure me

me it is wrote by Direction, had not perſuaded me to take ſome Notice of it. If the Reader would ſee an Anſwer to the reſt of it, he may find it in a Letter wrote by a Gentleman, who has very generouſly taken my Part, and is pleaſed to call himſelf *Timothy Scrubb.* Some of the publick Papers could not help taking Notice, that this Gentleman's *manner of writing* plainly ſhews he is not of the *Family* of the *Scrubbs*, and that tho' he dates his Letter from a *Garret*, 'tis pretty evident he never lay in *one.* Mr. *Scrubb* has regaled Mr. *R. M.* with the ſame *ſort of Language* with which that ingenious Author has treated *me*: And I muſt confeſs, that tho' I have ever been an Enemy to the *Billingſgate* Dialect, yet this ſame Mr. *Scrubb*, and the Author of a *Meditation upon a great Man*, which he declares is written after the Manner of the *Mighty Cleomenes*, have almoſt convinced me, that there are a Sort of Diſputants, who ought in Juſtice to be treated as they treat other People, and to have their own Cannon turn'd upon them. Mr. *Scrubb's* Letter to Mr. *R. M.* has a good deal of

Ban-

Banter and *low Humour*, yet at the Bottom of both, is *good Senſe* and *ſtrong Argument*.*

Having done for the preſent with Mr. *R. M.* I ſhall ſay ſomething of his *Maſter*, *Cleomenes*; who, if we conſider him purely as an Author, is certainly *one Claſs* above his humble Adherent. His Stile is a good deal better, but he is, it ſeems, ſo terribly provoked, that he can no more forbear *calling Names* and giving *ill Language*, than Mr. *R. M.* himſelf.

I ſhall therefore in this Place, fairly ſtate my own Caſe, and conſider what it is I have done, to deſerve being told in Print, that *I am the moſt* infamous *and* vileſt *of Mankind*, and that *there is not a* Felon *who*

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* Mr. *Scrubb*'s Pamphlet is entitled, *A Letter to the Author of a Letter to* Euſtace Budgell, *Eſq*; *in Anſwer to his Anſwer of the infamous Paragraph in the* St. James's Evening Poſt. Printed for *J. Wilford* behind the *Chapter-houſe* in St. *Paul's Church-yard*. Price Six-pence. Mr. *Scrubb* has taken the *following Lines* for his *Motto*,

Boys and Girls, come out to play,
The Moon do's ſhine as bright as Day.
Come with a Whoop; come with a Call;
Come with a good Will;——or not at all.

is ſentenced at the Old Baily, *who might not make a much* better Defence *than I can.*

State of the Author's Caſe.

I thought I knew ſome Things, which as a good Subject I was obliged in *Duty* to lay before His Majeſty. I conceived at leaſt, that I was cruelly oppreſs'd by a Man too great to be complain'd of to any but my King: To *Him* therefore, and to *Him alone*, I made my Complaint: After having endeavoured, at a *vaſt Expence*, and by a *long Attendance*, to obtain a private Audience, when I ſaw ſuch Methods were taken to prevent my having one, as I believe were never heard of before at an *Engliſh* Court; I found myſelf obliged to put part of what I would have ſaid, into a *Petition*, which I delivered into His Majeſty's Hand, in that only Place where I had a *proper* Opportunity of preſenting it. If I know *any thing* of the Laws of my Country (and I think I do know *ſomething* of them) *Every* Engliſh *Subject has an undoubted Right to petition his Prince.* The greateſt Advocates for *Slavery* have never *yet* had the Aſſurance to diſpute *this* Point. The moſt zealous Sticklers for *Paſſive Obe-*

Obedience have univerſally allowed, that *Prayers* and *Tears* were ſuch Weapons, as the moſt *loyal Subjects* might lawfully employ againſt the moſt *abſolute Monarch*: And I will venture to affirm, that while I am abuſed, perſecuted and reviled, for no other apparent Reaſon, than having *delivered a Petition to my King*; every *honeſt* Man in *England* is obliged in good Policy to take my Part; becauſe he cannot be aſſured how ſoon he may otherwiſe meet with the *like Treatment*. When I had delivered my Petition, I waited the Event of it with *Silence* and *Reſignation*. I reſolved not to complain upon the *ſame Subject* to my *Prince* and to the *Publick*, and when I had appealed to the *firſt*, I determined to ſay nothing to the *latter*: I have ſtill ſo firmly adhered to this my Reſolution, that I defy my greateſt Enemies to prove I have ever communicated the Contents of that Paper I delivered to his *Majeſty* to *any other Perſon*. I went ſtill farther: I and my Friends uſed our utmoſt Endeavours, that all the *Publick Papers*, in which we fancied we had any Intereſt, ſhould take *no Notice* of what I had

had done at St. *James's*. Our Endeavours ſucceeded; but my Enemies made the moſt ungenerous uſe of my Behaviour in this Particular. They got thoſe *Publick Papers*, in which they had any Intereſt, to repreſent *Matters of Fact* in the falſeſt Colours, nay, ſometimes in ſuch a Manner, as I and moſt People thought, reflected not only upon *me*, but even upon his *Majeſty*; a Prince, for whoſe ſacred Perſon and illuſtrious Family I have ever ſhewn, and ſhall ever ſhew the moſt *fervent Zeal* and *profound Reſpect*. As for *me*, With that *Humanity* and *Aſſurance*, which is peculiar to them, they roundly told the Publick, That *I was a poor Gentleman, who had long been diſordered in my Senſes, and was at preſent down-right diſtracted.* When I found myſelf attacked in ſo *extraordinary* a Manner, I thought it neceſſary to ſay ſomething at leaſt in my own Defence: I therefore publiſhed that Pamphlet, entitled *A Letter to the Craftſman*, which has made ſome Noiſe in the World. In that Pamphlet I thanked Mr. *D'Anvers*, for having done me Juſtice in one of his Papers as to *Matters of Fact*. I endeavoured next

to

to ſhew, that I had been long *mark'd* out for Deſtruction; that I had been ſeverely threatened about two Years before, not by *Innuendos*, but by my *own Name* printed at *full Length*, and in *Capital Letters* in a Weekly *Journal*, which is generally thought to be wrote by the *Direction*, and under the *Patronage* of a certain *noble Perſon*: That the Accounts which had been given in the Publick Papers, of what I had lately done and ſaid at St. *James's*, were moſt ſcandalouſly *falſe in Fact*; and, laſtly, I declared that I was ready to prove whatever was aſſerted in the Memorial I delivered to his Majeſty, and SOMETHING MORE, whenever I was properly called upon to do ſo. Theſe were the *Contents* of my *Letter* to Mr. *D'Anvers*.

It is ſcarce credible, how much ſome People were enraged at the Publication of this Pamphlet. I ſhall not trouble my Readers with a particular Account of all the *Spies* which were planted upon me, to diſcover with whom I converſed or correſponded, or how many People were ſent to me, who either under the Maſque of

Friends, or by defending certain Perſons and Actions, endeavour'd to *perſuade* or to *provoke* me to *do* or *ſay* ſomething that might be improved to my Ruin. When theſe *little Arts* proved unſucceſsful, it was thought proper to fall upon me again in *Print*, to have recourſe to the meaneſt *perſonal Reflections*, and affirm ſuch *Facts* as are directly *falſe* in themſelves, and have no manner of relation to the preſent Controverſy: To aſſure the World that *All* I have aſſerted is *idle*, *improbable* and *unſupported*; that being myſelf full of *Wickedneſs*, *Malice* and *Falſhood*, my only Intent is to *vilify*, *aſperſe* and *defame* one of the *greateſt* and *beſt Miniſters* that any Nation was ever bleſt with; that I level my Venom at a *noble Perſon*, who *has already paſt the moſt publick Examinations, and had his whole Conduct approved, after the ſtricteſt Scrutinies*; That *there is not a Man of Honour in the Nation, but muſt look upon me as a moſt baſe and infamous Defamer*; that *I have offer'd the higheſt Injury in my Power to a Perſon of the greateſt Dignity and Worth, and in a way that muſt be the utmoſt Abhorrence of every honeſt Mind*; that I ought to be

Cleomenes's Letter, Mr. *R. M. Daily Courant*, &c.

treated

treated as a vile Incendiary; that all I have aſſerted, is *malicious*, *ſcandalous*, *falſe* and *utterly groundleſs*; that *I bring a Charge before the People where it cannot be proved*; but *at the ſame time deſert it in the only proper Place*, and at *a Time when it ought to be proved*; that *I make uſe of ſneaking and ſhuffling Prevarications*; that I *dare not bring Things to the Teſt of Inquiry*, but am *afraid they ſhould be examined, though under the View of a moſt impartial and indulgent Judge, viz.* his preſent Majeſty.

I have tranſcribed but a *ſmall Part* of the many *Compliments* and *kind Things* which have been ſhower'd upon me from the Preſs, by the *humble Servants* and *faithful Adherents* of a certain Noble Perſon; in anſwer to all which, and much more of the ſame Kind, I only beg leave to ask one ſhort Queſtion: Who would not imagine, upon reading all theſe *Invectives* and *Songs of Triumph*, that I had been called upon to make good my Charge, by that Prince who I firmly believe (as my Adverſaries ſay) is a moſt *impartial* and *indulgent Judge*, and that this juſt and good Prince, having

examined my Proofs, had found that my whole Charge (to uſe my Adverſaries Words once more) was *malicious*, *falſe* and *utterly groundleſs?* I ſay, who would not imagine, from all the Invectives before-mentioned, that *This was the Caſe?* And yet I cannot find that any of thoſe worthy Gentlemen who have wrote againſt me, have thought proper to aſſert *It is ſo.* Whenever *This* happens, it will then be a proper Time for theſe ingenious Authors to ſpread all the Sails of their Eloquence; but till then, I ſhould think, it might be no leſs *politick* than *decent*, to omit a *few* of *their Rhetorical Flouriſhes.*

As to my *Underſtanding*, I find thoſe Gentlemen who have done me the Honour to make me the Subject of their Satyrs, do not intirely agree; nay, that the very *ſame Writer* is not always conſiſtent with *himſelf* upon this Head: Sometimes I am repreſented, as Mr. *Scrubb* has juſtly obſerved, * to be *A dangerous Orator*, to be *One againſt whoſe perſuaſive, though deluſive Arts People*

* Page 17.

cannot

cannot be too much upon their Guard; to be *A Perſon, who knows how to move the Paſſions, and by an uncommon Eloquence, to ſteal into the Hearts, and ingroſs the Affections of my Readers.* At other Times the Publick is told I am a *ſtupid Author*, who ſcribble on without *Meaning* or *Deſign*; who is qualified for nothing but *clean Straw* and a *dark Room*; whoſe very *Writings are a ſufficient Demonſtration that I had no manner of Injury done me, when I was repreſented to the World as a Perſon* mad *and* diſtracted; that my Writings are even *ſufficient to ſatisfy a Jury on this Point, who ſhould be legally Impannelled on a Commiſſion of Enquiry.* I am ſometimes ſaid to be a *dangerous Perſon*, and a *vile Incendiary*; at other times I am declared to be an *Ape*, a *Coxcomb*, a *Buffoon*, a very *weak Creature*, an *inſignificant Reptile*, and a *moſt deſpicable Tool.*

Cleomenes's Letter, Mr. *R. M. Daily Courant.*

I am in very little Pain about any Cenſure the World ſhall pleaſe to paſs upon my *Underſtanding* or *Abilities*; but I confeſs I would willingly be thought an *honeſt Man*, and have all my Fellow-Subjects do me the Juſtice to believe, that I do moſt

ſincerely and heartily wiſh to ſee Old *England*, my native Country, in an happy and a flouriſhing Condition. Since, therefore, I am attacked with ſo much Virulence; ſince I am repreſented as one of the *worſt of Men*, and as an *Enemy to my Country*, I conceive there is no Law either *Human* or *Divine*, by virtue of which I can be reaſonably reſtrained from ſaying ſomething in my own Defence. I ſhall return no Part of the *ill Language* I have received, yet if while I am defending myſelf, I ſhould happen to utter *ſome Truths* which thoſe Gentlemen, who have thus fallen upon me, do not much care to hear; I hope that even in the midſt of their Reſentments, they will pleaſe to remember, *They began the Attack*. As to my Readers, I am far from deſiring any of them to become Parties, or blindly to engage in my particular Quarrel: If any of them have done me the Honour to conceive a favourable Opinion of me, whenever it ſhall appear that my *Complaints* were *groundleſs*, or that I have preſumed to *aſſert* what I cannot *prove*, I do moſt readily grant, that they ought immediately to give me up: But then, till this does appear,

appear, I humbly hope they will continue to put a charitable and candid Interpretation, both upon my Words and Actions. I beg leave to repeat once again, that while I am openly and virulently abuſed, for *no other Reaſon*, which *appears* as *yet*, but my having *Petitioned my King*, which every *Engliſhman* has a *Right* to do, I think I may reaſonably hope, that every *honeſt Man* in *England* muſt be convinced, I am abuſed unjuſtly; and that if once it ſhall come to be an eſtabliſhed Doctrine, That *It is Criminal even to Petition our King againſt one of his Servants*, from that Moment our Liberties are at an End. *Machiavel*, in his Diſcourſes upon the firſt Decade of *Livy*, has imploy'd one whole Chapter to ſhew, that *It is abſolutely neceſſary for the Conſervation of any State, that any Man who is a Subject of that State, may be ſecurely accuſed.* Since I delivered my Petition, I am very ſenſible in how *tickliſh* a Situation I have been, and yet I humbly truſt, that I have done nothing on one Side, which can look like a mean and cowardly deſerting my Charge, nor any thing on the other Side, which

can be interpreted into a bold Intruſion upon my Prince, or ſaucily preſuming to preſcribe a *Time* to my legal and dread Sovereign. I will therefore hope, that my Cauſe, as it ſtands at preſent, is ſuch, as every Man of *Honour* and *Senſe* may venture to defend without a Bluſh.

The Aſſertion, that I appeal to the Publick on the *ſame Heads* I have petitioned his Majeſty, is falſe in Fact. I defy my greateſt Enemies to prove, that I have as yet communicated the Contents of that Memorial I delivered to his Majeſty to any other Perſon, and much leſs to the Publick. *That*, therefore ſtill lies before a proper Judge; but ſince I have been *publickly* abuſed, for having delivered my Memorial, I *muſt* and *do* appeal to the Publick, whether or no I do really deſerve all that *ill Language*, and thoſe ſevere *Invectives*, which upon this Occaſion have been ſo plentifully beſtowed upon me.

I am determined to anſwer the *great Cleomenes* under the Character he himſelf has aſſumed; I ſhall talk to him upon *Spartan Prin-*

Principles, and as one educated under the *Diſcipline* of *Lycurgus*. If my addreſſing myſelf to him in this Manner, ſhould, in the Opinion of his Friends, carry an Air of Raillery, they will, I hope, pleaſe to conſider that their Hero ſhould not have taken a *Part* upon him he is unable to ſupport. I muſt confeſs, it is with the utmoſt Indignation, that I have often obſerved ſome of the *greateſt Names* of Antiquity aſſumed by Men, who plainly diſcover in their Writings, that they are very far from being acquainted with the *Manners* and *Cuſtoms*, the *Policy* or *Government* of the *Greeks* and *Romans*. Before the Stateſmen of *this Age*, take the Liberty of decking themſelves with ſuch Plumes, I ſhould humbly adviſe them to obſerve the Rules which *Horace* has given upon another Occaſion ;

———Vos exemplaria Græca
Nocturnâ verſate manu verſate diurnâ.

And again,

— Verſate diu quid ferre recuſent
Quid Valeant humeri———

A *Modern Stateſman*, who preſents himſelf to the Publick under the Name of an antient *Hero* or *Philoſopher*, may properly be ſaid to cloath himſelf with the *Skin* of a *dead Lyon*; but then his *Honour* ought to remember, before he appears thus accoutred, that this Stratagem was not *formerly* very ſucceſsful to a *certain Politician* who made uſe of it.

It was thought among the Antients, no leſs than *Sacrilege* to rob or violate the Sepulchres of the Dead. I am afraid that the *Principles* on which we act in *this Country* and *this Age*, are almoſt directly contrary to *thoſe* which influenced the *Greeks* and *Romans*; methinks, therefore, we ought not to make ſo very familiar with thoſe illuſtrious Shades; and that while we are Strangers to their *Virtues*, it is a Sort of *Sacrilege* to aſſume their *Names*. The reigning *Paſſion* among the great Men in *Greece* and *Italy*, was *The Love of Liberty and their Country*. In thoſe Times, no Man was eſteemed or thought *Honourable*, but in proportion to his having given more

or leſs Proofs of his being actuated by this *glorious Paſſion*. *Money* neither purchaſed *Reputation* or *Reſpect*. The *Man* himſelf, and not his *Fortune*, was always conſider'd. *Epaminondas*, *Ariſtides*, *Phocion*, *Philopamen*, *Poplicola*, *Quinctius Cincinnatus*, *Menenius Agrippa*, *C. Fabricius*, *Emilius Papus*, and *Curius*, Men, whoſe Names make ſo great a Figure in Hiſtory, who diſcharged the moſt important Poſts in their reſpective Countries, who were ſo often Dictators, Conſuls, and Generals; Every one of theſe *real Patriots*, hardly ſaved enough out of all their Triumphs and great Truſts, to pay for their own Funerals; They were moſt of them buried, and their Children bred up and married at the Charge of the Publick. It is literally true, that the *Porter* of a *certain Stateſman* now living, is worth more Money than *all* theſe great Men put together, left behind them.*

Lycur-

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* In the latter Times of the Commonwealth, when *Rome* became Miſtreſs of ſo large a Part of the known World, her great Men began to take more care of their private Fortunes; yet even in thoſe Times, they were extreamly moderate: *Paulus Emilius*, who conquer'd all *Macedon*, overthrew the Houſe of *Alexander*, led *Perſeus*

Lycurgus, by a moſt maſterly Stroke of Policy, found a Way to exterminate the very *Deſire of Riches* among the *Spartans*: They not only thought it the moſt ſcandalous of Crimes, to amaſs a large Eſtate in the *Adminiſtration* of Publick Affairs; but look'd upon it as a Piece of Covetouſneſs, hardly pardonable, for one Man to poſſeſs more Wealth than his Neighbours, tho' it was left him by his Anceſtors, and had been

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Perſeus in Triumph, and brought ſo vaſt a Quantity of Money into the *Publick Treaſury*, that the *Romans* (according to *Plutarch*) never paid *any Taxes* till the firſt Year of the War between *Anthony* and *Cæſar*; (that is during the Space of One hundred and Twenty-five Years) I ſay, *Paulus Emilius* left no greater Eſtate among his Children than Three hundred and Seventy thouſand Drachmas, amounting in *Engliſh* Money to Eleven thouſand Nine hundred Forty-ſeven Pounds Eighteen Shillings and Four pence. He permitted his *own Sons*, who had behaved with the utmoſt Gallantry in this Expedition, and were great Lovers of Learning, to take no other Part of all the Spoil, but the Library of King *Perſeus*. He only preſented *Tubero* his *Son-in-Law*, in Recompence of his extraordinary Valour, with a Bowl, which weighed Five Pounds; and Hiſtory tells us, that this was the very firſt Piece of Plate that was ever ſeen in the *Elian* Family.

Scipio Africanus had a pretty good *Paternal Eſtate*; which he did not, indeed, *Impair* in the Service of his Country; but he very truly told the People in one of his Speeches, That *he had got nothing but a Sirname by driving* Hannibal *out of* Italy, *and adding* Africa *to the* Roman *Empire*.

honeſtly

honeſtly acquired: Several of their Kings and moſt eminent Citizens freely brought their whole Subſtance into the Publick Stock, or diſtributed their private Eſtates among their Countrymen. It muſt be confeſſed, that Actions of this Kind, were not ſo common in other Parts of *Greece*, as in the City of *Sparta*;* but when the Cauſe of their Country demanded their Aſſiſtance, or when they were in Hopes to reſtore *Liberty* to any other City, oppreſſed either by a foreign or domeſtick Tyrant, there was ſcarce a Man who made any Figure in *Greece*, who was not ready to embark and venture his whole Fortune § upon ſuch an Occaſion.

I am

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* *Athens* was the Rival of *Sparta*, and was almoſt conſtantly contending with her which ſhould be the Miſtreſs of *Greece*. It is however certain, that the *Athenians* themſelves often made a ſort of *tacit Confeſſion*, that their Vertue was not equal to that of the *Lacedemonians*. Even *Cimon*, in his Orations to his Countrymen, when he found himſelf obliged to reprimand them for ſome Piece of ill Conduct, would often tell them, "*The* "Lacedemonians *would not do thus.*"

§ Many Inſtances might be given of this; but I ſhall only mention *Aratus* of *Sicyon*, who, ſoon after he had, with great Hazard and Reſolution, freed his own City from the Tyranny of *Nicocles*, was informed that *Antigonus*

I am afraid *this* Sort of *Publick Spirit* is ſo far loſt in the preſent Age, that ſome of our greateſt *ſeeming Patriots* * would hardly be perſuaded to leſſen their own private Fortunes, though they were aſſured of attaining thoſe Ends which they openly profeſs to aim at; and that we have many a Man of Fortune among us, who, while he is haranguing in Clubs, and other Publick

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gonus had, by Treachery, flung a Garriſon into that famous Citadel ſeated on the *Iſthmus*, which united the Continent of *Greece* to *Peloponneſus*, and commanded the City of *Corinth*. He reſolved immediately at all Hazards, to reſtore their *Liberty* to the *Corinthians:* To raiſe Money for this Purpoſe, unknown to any Man, he pawn'd his own Plate, and even his Wife's Jewels; and did all this to carry on an Enterprize in which he had no manner of *perſonal Intereſt*, and was ſure to run the greateſt Danger. Such was the Generoſity of the antient *Grecians*.

* The Patriots of antient *Greece* and *Rome*, were never wanting in Acts of *Generoſity* and *Benevolence* towards Mankind. *Cato*, when an Eſtate fell to him by the Death of a Relation, worth no leſs than an Hundred Talents, turn'd it all into ready Money, and kept this Sum by him on purpoſe to accommodate Men of Merit who were his Friends; to whom he made no manner of Scruple of lending it without Intereſt; and even to ſerve ſome of them, ſuffer'd his own Land, and Slaves, to be mortgaged to the Publick Treaſury. *Cimon* of *Athens* (whom we ſhall mention hereafter) went ſtill farther; and innumerable Inſtances might be produced of the ſame Kind.

Aſſem-

Aſſemblies, againſt the flagrant Corruption and bareſaced Partialities of the preſent Times, would hardly be content to keep an *Horſe*, a *Wench*, or a *Footman*, leſs than he now does, upon Condition to have every Grievance redreſs'd which he daily complains of with ſo much Reaſon and Eloquence: We ſeem to be ſomewhat in the ſame Condition in which the *Romans* are repreſented, when they were loſing all that *Power* and *Reputation*, which the Virtues of their Anceſtors had acquired. *Illo Tempore duo Maxima Mala Reipublicæ incubuerunt Luxuries & Avaritia. At that Time* (ſays the Hiſtorian) *the Commonwealth labour'd under the two greateſt Plagues it could be infeſted with*, LUXURY *and* AVARICE. The Obſervation is fine: *Avarice* is always an *Inſatiable Thirſt after Money*; but then there are *two* Sorts of *Avarice*: The *firſt* hoards up whatever it can ſeize upon; The *latter* makes it flow through all the Canals which *Luxury* preſents: This Sort of *Avarice* is therefore very conſiſtent, even with the higheſt *Luxury*. Either of theſe Kinds of *Avarice*, is infinitely prejudicial to the Publick:

To determine which is *moſt* ſo, might, perhaps, be pretty difficult.

I am far from undertaking ſo romantick a Task, as to perſuade my Country-Men to have the ſame Opinion of *Money* with the ancient *Spartans*; yet I muſt confeſs, that I would, if poſſible, convince them, that the following Maxim is as true and as demonſtrable, as that *Two and Two make Four, viz. That there neither is, nor ever was ſuch a Thing in Nature, as for the ſame Man to be Honeſt and Avaritious.* Whatever therefore may be a Man's *Pretenſions*, In whatever *Shape* he may appear, with whatever *Solemnity* in his *Looks*, or *Formality* in his *Habit*, I would humbly adviſe them carefully to examine whether the *Plague-Spot* of *Avarice* be, or be not, to be diſcovered upon him. If it be, they may reſt fully aſſured, that there is no *Work* ſo *dirty*, no *Job* ſo *ſhameful*, but ſuch a Man is always ready to undertake, provided only he may be *paid* for his Pains, and tolerably aſſured he ſhall not be diſcovered. Whenever the Heart of a Man is poſſeſſed with this inſatiable

Thirſt

Thirſt after Money, he will certainly turn a deaf Ear to the loudeſt Calls of *Honour*, *Conſcience* or *Compaſſion*, if ever they offer to thwart what he imagines to be for his Intereſt.

I beg leave, once again, to repeat, that I am very far from even recommending to my Country-Men, that high *Contempt for Wealth* which the antient *Spartans* ſhewed. We are a *Maritime Power*, and a *Trading Nation*; if we will but make uſe of thoſe Advantages which Providence has given us over our Neighbours, it is demonſtrable, that we muſt become Maſters of a conſiderable Part of the Wealth of the World: I could heartily wiſh we were in Poſſeſſion of a much larger Share of it than we are at preſent; and yet at the ſame time, methinks, I would have an *Engliſhman* ſcorn to do any thing exceſſively Wicked and Baſe, even tho' he might get an Eſtate by it; I would likewiſe have him, whenever he became Maſter of a Plentiful Fortune, make ſuch an Uſe of it, as might convince the World he was not altogether unworthy of the Bleſſing.

But though I do not think that the *Spartan* Contempt of Wealth is either ſuitable to the Genius of the preſent Age, or entirely agreeable to the Situation and Conſtitution of *Great Britain*, There is another Part of the *Spartan* Policy which no Government, no Nation upon Earth, that would be either *Great* or *Happy*, can too cloſely imitate: I will even venture to add, that every Government muſt be either *Powerful* or *Contemptible*, Fixed or Fluctuating, *Scandalous* or *Honourable*, in proportion as it either approaches nearer, or is more diſtant from this Part of the *Spartan* Conſtitution: What I mean, is the infinite Care which the *Spartans* took of the *Education of their Youth*, of diligently obſerving which way their *Genius* and *Talents* lay, and afterwards of putting them into ſuch Poſts, *Civil* or *Military*, without any *manner of Reſpect* to their *Birth* or *Quality*, as might make thoſe Talents, which Providence had given them, moſt ſerviceable to the Commonwealth.

The

The *Spartan* Education was deſervedly famous throughout all *Greece*, and even in other Countries; * The Manner of it was thus: In *Sparta* no Boy was educated after the particular *Fancy* of his own Parents, nor was their Partiality ſuffer'd to determine what their Son was *fit* for: Every Male Child in *Sparta* was looked upon as a Trea-

* *Pyrrhus*, at the Requeſt of *Cleonymus* King of *Sparta*, a weak Prince whom the *Lacedemonians* had depoſed, for endeavouring to make himſelf Abſolute, marched againſt *Sparta*. He promiſed *Cleonymus* that he would reſtore him to his Throne; but in reality reſolved to conquer all *Peloponneſus* for himſelf; and fell into that Country at the Head of a powerful Army: The *Lacedemonian* Ambaſſadors, who were ſent to know what he meant by this Proceeding, found him at *Megalopolis*; *Pyrrhus* aſſured them that he only appeared in *Greece*, followed by his Army, as a Champion in the *Cauſe of Liberty*; that he was determined to reſtore all thoſe Cities to their Freedom which *Antigonus* had enſlaved; but that he was ſo far from deſigning any Injury to the *Lacedemonians*, that if he might be permitted, he reſolved to ſend his own Sons to *Sparta*, being very ſenſible that *if they might receive their Education in that Illuſtrious School, and be brought up in the Manners and Diſcipline of the* Lacedemonians, *they would have an infinite Advantage over all other Kings, be a real Bleſſing to their Subjects, and conſequently become the moſt renowned Princes in all the World.* The *Spartans* knowing themſelves to be *juſtly* Famous in all Countries for the *Education of their Youth*, could not but believe him; nor would be perſuaded that *Pyrrhus* was their

Treaſure which the Publick had an undoubted Right to; That no *great Genius* might be loſt, either for want of being *obſerved*, or properly *aſſiſted*, all Boys were educated alike. Some of the wiſeſt and oldeſt Men in the City made it their particular Buſineſs almoſt daily to viſit the Publick Schools, and to obſerve what Progreſs every Youth made in his *Learning* and his *Exerciſes*. The Boys were ſometimes drawn out Naked before them, that they might the better judge of the Proportion of their Limbs, and Strength of their Bodies: They often raiſed Diſputes and Quarrels purpoſely among them, and ſet them together by the Ears, that they

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Enemy, till he had actually entered *Laconia*, and began to *plunder* and *waſte* all the Country: By this Piece of *ſcandalous* Diſſimulation, which ſtill remains the moſt notorious Blemiſh in the whole Character of this great General, and for which all his own *Wit* could not afterwards find a *plauſible Excuſe*, he found the City of *Sparta* in ſo defenceleſs a Condition, that all *Greece* looked upon it as loſt.

The *Lacedemonian* Education was in ſo high Repute even at *Athens*, that *Phocion* himſelf, and ſeveral other *Athenians*, ſent their Sons to *Sparta* to *reform their Manners*; and *Simonides* gives the City of *Sparta* the remarkable Epithet of Δαμασιμβροτον, *The Tamer of Men*.

might

might ſee in what manner, whether with his *Tongue* or his *Fiſt*, by *Stratagem* or by *Force*, every Boy would defend his Property, or maintain his Pretenſions. From his particular Manner of Behaviour, they formed a Judgment in what ſort of Poſt he might be moſt ſerviceable to the Publick, and when he came to be a Man, he was diſpoſed of accordingly. My Readers muſt collect from this Account, that at *Sparta*, *Real Merit*, and the proper *Qualifications* to diſcharge a Poſt, were the only *effectual* Means to obtain one; and it is very certain, that among this *wiſe* and *virtuous* People, nothing would have appear'd ſo *monſtrous* or ſo heinous a Crime againſt the Commonwealth, as for any Man to have attempted to *buy* or to have expoſed to *Sale* a *Poſt in the Government*.

It would have been thought no leſs *Scandalous*, if any *Spartan*, who was really qualified for a Poſt *himſelf*, ſhould have made uſe of that Intereſt which his Station gave him, to introduce all his *own Relations*, however *worthleſs*, into Places of *Power* or *Profit*; ſince ſuch a Proceeding would

have rendered them not only a *conſtant Charge*, but a *conſtant Diſgrace* to the Commonwealth.*

It was this moſt excellent Diſcipline, and a ſtrict Obſervation of the Rule above-mentioned, which made the *Spartan* Government laſt almoſt *Eight hundred*

* Every private *Spartan* ſeemed to be ſo thoroughly ſenſible, how *neceſſary* it was for the *Good of his Country*, that all *Places* ſhould be given to thoſe Men who had the moſt Merit, that one *Pedaretus* having loſt a *Poſt of Honour*, for which he was a Candidate, and into which *three Hundred* other *Spartans* were choſe, return'd to his Houſe tranſported with Joy; and being ask'd by ſome of his Neighbours what was the Occaſion of ſo much unuſual Gayety, *I am infinitely pleaſed* (ſays he) *to find that there are in* Sparta *at leaſt three Hundred better Men than myſelf.* The *Spartan*'s Notion in this Particular, was the ſame with that of *Pittacus*, one of the Seven Wiſe Men of *Greece*, who, at the celebrated Entertainment made by *Periander*, where all thoſe *Sages* were preſent; being ask'd *What Form of Government he conceived to be the beſt and moſt perfect?* replied, *That Government in which all Poſts of Honour or Profit are given to Men of the moſt Merit, and ſuch as are beſt qualified to diſcharge them.* This Anſwer of the Sage's was highly applauded at that time by the illuſtrious Company, and thought truly worthy to be tranſmitted to Poſterity.

Years

Years * from the Time it was firſt founded by *Lycurgus*, *Five hundred* Years of which time the *Lacedemonians* were the Maſters of *Greece*; Nothing could withſtand the Force of their Arms, and the City of *Sparta* fell at laſt, only becauſe ſhe extended her Conqueſts too far, and graſped at a little too much: § She fell like *Rome* ſtrictly ſpeaking, *Suis viribus*, *by her own Weight and Strength*; it being often true with relation to a State, that *Ipſa nocet moles*; yet when the *Achæans* and *Megalopolitans*,

* *Cicero* in one of his Orations, obſerves, that the *Lacedemonians* were the only People in the World, who had kept their *Diſcipline* and their *Laws* ſacred and unalterable for ſo great a Number of Years. *Soli toto orbe terrarum Septingentos jam annos amplius unis moribus & nunquam mutatis legibus vivunt.* Cic.

§ The *Lacedemonians* in this Reſpect, acted contrary to the Policy of *Lycurgus*. It is evident, that though the Deſign of that Lawgiver was to render *Sparta* invincible, yet that he never intended ſhe ſhould make Conqueſts upon the Continent of *Greece*, and much leſs that ſhe ſhould ſend her Victorious Armies into the *Perſian* Empire. *Lycurgus* was ſo much afraid of having the *Spartan* Manners corrupted by the Vices and Luxury of their Neighbours, that though *Laconia* was very well ſituated for Shipping, he expreſly forbad his *Spartans* to have any Trade or Commerce with other Nations. They obſerved this Injunction for ſome Ages; nor ever aimed at acquiring the *Dominion of the Sea*, till after the Defeat of *Xerxes*.

her implacable Enemies, had at laſt got her down, ſo much were they apprehenſive, that ſhould ſhe retain her own *Laws* and *Manners*, ſhe would ſoon recover her former *Strength*; ſo greatly did they fear her Youth, who were growing up and educated under the old *Spartan* Diſcipline, that they could never think themſelves ſecure, till they had obliged her, by downright *Force*, utterly to aboliſh the *Laws of Lycurgus*, and to educate her Youth like other *Grecian* Cities: This was called, with great Propriety, *Cutting the Sinews of the Spartan Commonwealth*; and is juſtly branded by all Writers, as one of the moſt cruel and inhuman Actions we find any where recorded in Hiſtory: And ſurely nothing can be a greater Proof of the Excellency of *Lycurgus*'s Inſtitutions, or of the ſound Policy upon which his Laws were founded, than this Dread which the neighbouring States had conceived of *Sparta*, while ſhe kept up to that Diſcipline which he had eſtabliſhed: A Diſcipline ſo highly admired by the Antients, that *Plato*, *Diogenes*, *Zeno*, *Plutarch*, and, in a Word, almoſt every Author who has wrote upon

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Government, has looked upon that Form of it eſtabliſhed by *Lycurgus*, to have been the moſt perfect and compleat; and has accordingly taken it for his own Model: But as I deſign in theſe Sheets to give my Readers ſome Idea of the *Spartan* Conſtitution, it would not be fair, if I ſhould conceal from them the ſtrongeſt Objections that have been made to ſeveral Parts of it.

Two Things have been more eſpecially cenſured in the Inſtitutions of *Lycurgus*, and I ſhall ſay ſomething to each of them. Several learned Divines have fallen upon him with great Severity, for having ſtrictly commanded, by one of his Laws, That all Children who were born with any viſible *Defect* or *Deformity* in their Limbs, ſhould be immediately flung out into the Fields, or put to Death.

Lycurgus was of Opinion, that ſuch Children would never be fit for Soldiers, and that the *Weakneſs* and *Deformity* of their *Bodies* would ſoon extend to their *Minds*, and create in them ſo much *Envy* and *Ill Will* towards the reſt of their Fellow-Citizens, as would make them ready to commit

mit the moſt *baſe* and *villainous* Actions. He was likewiſe apprehenſive, that *deformed Perſons* might propagate a Race like *themſelves*; and that the very Sight of ſuch Perſons, muſt be highly Prejudicial to pregnant Women, and frequently occaſion *monſtrous Births*. For theſe Reaſons *Lycurgus* ordered ſuch Infants to be ſlain, whoſe Lives he imagined, if they were ſuffered to grow up, would be *burthenſome* to *themſelves* and *hurtful* to the *Commonwealth*. I am not ſure, that a Law of this kind was in Force in any other Part of *Greece* beſides *Sparta*; and yet *Dryden*, who was pretty well verſed in the Cuſtoms of the Antients, ſeems to intimate, that there was ſomething like it in *Thebes*; when in his *OEdipus* he makes *Eurydice* ſay to *Creon*, even though he was Brother to the Queen,

Nature *herſelf ſhrunk back when thou wert born,*
And cry'd, The Work's not mine——
The Midwife *ſtood aghaſt; and when ſhe ſaw*
Thy Mountain-Back, *and thy* diſtorted Legs,
Thy Face it ſelf,
Half minted with the Royal Stamp of Man,
And half o'ercome with Beaſt, ſtood doubting long,

Whoſe

Whoſe Right in thee were more:
And knew not if To burn thee in the Flames,
Were not the holier Work.

The ſame Lady tells the ſame *Creon* ſoon after, that the *Deformity of his Perſon* was but a Type of the *Deformity of his Mind*; and even that the *firſt* of them was occaſioned by the *latter*.

Thy crooked Mind *within, hunch'd out thy* Back,
And wander'd in thy Limbs:

After theſe Words, ſhe immediately adds,

—— *To thy* own Kind
Make Love, if thou canſt find it in the World;
And ſeek not from our Sex to raiſe an Off-ſpring,
Which mingled with the reſt *would tempt the Gods*
To cut off *Human Kind.*

Homer, after having deſcribed the *Deformity* of *Therſites*'s *Perſon*, ſeems to make a *burning* and *implacable Envy* towards every thing that was *Excellent* or *Praiſe-worthy*, to be a ſort of *natural Conſequence* of ſuch his *Deformity*.

Dryden

Dryden deſcribes *Creon* above-mentioned, (and I am afraid he copies too *truly* after *Nature* in this Particular) full of the *blackeſt Thoughts*; conſcious that he is a *Villain*, and yet ſtill perſiſting in his *Wickedneſs*: He ſays in one of his Soliloquies,

———*'Tis true, I am*
What ſhe has told me, an Offence to Sight:
My Body *opens inward to my* Soul,
And lets in Day, *to make my* Vices *ſeen*,
By all diſcerning Eyes.

In another Scene, the ſame *Creon* vainly wiſhes, that he could breath his *Soul* into another Man's *Body*, till at laſt in a Fit of *Rage* and *Deſpair*, he runs into downright *Blaſphemy* and *Prophaneneſs*, and tells the Gods, that ſince they did not think fit to form *him* after *their Image*, he wiſhes he could make *them* after his *own*. What Notion we of this Iſland have of *deformed Perſons*, appears pretty plainly by our common *Engliſh* Proverb, *Beware of him whom God hath marked*; and it is very obſervable, that becauſe *Richard* the Third was a *Monſter* of *Ingratitude* and *Perfidion*.

dioufneſs,

diouſneſs, the common People fancied he muſt have had a *Hump-Back*, and accordingly diſtinguiſhed him by the Title of *Crook-Back'd Richard*, though for any thing that appears in Hiſtory, his Majeſty was as ſtrait in the Shoulders as any of his Subjects. It muſt however be confeſs'd, that there has been now and then, an Inſtance of a *Great* and *Generous* Soul, which though it has been ſhut up in a *wretched* and *deformed* Carcaſs, has retained a *Benevolence* towards the *human Species*. *Æſop* is a remarkable Example of what I am ſaying: The *whole Life* of that moſt excellent Perſon, notwithſtanding his *mean Birth* and *frightful Figure*, was employ'd for the *Benefit* and *Service* of Mankind. We are told, that he repaid the *Cruelties* of his Maſter *Xanthus* with the moſt *faithful* and *beneficial* Services; That he preſerved his Native Country *Samos*, when *Cræſus* had determined to deſtroy it; and laſtly, that he was ſo far from thirſting after a mean *Revenge* for the Injuries he received, that when *Eunus* his adopted Son, had, with the blackeſt Ingratitude, made an Attempt upon his Life, *Æſop*

not

not only forgave the intended Parricide, but preſerved the Perſon who would have murdered him, from the Puniſhment he muſt otherwiſe have ſuffered, and took him again into his Favour. I ought not however, perhaps, to omit mentioning, that Dr. *Bently* has endeavoured to prove, that *Æſop*'s *Deformity* is a meer *Fiction*, and that this divine Writer was really a *comely* and a *clean-limb'd* Man: Whatever *Æſop* was in his *Perſon*, *Lycurgus*'s Notion of *deform'd People* is generally *true*, and is moſt certainly founded upon Nature. The beſt-humour'd Man alive can hardly imagine, how *ſevere* a *Trial* it would be of his *good Nature*, if his *Soul* was caſed in a *Body*, whoſe *Deformity* attracted all Eyes, diſtinguiſhed him from the *Reſt* of his Species, and debarred him from ſome of the moſt *elegant Pleaſures*, and *greateſt Satisfactions* in human Life.

Another thing which ſeveral *great* and *good* Men have found fault with in the Inſtitutions of *Lycurgus*, is, His Indulgence to both Sexes, in *Caſes* of *Love*, and the Liberties he allowed the *Spartan* Ladies:

Ariſtotle

Ariſtotle in his *Politicks*, when he is examining the *Spartan* Conſtitution, ſeems to condemn their Law-giver upon this Head.

Lycurgus, who had nothing ſo much in View, as to have the Commonwealth of *Sparta* compoſed of Men of *healthy Bodies* and *ſound Intellects*, look'd upon it as a ſort of Crime againſt the *State*, to prevent two accompliſh'd Perſons of different Sexes, who happened to like one another, from coming together; becauſe he imagined the Commerce between them would probably produce ſuch a Child, as might one Day be an *Honour* and a *Credit* to the *City of Sparta*. *Horace* ſeems to be pretty much of this Opinion, when he ſays,

Fortes Creantur fortibus & bonis:
Eſt in juvencis eſt in equis patrum
Virtus: nec imbellem feroces
Progenerant aquilæ columbam.

Ariſtotle himſelf, if I am not much miſtaken, ſays ſomewhere, Ἐξ ἀγαθῶν ἀγαθοί; and acknowledges in another Part of his Writings, that The beſt Education

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can do nothing more than Poliſh and Improve what the *Greeks* called εὐφυΐαν; that is, *A good natural Diſpoſition.* A Man of Merit in *Sparta*, if he ſaw a married Woman, who made a ſtrong Impreſſion upon his Fancy, in plain Terms, if he fell in Love with her, made no Scruple to deſire her Husband's Leave to beget a Child upon her, and ſuch a Favour was ſeldom refuſed. However odd this may ſeem to ſome of my Readers, I muſt acquaint them, that the great *Cato* made no Difficulty to grant this very Favour to his Friend *Hortenſius*, who happened to take a liking to his Wife *Martia*, though *Cato* himſelf loved her with great Tenderneſs: But this Affair was carried ſtill farther among the *Lacedemonians*: If a Lady in *Sparta* found ſhe had married a diſagreeable Fellow, ſhe uſually fixed her Affections upon ſome other Man, who was Maſter of thoſe Accompliſhments her Husband wanted, and took care to let her Favourite know the good Opinion ſhe had of him. The Commerce between them was eſteem'd no manner of Diſgrace, either to the Lady herſelf, or the Perſon ſhe had choſen to

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be her Gallant. I cannot illuſtrate this better, than by the following Story.

Chelidonis, a young Lady of great *Quality*, *Beauty* and *Merit*, was married to *Cleonymus* King of *Sparta*, a *weak* and a *diſagreeable* Man: The young Lady finding her Husband incapable of ſuch a Paſſion, as ſhe could not help thinking ſhe was capable of kindling in a Man of Senſe; ſoon fixed her Affections upon a Perſon named *Acrotatus*, who was generally thought as accompliſhed a Man as moſt in *Sparta*. The Intreague between theſe Lovers, who thought themſelves perfectly happy in each other, was no manner of Secret. In the mean time *Cleonymus* was weak enough to form a Deſign, to ſubvert the *Spartan* Conſtitution, and make himſelf an *Abſolute* Prince: I have already deſcribed him to be a Perſon not very proper for ſuch an Enterprize. The *Lacedæmonians* ſoon diſcovered what he was aiming at, and immediately depoſed and baniſhed him: In this Extremity he fled to *Pyrrhus* King of *Macedon*, and implored his Aſſiſtance, for the Recovery of his Throne. *Pyrrhus*, with a

ſecret Intent, to get *Laconia* for himſelf, marched to *Sparta*, accompanied by the baniſhed King, and at the Head of a powerful Army. He found means to come unexpectedly upon the *Lacedæmonians*, while they imagined him their Friend, and were not prepared to reſiſt him. He therefore thought himſelf very ſure of taking *Sparta* by Aſſault, a Place which had no Walls,* and which the neighbouring Cities already look'd upon as loſt; *Acrotatus*, who commanded a ſmall Body of 300 *Spartans*, fought now not only for his *Country*, but his *Miſtreſs*, and gave ſignal Proofs of great *Preſence of Mind*, a moſt *dexterous Conduct*, and an *undaunted Courage*. When the Aſſault was over, and the *Macedonians* repulſed, we are expreſly told, That the *Spartan* Ladies (though not without a ſmall Spice of *Envy*) univerſally Congratulated *Chelidonis* upon the *excellent Judgment* ſhe had ſhewn in her *Choice* of a *Lover*; while the old Men followed *Acro-*

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* *Lycurgus* would ſuffer no Walls to be built round *Sparta*; but declared, That the *Valour* of her Inhabitants ſhould make her *Impregnable*.

tatus

tatus through the Streets of *Sparta*, crying out, *Go on*, Acrotatus, *enjoy* Chelidonis, *and get fine Boys for the Service of thy Country.*

Such were the Sentiments of the *Lacedæmonians: Adultery* was a Crime unknown among them, upon which Head an antient Author tells this Story.

A *Lacedæmonian*, whoſe Affairs obliged him to go out of *Greece*, fell into ſome Company who were very inquiſitive about the Conſtitution of *Sparta*; one of them among other Particulars, deſired to know *What was the Puniſhment for Adulterers?* The *Spartan* readily replied, *They had no Adulterers in* Lacedæmon; but upon the Queriſt's perſiſting to know in what Manner he believed an Adulterer would be puniſhed, that ſhould happen to be detected? *I believe*, ſays the *Spartan*, *our Senate* * *would order the Criminal to give the*

* The *Lacedæmonian* Senate conſiſted of Twenty-eight *noble Spartans*, elected by the *People*. The Ephori or *chief Magiſtrates* in *Sparta*, who had a particular

the Perſon he had injured, a Bull with a Neck long enough to ſtand upon the Continent of Greece, *and drink out of a River in* Peloponneſus: Upon the Inquiſitive Gentleman's ſeeming to apprehend, that it was abſolutely impoſſible to find ſuch a Bull; *Sir*, ſays the *Spartan*, *Give me leave to tell you, that 'tis full as impoſſible to find an Adulterer in* Lacedæmon.

I muſt not, however, ſuffer my Readers to imagine, there was any ſuch thing as

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Eye upon the Conduct of their Kings, were *five* in Number, and always choſen out of the *Body* of the *People*. The *Power* of theſe Magiſtrates was very *Great*; but then they were choſen *Annually*. We ſee therefore, that in *Sparta* there was the Power of their *Kings*, the Power of their *Nobles* or *Senate*, and the Power of the *People* or *Ephori*. In like manner, among the *Romans*, there was the Power of the *Conſuls*, of the *Senate* and of the *Tribunes of the People*: And our own Conſtitution conſiſts of our *King*, our *Lords*, and our *Commons*. I think I might aſſert, without being Partial to my Country, that if a few *Faults* were *mended* in the *Britiſh* Conſtitution, or rather, if a few *Corruptions* and *Abuſes* which have crept into it were rooted out, it would be the *beſt* and *happieſt* Conſtitution of any in *Europe*. It is very remarkable that *Ariſtotle*, in his Treatiſe of Politicks, wrote above *Two thouſand* Years ſince, after having conſidered the Advantages and Inconveniencies of a *Monarchy*, an *Ariſtocracy*, and a *Democracy*, ſeems to think the *beſt Conſtitution* might be formed out of theſe *three* Sorts of Government wiſely mixed together.

open

open Lewdneſs tolerated in *Sparta*. There was not a City in the World, where there were ſo few Signs of it. By the Inſtitution of *Lycurgus*, it was reckoned *Scandalous*, and was a Sort of *Crime*, even in a married Couple, not to contrive their Meetings, when the Affair was *Love*, in ſuch a Manner, that not one of the Family, among whom they lived, might ſuſpect their being together. *Dryden*, in alluſion to this *Cuſtom*, makes his *Spartan* Hero give the following Account of his begetting his favourite Son, who was put to Death while a Boy, but is every where deſcribed as a meer *Prodigy*, both for his *Parts* and his *Courage*.

——*Stealing Home,*
According to my Country's modeſt Uſe,
I found my Ægiatis *juſt undreſt,*
Wearying the Gods with Vows for my Return;
My Tranſport *was ſo great, I could not ſtay;*
But kiſs'd, and took her trembling in my Arms,
And, in that Fury of my Love, *I ſtampt*
This Image *of my* Soul.

Theſe Lines are the more beautiful, as they are warranted by Hiſtory. We are told,

told, that *Cleomenes*, in the Height of his Succeſſes, uſed ſometimes to *ſteal* Incognito to *Sparta*, and pay a ſhort Viſit to his beloved *Ægiatis*.

Lycurgus, as I have obſerved, found out a Method, to give the *Air* of a conſtant *Intreague* even to a *married State*: He imagined, that by laying Difficulties in their Way, and preventing married People from enjoying each others Company as often as they pleaſed, he ſhould be able to keep *Deſire* conſtantly *alive*, and make them always continue in the *happy* State of *Lovers*; That when they could contrive a Meeting, they would come together with that *Ardour* and *Spirit*, which he conceived was abſolutely neceſſary to form a Child worthy to be a Member of the *Spartan* Republick: If we may judge from the Figure the *Lacedæmonians* made in *Greece*, this great Law-giver was not altogether miſtaken in his Politicks. What I have here mentioned, is perhaps, an higher *Refinement* upon the Paſſion of *Love*, and a greater Piece of *Politeneſs*, than any Cuſtom that obtains at preſent in any Part

of

of *Europe*. It is certain, that great Numbers of married People become *contemptible* in the Eyes of the *World*, and *diſagreeable* to *each other*, from thoſe conſtant and ſhocking *Familiarities* which every Day paſs between them. I believe I may venture to add, that their mutual Affections are oftener deſtroyed by ſuch *little Offences* againſt *Decency* and *good Manners*, as they know not how to tell one another of, than by any *flagrant* or *notorious Faults*; and I ſhould enlarge a little more upon this Point, if I had not already handled it in the 506th Paper of the 7th Volume of the SPECTATORS.*

I cannot, however, diſmiſs the Subject without taking Notice how extreamly *Delicate* and Circumſpect the *Grecians* in general were upon the Article of *Marriage*. When a Man of Quality in *Greece* had a Daughter to diſpoſe of, he expected that thoſe who pretended to her, ſhould come and live with him for ſome conſiderable

* See Page 124 in the 7th Volume of the ſmall Edition of the *Spectators*.

time, that he might not take their *good* or *ill* Qualities upon *Truſt*, or meerly from common Fame; but might himſelf be a Witneſs of their manner of Life, and enabled by narrowly obſerving their Conduct upon all Occurrences, to form a right Judgment of their ſeveral Abilities and Inclinations: In purſuance of this Cuſtom, *Cliſthenes*, who reigned in *Sicyon*, and was the richeſt Prince in all *Greece*, having an only Daughter to diſpoſe of, had thirteen *Grecian* Gentlemen who reſided at his Court for a Twelvemonth together, and every one of whom had Hopes of becoming his Son-in-Law. There was one among them, who in all *Tournaments* and *Bodily Exerciſes*, had ſo much the Advantage over all his Rivals, that *Cliſthenes* had ſecretly determined to give him his Daughter; but happening to ſee him one Day in a Dance do ſomething which called his *good Breeding*, and conſequently his *good Senſe* in queſtion, *Cliſthenes* immediately altered his Reſolution, and gave his Daughter to *Megacles* of *Athens*, who was looked upon to be one of the moſt accompliſhed Men in a City, celebrated for her *Politeneſs*,

throughout all *Greece*, and allowed to be the great Nurſery of *Arts and Sciences*. As to the Twelve unſucceſsful *Lovers*, *Cliſthenes* made every one of them ſuch a Preſent at his Departure, that he had no Reaſon to complain of loſing his Time while he reſided at the Court of that *generous* Prince.

After all I may ſeem to have inſinuated in favour of *Lycurgus*, for having commanded that all Infants born with any *bodily Defect*, ſhould be put to Death; and for his having given an *Uncommon Indulgence* to *both* Sexes in *Caſes of Love*; I ſhall readily allow, that tho' his Notions on theſe two Points may be agreeable to *Human Policy*, they are not intirely conformable to the *Doctrine* of *Chriſtianity*: But then, tho' I hope I have all the Reſpect which I ought to have for the *Precepts of the Goſpel*, I cannot help ſaying, that 'tis methinks, a little hard the Inſtitutions of *Lycurgus* ſhould be either approved or condemned, as they do or do not agree with a Law, which was not Promulgated till above *Nine hundred Years* after the Deceaſe

of

of this Illuſtrious Patriot: A Man who had ſo evidently the *Honour* and *Good* of his *Country* at Heart, and was ſo far from conſulting his own *Private Intereſt*, that he refuſed to accept of the *Crown* of *Lacedæmon*, though it was ſeveral times offered to him by the unanimous Conſent of the *Spartans*; and tho' he was preſſed to take it in a very *particular* Manner, by the young Widow of their deceaſed King *Polydectes*.

What I muſt confeſs ſeems to me moſt blameable in the Diſcipline of the *Spartans*, is their Cruelty towards the poor *Heliotes* (under which Name they comprehended all their Slaves) and which I will not ſhock my good-natur'd Readers with an Account of. The *Spartans* chief Pretence for treating theſe Wretches with ſo much Barbarity, was, that they were very *Numerous*, and might otherwiſe *Revolt*. It is certain, that ſome Authors have attributed the Treatment theſe *Heliotes* met with, to the Inſtitutions of *Lycurgus*; but it is as certain, that others of equal Authority aſſure us, there was nothing like it known in *Lacedemon*

dæmon 'till many Years after the Death of this great Law-giver.

Having ſaid enough of thoſe Things in the *Spartan* Conſtitution, which ſeem moſt liable to Exception, I beg leave to return to the Conſideration of that *Maxim*, which I am humbly of Opinion ought to be obſerv'd in every well-govern'd State; and to the Obſervance of which the *Spartans* ſeemed chiefly to owe all their Greatneſs, *viz. That every Poſt of* Honour *or* Profit *in the Commonwealth, ought to be made the Reward of* real Merit.

If any Modern Politician ſhould take it into his Head that this Maxim, however Excellent in it ſelf, cannot poſſibly be obſerved in ſo large and populous a Kingdom as *Great Britain*; I beg leave to inform ſuch a Politician, that at this very Time, this glorious Maxim is moſt ſtrictly follow'd and obſerv'd in the *Largeſt*, the moſt *Populous*, and the *beſt Govern'd* Empire in all the World: I mean in *China*.

The

The Extent of this Empire, the Number of its Inhabitants, the Beauty and Largeneſs of its Cities, and its prodigious Commerce (according to the Teſtimony of ſeveral Authors of the firſt Claſs, and of thoſe learned Men who have long reſided there as Miſſionaries) are almoſt incredible.

The famous *Voſſius*, in his Book *Variarum Conſiderationum*, after having made ſeveral Gueſſes, founded upon Hiſtorical Facts, at the Extent of old *Rome*, and the Number of its Inhabitants, proceeds to calculate the Number of Inhabitants in moſt Countries. He gives to *Spain* two Millions of People; to *France* five Millions; to *Great Britain* and *Ireland* two Millions, and to the Low Countries the like Number.

He proceeds afterwards, to make a Gueſs at the Number of Inhabitants in *China*, and is of Opinion, that when the *Tartars* broke through their famous Wall, and enter'd that Empire, it muſt have contain'd no leſs than One hundred and Seventy

Millions

Millions of Inhabitants: That their Capital City had Twenty Millions, without including the Suburbs; but that taking in the Suburbs, it contained more Inhabitants than all *Europe*.

Though *Voſſius*'s Book was publiſh'd at *London* in the Year 1685, and tho' *Time* and ſome *particular Accidents*, have vaſtly increaſed the Number of our People ſince that Year, yet I think it may be proved, that this learned Man's Calculation of the Number of our Inhabitants, even at that Time, was much too low.

If we ſuppoſe *one* Perſon out of *Three and Thirty* to die, within the Term of a Year, which is according to the common Calculation, I believe it will be found, that we have at preſent within the Bills of Mortality, above Nine hundred Thouſand Souls.

As *Voſſius*'s Calculation was therefore too low with reſpect to us, it may very poſſibly have been too high with reſpect to the *Chineſe*; yet according to the moſt

modeſt

modeſt Accounts, the Empire of *China* has two Cities, *viz. Nankin* and *Pekin*, one of which is four Times, and the other three Times as big as *London*. It has beſides, One hundred and Fifty Cities, which the *Chineſe* call *Firſt-rate Cities*, every one of which is at leaſt as big as the City of *Orleans* in *France*. The Wall which a *Chineſe* Emperor built to prevent the Incurſions of the *Tartars*, makes a Figure even in the Map of the World: It is computed to be at leaſt Fifteen hundred Leagues in Length; it has Towers built at proper Diſtances, for the Reception of thoſe Soldiers that guard it, and was generally garriſon'd with a Million of Men.

The full Extent of this prodigious Empire is not perhaps as yet exactly known; but though I cannot come up to Monſieur *Voſſius*, I do verily believe, that the Empire of *China* doth contain more Inhabitants than all *Europe* put together.

Voſſius thinks that they very much excel the *European* Nations in *Arts* and *Sciences*, and that though we have learn'd ſeveral valuable

valuable Things from them, yet that if they would but be good-natur'd and communicative, they could teach us things which are ſtill more valuable, and of which we are wholly ignorant.

It is certain they had *Printing*, *Gunpowder*, and *Guns* among them long before thoſe things were known in *Europe*. A ſick Man in *China*, when he ſends for a Phyſician, never tells him his Diſtemper; the Doctor, after having felt his Patient's Pulſe for about half an Hour together, in a Manner not practis'd in *Europe*, ſeldom fails of gueſſing at his Malady, and telling him every *particular Diſorder* that he has felt: It has, I think, been a little diſputed, whether the *Chineſe* Doctors are altogether as dexterous at *curing* a Diſtemper, as at *finding* it out.

But the great Point in which all Authors, who have wrote of the *Chineſe*, do generally agree that they excel all other People in, is the *Art of Government*: Even the *French* Writers, notwithſtanding their natural Love for their own Country, not-

withſtanding

withſtanding the Incenſe which they are conſtantly offering to their *Grand Monarch*, are oblig'd to own Ingenuouſly, that the *Chineſe* do excel all other Nations in the *Art of Government*, and can never ſufficiently admire thoſe Political Maxims collected, methodized and commented upon by the great *Confucius*.

Whether the *French* would own thus much or no, the Thing indeed ſpeaks it ſelf. The *Chineſe* Government has certainly ſubſiſted upon thoſe excellent Principles it was at firſt founded, about Four thouſand Five hundred Years. The *Chineſe* themſelves ſay much longer.

One of the moſt remarkable Things in the *Chineſe* Government, is this: They have no ſuch thing as any *Honours* or *Titles* that are *Hereditary*; they eſteem it the higheſt Abſurdity to pay any Reſpect to a worthleſs Fellow, becauſe his Father was a Man of Merit. His degenerating from a *worthy Anceſtor*, makes him, in the Eyes of the *Chineſe*, more contemptible than if he had been born of the *meaneſt Mechanick*.

chanick. No Man in *China* can be made a *Mandarine*, that is, a *Gentleman*, or is capable of any *Poſt* in the *Government*, who is not really a Man of *Parts* and *Learning*.

The Mandarines are choſen once a Year at the Capital City of *China*. Thoſe who imagine they are qualified, and offer themſelves to be elected into this *Order*, which is truly *Honourable*, are examined in ſo ſtrict a Manner as would not be credited, if ſo many Authors did not agree in their Account of it.

Every Candidate is put into a Cell by himſelf; this Cell is carefully guarded Day and Night by a Number of Soldiers, ſo that he can have no Aſſiſtance from any Friend in thoſe Pieces he is order'd to compoſe. It is expected that he ſhould ſhew himſelf a Maſter of the Mandarin Language, of the *Chineſe* Hiſtory, and of the Writings of *Confucius*. It is likewiſe expected, that he ſhould be able to draw up any Inſtrument or Act of State; in the *writing* and *wording* of which the *Chineſe* are extreamly *correct*.

The Pieces he compoſes, to prove himſelf a Maſter of theſe ſeveral Parts of Learning, are fairly and impartially examined by a ſelect Number of Mandarines, at the Head of whom the *Emperor* himſelf always preſides; and the Candidate is either *rejected* or *received* into the Number of Mandarines, as he is found to be *qualified*.

The *Language* which the Mandarines ſpeak, and muſt be Maſters of, differs from the common *Chineſe*, and is much more *Elegant* and *Expreſſive*. The Mandarines are diſtinguiſhed by their Habit from all other Perſons; and laſtly, from the moſt deſerving of this Body, who are all Men of Parts and Learning, the Emperor chuſes thoſe whom he puts into the moſt conſiderable Employments Civil or Military. Out of theſe Mandarines, he chuſes Governors for the *Provinces* in his Empire, which are much *larger* than moſt *Kingdoms* in *Europe*.

Having

Having ſhewn that *Real Merit* is the *only Qualification* for a *Poſt* in *China*; I beg leave to add, that *England* has always made a Figure in *Europe*, and been more or leſs *Conſiderable*, in proportion as this Maxim was *more* or *leſs* obſerved by her Princes.

The Reign of Queen *Elizabeth* is beyond all diſpute, the moſt *ſhining Part* of the *Britiſh* Hiſtory; but what *Engliſhman* is there, who when he hears the Names of * *Rawleigh*, *Walſingham*, *Sidney*, *Cecil*, *Bacon*, and *Hatton*; of *Howard*, *Drake*, *Hawkins* and *Forbiſher*; of *Mountjoy*, *Eſſex*, *Willoughby* and *Hunſdon*; of *Throgmorton*, *Wotton*, *Randolf*, *Pickering*, *Dale*, *Fletcher*, *Norris* and *Killigrew*; with ſeveral others who might be added to this *Illuſtrious Liſt*; I ſay, what *Engliſhman* is

* I believe this ſhort *Liſt* of ſome of Queen *Elizabeth*'s *Stateſmen*, *Admirals*, *Generals*, and *Envoys*, cannot be match'd in the Reign of any other *Engliſh* Monarch; and muſt ſufficiently convince any Perſon of the excellent *Judgment* and uncommon *Penetration* of that moſt *renowned* and moſt *beloved* Princeſs.

there, who when he hears theſe Names, can be at all ſurprized, that his Country was ſo happy at Home under the Adminiſtration of this excellent Queen? That her Fleets and Armies were Victorious? That in all her foreign Treaties and Negotiations, ſhe was too hard for other Princes? or, that during her Reign, the *Britiſh Trade* was ſo vaſtly *improved* in *all* its ſeveral *Branches*?

The Perſon who, after Queen *Elizabeth*, overcame the greateſt Difficulties, and whoſe Actions are the moſt ſurprizing of any mentioned in the *Engliſh* Hiſtory, is *Oliver Cromwell.*

It is certain, that *Cromwell* ſtuck at no *Wickedneſs* to arrive at *Power*: But then it is as certain, that when he was poſſeſſed of it, he *uſed it Nobly.* Few Men have ever ſhewn a more ardent Zeal for the *Honour* and *Reputation* of their *Country*, or a greater Diſregard for the private Intereſt of their *own Family.* I never yet met with any Hiſtory that ſays what became of his Wife, though ſhe certainly ſurvived him; and 'tis well known that he

left

left his Children but very *moderate* Fortunes.

This extraordinary Man, after having ſubdued *Ireland* and *Scotland*, aſſumed the ſupreme Power over Three Kingdoms. He immediately made himſelf *dreaded* and *courted* by all the States in *Europe*: He reduced *Holland*, *Portugal* and *Denmark* to make *Peace* with him, on *ſuch Conditions* as he thought fit to *give* them; and *oblig'd* each of thoſe three States to pay him a *great Sum of Money* at the *Concluſion* of their reſpective *Treaties*. He extended his *Protection* in the moſt *generous* and *effectual* Manner to the poor *Vaudois*, and the Proteſtants in *France*. He made ſeveral Regulations at Home, which my Lord *Clarendon* is forced to confeſs, were *worthy* of *better Times*. His taking *Mardyke* and *Dunkirk*, made him abſolutely Maſter of both Sides of the Channel, and, in *Effect*, removed *France* to a *convenient Diſtance* from *England*. His ſcouring the Seas of Pirates, forcing the *Algerines* to reſtore all the Prizes they had taken, and burning all the Men of War that lay in the Ports of

Paris, ſecured our *Trade*, and made our Merchant Ships *reſpected* in every Part of the *Mediterranean*: His deſtroying the whole *Spaniſh* Plate-Fleet of an inеſtimable Value at *Santa-Cruz*, rendered the Name of an *Engliſh* Squadron terrible in the moſt diſtant Parts of the World; while the Citizens of *London* had the Pleaſure to ſee the *Spaniſh* Bullion, to the Value of ſeveral *Millions*, carried in Carts to the *Tower*,* in order to be coined.

Even the moſt unſucceſsful of all his Expeditions was of no ſmall Advantage

* This Action at *Santa-Cruz*, gave occaſion to that celebrated Poem compos'd by Mr. *Waller* (who was both a *Friend* and a *Relation* of the Protector's) which begins,

Now for ſome Ages, had the Pride of Spain
Made the Sun ſhine on half the World in vain;

At the Concluſion of this Poem, Mr. *Waller* very artfully exhorts the People (who were highly pleas'd with the late Action) to make the *Protector* their *King*; a Title which 'tis probable he was well aſſured *Cromwell* had a mind to aſſume.

His conquring Head has no more Room for Bays;
Then let it be, as the glad Nation *prays:*
Let the rich Ore *forthwith be melted down,*
And the State fix'd, *by making him a* Crown:
With Ermin clad, and Purple, let him hold
A Royal Scepter, *made of* Spaniſh Gold.

to *England*; had *Penn* and *Venables* followed their *Orders*, the *Spaniards* had certainly been drove out of *Hiſpaniola* and *Cuba*. The *Protector* ſent both his Admiral and his General to the *Tower* as ſoon as they came Home, for not acting as he had directed; and yet in this very Expedition the *Engliſh* Nation acquired *Jamaica*, the moſt *valuable* of all their Colonies, and which may prove of infinite Service to them, ſhould they ever happen to quarrel with *Spain*.

If we conſider that *Cromwell* did all theſe things in a Reign but of Five Years Four Months and Fourteen Days, while the *Royal Party*, the *Presbyterians* and *Commonwealths-Men*, were all conſpiring againſt him at Home, and while there was a Prince *Abroad* who wanted neither *Senſe* nor *Courage*, and had the Hereditary Right to the Crown of *England* in him; I ſay, if we conſider all theſe Circumſtances, the *ſhort* Reign of *Cromwell* ſtands in a very fair Light.

Mr. Arch-Deacon *Echard*, though it is pretty evident he is no great Friend of

the Protector's, yet when all theſe *glorious Actions* ſtare him full in the Face, cannot help crying out, *His publick Character is all over* WONDERFUL *and* AMAZING: And yet I think, that another Hiſtorian has let us pretty well into the real *Source* of all theſe great Actions and uncommon Succeſſes: He tells us in his Character of *Cromwell*, That *No Man was ever better ſerved, nor took more Pains to be ſo*; that *If he came to hear of a Man fit for his Purpoſe, though ever ſo obſcure, he ſent for him and imploy'd him; ſuiting the Employment to the Perſon, and not the Perſon to the Employment*; and that *upon this Maxim in his Government, depended in a great meaſure his Succeſs.*

The Arch-Deacon might have abated ſome Part of his *Wonder* and *Amazement*, if he had but remembered what he had himſelf before told us of the Protector; *viz.* That *No Man ſooner diſcover'd the Talents of thoſe he converſed with*; and that *There was not one Man in all* England, *that was ſingular in any Art or Faculty, that was concealed from him.* If Mr. Arch-Deacon had

had ſeriouſly reflected how *great* a *Character* he has here given the Protector in a *few Words*; and how much a Prince may do, who will but give himſelf the trouble to know ſuch of his Subjects as have *extraordinary Abilities*, and to employ their ſeveral *Talents* for his own *Honour* and the *Service* of his People; I ſay, if the Arch-Deacon had but duely conſidered how much may be done by obſerving this *one* Maxim, he would have found that *Cromwell*'s Actions, great as they are, might have been performed without his contracting a *perſonal Friendſhip* with the * *Devil.*

If we reflect upon the Characters of thoſe great Men who compoſed Queen *Elizabeth*'s Miniſtry, who by their *Councils*, *Fortitude*, or *Negotiations*, acquir'd for their *Country* ſo many *ſolid* and *real Advantages*; how much muſt it raiſe our *In-*

* Mr. Arch-Deacon, in his *Hiſtory of England*, has given us a very *ſurprizing* Account, of an Interview between *Cromwell* and the *Devil* in a Wood; of which it ſeems Colonel *Lindſey* was an Eye-witneſs.

dignation,

dignation, ſhould we ever ſee ſome of the moſt *worthleſs* of Mankind, pretend to rank themſelves with thoſe *real Patriots!* And yet I am afraid we have known ſome Perſons, *ſince* the Days of Queen *Elizabeth*, who, without any other Merit, than receiving *Projects* for *New Taxes*, and laying the moſt *grievous Loads* upon their miſerable Fellow-Subjects, have had the *Aſſurance* to *expect* and *take* from their unhappy *Country*, more *immenſe Sums* and *extravagant Honours*, than the *beſt* and *greateſt* of Queen *Elizabeth*'s Miniſters ever pretended to.

But how much muſt it provoke any *thinking Man*, when he reflects that ſome of theſe *Modern Stateſmen* have been ſo far from underſtanding, even that *meaneſt Part* of *Politicks*, to which they have wholly apply'd themſelves, that it is eaſily demonſtrable how the very *ſame Sums* might have been raiſed for *Publick Service*, with the ſame Advantage to the *Crown*; but with much more *Eaſe* to the *Country Gentleman*, the *Merchant* and the *Farmer!*

It is very poſſible, that *Poſterity* may not think either *Cleomenes* or *me* worth their Notice; I am ſenſible that moſt People would even *now* imagine a Treatiſe, extreamly trifling, which ſhould be wholly wrote upon any *perſonal Controverſy* between us two. In order therefore to enliven ſo *dry* a *Subject*, I have already flung ſome Things into theſe Sheets which may, perhaps, bear being read by People, who can have no manner of Concern for what becomes of either of us. I have already endeavoured to give them ſome Notion of the Policy and Sentiments of the antient *Greeks* and *Romans*: They will likewiſe find in the following Letter, ſome Conſiderations upon two Subjects of the utmoſt Importance, *viz.* upon the LOVE OF OUR COUNTRY, and upon The LIBERTY OF THE PRESS.

Every Native of *Holland*, as well the *Women* as the *Men*, by a *Principle* and *National Affection*, which can never be too much admired or praiſed, glory in doing their

their beſt for *Father-Landt*; * an endearing and noble *Expreſſion*, by which they mean their *Country*; and I could wiſh that we would vouchſafe to imitate our Neighbours the *Dutch*, at leaſt in this Particular.

I have endeavoured, from the Example of the *Lacedæmonian* Ladies, to ſhew even the *fair Sex*, that it is both their *Duty* and their *Intereſt*, to have a hearty *Love for their Country*: I would, methinks, have the moſt beautiful Part of our Species ſtrongly inſpir'd with this *Paſſion*, as I am very ſenſible it would contribute not a little to the Welfare and Proſperity of *Great Britain*. The World need not be told at this Time of Day, how great is the *Power* of *Beauty*. Perhaps a natural Reaſon might be given, why it has generally had the *ſtrongeſt Influence* upon the *greateſt Men*: Perhaps thoſe very *Animal Spirits*, which by their *Fineneſs* and *Quantity*, are the immediate Cauſe of *Wiſdom*,

* The *Dutch* Word, *Father-Landt*, is more elegant and expreſſive than the *Latin* Word *Patria*, from whence it was probably taken; and either of them is much more ſignificant, than our *Engliſh* Word *Country*.

Wit

Wit and *Courage*, do naturally and ſtrongly incline thoſe Men, in whom they reſide, to that *ſoft Paſſion*, which few of them have eſcaped, and which in it ſelf is no Fault. One of the beſt and moſt judicious Writers this Nation ever produced, has put the following Lines into the Mouth of a Man who was both an *Hero* and a *Philoſopher*.

When Love's well tim'd, 'tis not a Fault to love;
The Strong, *the* Brave, *the* Virtuous, *and the* Wiſe,
Sink in the ſoft Captivity *together.*
Addiſon's Cato.

In a Word, Hiſtory is full of Examples, where the Fate of Kingdoms and Empires have been determined by bright Eyes; and where Men have done either the greateſt or meaneſt Actions, in obedience to the Commands of their Miſtreſſes. The Beauty of my fair Country-Women, has already rendred them the Wonder and Admiration of all the *European* Nations; how much would it add to their Charms, if we could ſee their Breaſts glowing with a fervent

fervent Love for their Country, and hear the moſt *generous* Sentiments proceed from the *faireſt* Lips! They will find in the following Sheets, that the State of *Lacedæmon* was formerly preſerved by the Gallantry of the *Spartan* Ladies.

Rome was no leſs indebted to the Virtue of her Matrons; That City, which became the Miſtreſs of the World, had been utterly deſtroy'd, and laid in Aſhes, nor had the Names of *Cato*, *Brutus*, *Scipio* and *Pompey* been ever heard of, had not *Rome* herſelf been preſerved by the *Virtue* and *Reſolution* of *Roman Ladies*: The Story is ſo much to the Honour of their Sex, that I cannot poſſibly forbear relating it.

**Caius Marcius Coriolanus* was of a Patrician Family in *Rome*, and had given ſeveral

* I have endeavoured to place this beautiful Story in its full Light: It is mentioned by every Author who has wrote of the *Roman* Affairs at the Time it happen'd; the Authors who have been moſt particular in their Account of it, are *Dionyſius* of *Halicarnaſſus*, *Livy* and *Plutarch*; each of theſe, has told this Story his own Way, and given us the *Speech* of *Coriolanus*'s Mother.

There

ſeveral Inſtances of an invincible Courage in the Service of his Country. Soon after he was of an Age to bear Arms, a War broke out between the *Romans* and the *Volſcians*. The former under the Command of *Cominius* their Conſul, inveſted *Corioli*, the chief City of their Enemies. The *Volſcians* had at that Time a good Army in the Field, ſo that the *Roman* Conſul, to avoid being beſieged in his Trenches, was obliged to divide his Forces: He marched himſelf at the Head of a ſtrong Body to fight the *Volſcian* Army, and left the Remainder of his Forces under the Command of *Titus Larcius*, a brave *Roman*,

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There cannot be a more exquiſite Pleaſure, to a Perſon of a refined Taſte, than to obſerve the different Manner after which theſe three Authors have given us the Story of *Coriolanus*; and if a Man was to make a Compariſon between theſe three great Hiſtorians, and to conſider each of their *Beauties* and *Defects*, he could not perhaps do it better, than by nicely obſerving the *Manner* in which each of them has told this Story, and what *Circumſtances* each of them has thought moſt proper to affect his Readers, or to be flung into *Shades*. The three Hiſtorians laſt mentioned, differ in ſeveral Particulars, which are not at all material to my preſent Deſign: I have taken from each of them whatever I thought proper, and added ſome Circumſtances from other Writers.

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to carry on the Siege. The Garriſon of *Corioli* deſpiſing now the ſmall Number of their Enemies, made a briſk Salley: At firſt they carried all before them, till coming to that Quarter, where *Caius Marcius* was poſted, they found themſelves ſtopt in their Carreer. *Marcius* charging them at the Head of a ſmall Party, not only cut in Pieces ſuch of the *Volſcians* as had already enter'd the *Roman* Trenches, but forced their whole Body to retreat. Not content to ſee thoſe Men now retire, who were ſo lately Conquerors, he fell upon their Rear and drove them to the very Gates of their City. Thoſe who had follow'd him thus far, now fell back from the Purſuit, unable to ſupport that multitude of Darts which was ſhower'd down upon them from the Walls; when *Marcius*, who was remarkable for a ſtrong and clear Voice, (which *Homer* juſtly reckons amongſt the Accompliſhments of a General) turning about to his Men, cried out to them with all his force, *That Fortune had ſet open the Gates of* Corioli, *not to ſhelter the Vanquiſh'd, but to receive their Conquerors.* He had no ſooner ſaid this, but he flung him-

himſelf in at the Gate amidſt the *Volſcians*, and bore along with the Crowd till they all together enter'd the City: When he now look'd about him, he found he had been followed but by very few of his Friends; making therefore a Virtue of a Neceſſity, while the whole Garriſon of the Town fell upon him, he performed ſuch Actions as are hardly credible: In a Word, he made good the Paſſage which led towards the chief Gate of the City, till *Titus Larcius* brought up the reſt of the *Romans*, and took the Place.

Thus was *Corioli* ſurprized, almoſt by the ſingle Courage of *Marcius*; which the *Roman* Army were ſo ſenſible of, that they unanimouſly voted him a Tenth Part of all the Spoil. * *Marcius* could by no Means

* When *Corioli* was taken, moſt of the Soldiers were intent upon plundering the City, as is uſual in ſuch Caſes: *Marcius* was highly offended at their Behaviour, for he reflected that the Conſul and their Fellow Citizens might, perhaps, at that very Inſtant, be engaged with the *Volſcian* Army. He prevail'd at laſt with a few generous Men to quit their Share of the Plunder; and putting himſelf at the Head of theſe, marched with the utmoſt Speed to the Conſul's Army, beſeech-

Means be perſuaded to accept of this Preſent: He declared he had done nothing more than what he owed to his Country; and that he would accept of no Reward

beſeeching the Gods as he went along, that he might arrive before the Fight was begun. He was fortunate enough to come up with the Army as it ſtood in Battle array, and while the *Romans* were making their *Verbal Wills* in the Hearing of three or four of their Fellow Soldiers, as they generally did juſt before an Engagement.

Marcius acquainted them that *Corioli* was taken, and this unexpected News was received with the utmoſt Joy, and a general Shout of the whole Army: He then earneſtly beſeeched the Conſul that he might have the *Poſt of Honour* in the Engagement that was going to begin; and be placed directly oppoſite to the *Antiates*, who were reckoned the braveſt Soldiers among the *Volſcians*. *Cominius* ſeeing him already covered all over with Blood and Sweat, would have perſuaded him rather to reſt and refreſh himſelf, than to expoſe his Perſon to new Dangers; *Marcius* reply'd, *That Conquerors ſhould never be weary*; and the Conſul was at laſt obliged to gratify him. The two Armies joined in Battle, where *Marcius* gave freſh Proofs of the higheſt *perſonal Courage*, and contributed not a little to that Victory which the *Romans* obtained over their Enemies: Both *Dionyſius* of *Halicarnaſſus*, and *Plutarch*, give a *full* and *particular* Account of this *ſecond* Action of *Marcius*'s; which rightly conſidered in all its Circumſtances, is more glorious than the *Firſt*; notwithſtanding which, *Livy* paſſes it over in Silence: I muſt own I have often thought, that *Livy* could not perſuade himſelf to ſpeak too well of a Man, who appear'd afterwards at the Head of a *Volſcian* Army againſt his Country; and though ſuch *Partiality* is hardly to be juſtified in an Hiſtorian, 'tis perfectly agreeable to the *Roman Way of Thinking*.

to

to the Prejudice of the *Publick*, or his *Fellow Soldiers*.

Cominius the Conful, equally charmed with his *Courage* and *Generofity*, turning to the Army, *I fee*, fays he, *Fellow Soldiers, that there is no Way of forcing our defigned Prefent upon* Marcius; *but let us at leaft give him one thing, which is fo fuitable to the Service he has done, that he cannot reject it. Let us pafs a Vote, that from henceforward his Name fhall be* Coriolanus, *unleſs you think that what he has this Day performed, is already more than fufficient to give him an undoubted Right to that Title.* This Propofal of the Conful's was received and confirmed with the loudeſt Acclamations of the Army, and the Name of *Marcius* was immediately loſt in that of *Coriolanus*.*

* *Eutropius* having probably heard that the City of *Corioli* was taken by *Marcius* (who had from thence the Name of *Coriolanus*) makes a Miſtake, and calls him *Dux Romanorum, The General of the* Romans; whereas it is certain that *Marcius* was at that Time only an Inferior Officer.

Some time after this, a Diſpute aroſe at *Rome*,* upon which the City was divided: *Coriolanus* was of the ſame Opinion with the Minority. He not only gave his Vote agreeable to his Sentiments, but *ſpoke* in the Senate-Houſe, with great Force and Freedom upon this Occaſion. The Party he oppos'd were ſo provoked at his Behaviour, that with much ado, and a great deal of *unfair Management*, they got a Decree paſſed for his being baniſhed: As ſoon as the Sentence was declared, *Coriolanus* returning Home, embraced his Mother *Volumnia*, and his Wife *Virgilia*, a Lady of great Beauty and Virtue: While theſe two were all in Tears and ſo oppreſſed with Grief, that they could hardly ſpeak to him, *Coriolanus* (having recommended to their Care his two Infant Children, the Eldeſt of which was but Nine Years old) haſtened to one of the City Gates, where a great Number of the moſt Eminent Citizens of *Rome*

* It would have made the Story too long to have entered into the Detail of this Affair.

attended

attended him: His Heart was too full of Rage and Reſentment, to take a formal Leave of theſe his Friends. He left the City without ſpeaking to any of them; fully determined to revenge himſelf, if poſſible, upon his ungrateful Country.

In purſuance of this Reſolution, he offered his Service to the *Volſcians*, who not only received him with open Arms; but elected him their General.

Coriolanus ſoon perſuaded them to break the Truce they had lately made with the *Romans*, and marched at the Head of their Army to the City of *Circæum*, a *Roman* Colony: He obliged this Place to ſurrender at *Diſcretion*, and driving out all the *Romans*, delivered it up to the *Volſcians*: From hence he fell into the Country of the *Latins*, and took by Aſſault *Tolerium*, *Labicum* and *Pedum*: *Bola* made a gallant Reſiſtance, repulſed the *Volſcians* at their firſt Aſſault, and killed a great Number of their Men: *Coriolanus* was not then preſent; but hearing of the Diſgrace of his Army, flew immediately to their

Aſſiſtance; he placed himſelf at their Head, and leading them on in Perſon to a ſecond Aſſault, carried the Place Sword in Hand. To ſhew other Cities what they muſt expect, if they made an obſtinate Defence, he ordered *Bola* to be immediately burnt, and gave the Plunder of it to his Soldiers. Nothing now withſtood the Rapidity of his Conqueſts: The City of *Corioli* flung open her Gates at the Approach of a General, who had taken her once before. He likewiſe re-took *Satricum*, *Longula* and *Poſtula*; and having made himſelf Maſter of *Trebia*, *Ditellia*, and ſeveral other Places, he ſat down before *Lavinium*, the firſt City which *Æneas* built in *Italy*, and which lay but twelve Miles from *Rome*.

Theſe ſeveral Succeſſes acquired *Coriolianus* a prodigious Reputation through all the States of *Italy*, who ſaw with infinite Surprize, that one Man had no ſooner changed Sides, than the Vanquiſhed Nation became the Victors.

The People of *Rome* had hitherto ſupported all their Loſſes with great Conſtancy and Reſolution; but when they received the News that *Lavinium* was beſieged, (the City from whence they derived their *Original*; and in which the *Gods of their Fathers* were depoſited) their Courage began to ſink: They earneſtly implored the Senate to repeal the Sentence of Baniſhment againſt *Coriolanus*. The Queſtion therefore was put in the Senate-Houſe, Whether the Decree ſhould be repealed? but it was carried in the *Negative*. *

Coriolanus received the News, as he lay before *Lavinium*; and looking upon this Vote of the Senate's to be a freſh Affront, he determined to end the War at once, by the Deſtruction of *Rome* itſelf: Leaving

* It is not eaſy to ſay, what could make the Senate paſs ſo extraordinary a Vote at this Time. *Dionyſius* of *Halicarnaſſus* ingenuouſly owns, that he is at a Loſs how to account for it, though he makes three Conjectures: *Plutarch* likewiſe offers three ſeveral Reaſons; but I confeſs there is not one of them all, which appears to me, of ſufficient Weight to juſtify the Prudence of a *Roman* Senate.

therefore a Body of his Troops before *Lavinium* * to continue the Blockade of that Place, he marched at the Head of his Victorious Army directly to *Rome*, and encamped before the City. The Sight of *Coriolanus*'s Enſigns produced ſo great a Conſternation in *Rome*, that the Senate, now ſenſible of their late Error, came in one and all to the Opinion of the People. It was therefore unanimouſly agreed to ſend Ambaſſadors to *Coriolanus*, with an Offer to repeal the Decree for his Baniſhment, and to deſire a Peace with the *Volſcians* upon reaſonable Terms. *Coriolanus*, called a Council of War, in whoſe Preſence he received the *Roman* Ambaſſadors with an inſupportable Arrogance: §

* *Livy* ſays, that he actually took *Lavinium*; *Plutarch* ſays, that he *intirely* raiſed the Siege of that Place, and marched to *Rome* with his whole Army; but I have choſe to follow *Dionyſius* of *Halicarnaſſus*, whoſe Account ſeems to me more probable than either of the former; and more agreeable to the Character which *Livy* himſelf gives of *Marcius*, when he was a young Man at the Siege of *Corioli*. *Livy* ſays, he was even at that time, *Adoleſcens & Concilio, & Manu promptus.*

§ The Ambaſſadors were M. *Minutius*, *Poſthumius Cominius*, *Sp. Lartius*, *P. Pinærius* and *Q. Sulpitius*; all theſe were what the *Romans* called *Viri Conſulares*, that is, *Perſons who had been Conſuls.*

When

When they had delivered their Embaſſy, he put them in mind of their ſhameful Ingratitude towards himſelf, which he ſet forth in the bittereſt Words, and laſt of all propoſed a Peace upon ſuch Terms, as made Death itſelf more eligible, to a People jealous of their Honour and Reputation. Upon the Receipt of this Anſwer, it was reſolved at *Rome*, to ſend him a ſecond Embaſſy: The Senate took care that the Ambaſſadors themſelves ſhould be choſen out of his neareſt Relations, and moſt intimate Acquaintance, in hopes that ſuch Perſons would meet with a kind Reception at their firſt Interview. The Event proved quite otherwiſe, *Coriolanus* received this ſecond Embaſſy, which was delivered to him in the moſt humble Terms, with as much Haughtineſs as the former, and immediately diſmiſſed the Ambaſſadors with this Anſwer, That *The* Romans *muſt expect Peace upon no other Conditions than thoſe which he had at firſt propoſed, which if they refuſed to accept, he would endeavour to convince them, that he had not loſt* his

*his Courage ſince his Baniſhment.** The Senate had now recourſe to the meaneſt Artifice they had ever made uſe of. They paſſed a Decree, that the whole Order of their Prieſts, with ſuch whoſe Office it was to initiate Men into the moſt Sacred Myſteries, or had the Care and Cuſtody of the moſt Holy Things, or were skilled in any kind of Divination, ſhould all dreſs themſelves in thoſe Habits in which they officiated in their ſeveral Functions; that they ſhould go in a Solemn Proceſſion to *Coriolanus*, and beſeech him to have Mercy upon his Native Country. It was conceived that the Sight of thoſe Perſons and Things, for which his Education, when a Child, had taught him to have the utmoſt *Reſpect*, might bend his haughty Mind, and induce him to lay aſide ſome Part of his Reſentment. The *Volſcian* Army was ſtruck with a Sort of Religious Awe, at the Appearance of this Solemn and Venerable Proceſſion: Their General was the only Man upon whom it made no Impreſſion: His

* *Livy's* Words are ſomewhat ſtronger, *Adniſurum ut apparet exilio ſibi irritatos non fractos animos eſſe.*

Pride

Pride indeed was evidently delighted, to ſee that now he was no longer addreſſed to as a *Man*, but ſupplicated as an offended *Deity*. He remained, however, fix'd in his firſt Reſolutions, and the Sacred Troop were obliged to return to *Rome*, deploring the Fate of their unhappy Country. Upon their Arrival, the whole City was filled with Terror and Conſternation; as they deſpair'd of being able to defend themſelves by their Arms, nothing but Diſorder and Confuſion were every where viſible: The Women ran frighted up and down the Streets, the old Men crowded to the Temples, and wearied the Gods with Tears and Supplications.

In this dreadful Situation of Affairs, the Ladies of the beſt Quality were devoutly kneeling about the Altar of *Jupiter Capitolinus*; among theſe was *Valeria*, Siſter to the great *Publicola*: Her own Virtues, and the Memory of her illuſtrious Brother, lately deceaſed, had rendered her extreamly dear to the People of *Rome*. As this Lady was reflecting on the impending Deſtruction of the City, it occurred

curred to her Thoughts, that the Mother and Wife of *Coriolanus* might be of ſome Service to their Country in this great *Criſis*. She communicated her own Sentiments to the reſt of the *Roman* Ladies, and cauſing them to get up from their Devotions, went with them to the Houſe of *Volumnia* the Mother of *Coriolanus*; * ſhe found *Volumnia* ſitting with her Daughter-in-Law, the beautiful *Virgilia*, and with her two Grand-Children upon her Lap; to whom *Valeria*, in the Name of all her Female Companions, addreſſed herſelf to this Effect;

We whom you now ſee, O Volumnia *and* Virgilia, *are not come by the Command of*

* *Livy* ſeems to doubt whether the *Roman* Ladies waited upon the Mother and Wife of *Coriolanus* by an Order of the Senate, or induced to it by their own Fears; *Id, publicum conſilium, an muliebris timor fuerit, parum invenio.* *Dionyſius* of *Halicarnaſſus*, and *Plutarch* are both very poſitive that what the Women did, was not by Order of the Senate, or any Magiſtrate: *Plutarch* imputes it to the particular Inſpiration of *Jupiter Capitolinus*; and this Thought is very worthy a *Devout Heathen*: Without mentioning *Plutarch*'s Superſtition too ſtrongly, I have choſe in this Part of the Story to follow his Account, as it appears to me the moſt natural, and is certainly moſt for the Honour of the *Roman* Ladies.

the

the Senate, or by an Order of the Conſuls: We come to you as Women unto Women, or rather as we hope by the particular Direction of Jupiter *himſelf, who, moved to Compaſſion by our Prayers, inſpired us with the Thought of viſiting you in a Body. We come therefore, led by that God who has hitherto protected the City of* Rome, *to requeſt that of you in which our own and the common Welfare is equally concerned. If you grant what we deſire, your Fame in future Ages will even exceed that of the* Sabine *Daughters, who ruſhing into the Battle amidſt thoſe Showers of Darts which threaten'd their Lives, obliged their Fathers and their Husbands to ſheath their Swords; and from a State of mortal Enmity, to become Friends and Allies. Vouchſafe to place yourſelves at our Head, to lead us to the Camp of the* Volſcians, *and to intreat their General to think that he has at laſt ſufficiently puniſhed* Rome *for the Injuries he has received: Vouchſafe at leaſt, to do your Country ſo much Juſtice, as to tell* Coriolanus, *that notwithſtanding all the Miſchiefs and Calamities which he has brought upon her, ſhe has never offer'd the leaſt Violence to your*

Perſons,

Perſons, nor amidſt all her Reſentments, ever entertained the leaſt Thoughts to your Prejudice; and that, laſtly, ſhe reſtores you into his Hands, even at this Time, when ſhe is convinced that from him ſhe is to expect no Mercy.

This Pathetick Speech of *Valeria*'s was ſtrongly ſeconded by all the Female Votaries who accompanied her. *Volumnia*, after ſome Pauſe, made them this Anſwer.

Beſides thoſe Calamities which I and Virgilia *ſhare in common with our Country, there are other Domeſtick Afflictions, which are peculiar to ourſelves. We have beheld the utter Deſtruction of* Coriolanus's *Fame and Virtue: We have ſeen him do what muſt entirely eclipſe the Glory of all his former Actions. How much rather ſhould we hear he was in the Camp of the* Volſcians *as their Priſoner than their* General! *But the moſt ſenſible Affliction we feel at preſent, is to find that the Affairs of the Commonwealth are in ſo low, ſo deſperate a Condition, as to want the Aſſiſtance of two weak Women.*

How

How can we hope that Coriolanus *has any Affection left for us, when we ſee that he has none for his Country! which we are well aſſured was once much dearer to him than either his Mother, his Wife, or his Children! I ſay not this, to decline doing any thing which you imagine may be for the Service of* Rome; *make what uſe you pleaſe of me and my Daughter; lead us to this inexorable Man: We can at leaſt dye for our Country, though we have not Intereſt ſufficient to preſerve it.*

Volumnia having ſpoke thus, took her Daughter-in-Law by the Hand, and bidding her take her Children with her, put herſelf at the Head of the *Roman* Ladies; Thus accompanied, ſhe went directly towards the Camp of the *Volſcians*. A Sight ſo moving, made ſome Impreſſion on their very Enemies: The *Volſcian* Soldiers of their own accord fell back, and opening their Ranks, ſuffered the beautiful Troop to paſs through them: *Coriolanus* was at that time ſeated upon his Tribunal, with the chief Officers of his Army ſtanding about him, to whom he was giving the

neceſſary

neceſſary Directions for their attacking the City. He was extreamly ſurprized to ſee this female Party advancing towards him; but when they drew nearer, and he perceived that his own Wife and his Mother were at the Head of the Company, he was ſcarce Maſter of thoſe Emotions which ſo unexpected a Sight produced within him: He found himſelf obliged to call up all his Manhood to his Aſſiſtance, and to reſolve more firmly than ever, to be deaf to all Intreaties. The Ladies ſtill advanced, till they came to the Foot of his Tribunal: *Coriolanus* not able to endure that his Mother and his Wife ſhould ſtand looking up at him, while he was ſeated in ſo much State above them, deſcended haſtily, and firſt ſaluting his Mother, embraced her for a long time; he then ran to his Wife, and catching her in his Arms, could not refrain, in ſpight of all his Manhood, from mingling his own Tears with hers: He laſt of all embraced his two Children, with all the Tenderneſs of a fond Father. *Volumnia* was well enough pleaſed to obſerve the Tranſports of her Son, and ſuffered him for ſome time to indulge himſelf

ſelf in the pleaſing violence of his preſent Paſſions: At laſt ſhe gave him to underſtand, that ſhe had ſomething to impart to him. *Coriolanus* at theſe Words, like a Man awakened from a pleaſing Dream, immediately recollected himſelf, and order'd the *Volſcian* Council to be called in. *Volumnia* was a little ſhocked at this Behaviour, and abaſhed at the Sight of ſo many *Volſcians*, all Men of the firſt Quality: She was in hopes to have ſpoke to her Son *alone*; but finding that was not to be expected, her Concern for *Rome* overcame at laſt every other Conſideration. With the Dignity therefore of a *Roman* Matron, and the Reſolution of a Perſon determined either to *ſave* her Country or *periſh* with it, ſhe addreſſed herſelf to *Coriolanus* in the following Words;

That Alteration which you cannot but obſerve in your Wife and your Mother, ſince you ſaw us laſt, is of itſelf ſufficient to convince you, under what a Load of Grief we have ſupported Life; and how much we have daily bemoaned your Baniſhment and Abſence: Our ſeeing you again, which we

once imagined was the greateſt Bleſſing the Gods could have beſtowed, is become an Addition to our Miſery. Volumnia *ſees her Son, and* Virgilia *her Husband planting his Batteries againſt the Walls of* Rome: *We are even deprived of that Relief from* Prayer, *which the moſt wretched find under all their Misfortunes. We know not what* Petition *to prefer to the Gods; ſince to pray that* Rome *may be Victorious, is no longer conſiſtent with your Preſervation: Know therefore, that I am determined not to wait the Event of a War, which muſt end either in the Deſtruction of my* Country *or my* Son; *and that I will never behold either a Day of Triumph for your Overthrow, or you inſulting amidſt the Aſhes of* Rome. *If nothing can prevent your beating down the Walls of that City, which contains your Houſhold Gods, your Wife, and your Children, know, that when you enter the Breach, you ſhall paſs over the wretched Corps of that Woman who brought you into the World; and who will truly deſerve to be ſo treated, for having given Life to the Man who deſtroyed her* Country. *Look upon your Wife; Behold thoſe innocent Children, who if you*

purſue your preſent Enterprize, muſt either ſuffer a violent Death, or endure perpetual Slavery. I am not ignorant how much you owe to the Volſcians; *but ſurely the Preſervation of* Rome *is not at all inconſiſtent with the Safety of that generous Nation: We do not aim at doing them any Prejudice; we only deſire to be delivered ourſelves from the Calamities of War: Peace will be a Bleſſing to the* Volſcians *as well as to us, tho' it muſt be confeſs'd, they will acquire more Honour, if at this time they conſent to end a War, in which they have hitherto been ſucceſsful. If two brave Nations, who are at preſent Enemies, ſhall by your Mediation become Friends and Allies, what Praiſes, what Thanks will you not juſtly merit from either People! If, on the contrary, you prevent their coming to an Agreement,* You *alone are anſwerable for all the Miſeries which either of them ſhall ſuffer from this Day. The Chance of War is doubtful; yet this muſt be the certain Event of that War you are unhappily engaged in: If you conquer, your Name will be infamous to all Poſterity, for having deſtroyed your Country; If you are conquer'd, the World will ſay,*

that to gratify your own Revenge, you have ruin'd a Nation who ſo kindly received and entertain'd you in your Baniſhment.

Virgilia all this while ſtood by her Mother-in-Law, with one of her Children in each Hand, and though ſhe kept her Eyes fix'd on the Ground, and ſaid nothing, yet by the mute Eloquence of her Tears, ſufficiently ſhew'd how much ſhe was concerned in the Event of their Embaſſy. It is impoſſible to expreſs thoſe Agonies *Coriolanus* felt while his Mother was ſpeaking, or all thoſe different Paſſions which ſucceeded one another in his Breaſt: He ſometimes look'd upon *Volumnia*, and ſometimes on *Virgilia*, while a quick Senſe of Shame, of Honour, of Love, of Duty, and of Revenge, took poſſeſſion of him by turns. He could not bring himſelf to forget either his own Injuries, or that Fidelity which he owed the *Volſcians*, yet his Mother's Words had awaken'd in him ſome Tenderneſs for his native Country; nor amidſt all his Reſentments, could he poſſibly help reflecting upon the glorious Part which ſhe and his Wife were then

acting

acting in the *Volſcian* Camp. He return'd no Anſwer to *Volumnia*, who had now done ſpeaking; but remain'd Silent, with his Eyes on the Ground: It was not, however, difficult for thoſe that were preſent, to obſerve how greatly he was diſorder'd. *Volumnia*, who had known her Son from an Infant, was not the laſt Perſon who perceived how much ſhe had moved him: While he continued Silent, ſhe made her laſt and utmoſt Effort in theſe Words;

To what muſt I impute this ſullen Silence? am I then too contemptible in the Eyes of my Son, to deſerve an Anſwer? Does it become a brave Man to liſten only to his Reſentments, and to remember nothing but Injuries? Is there no Obligation from Children to Parents! No Return of Duty and Reverence due from them to the Authors of their Being! Can you, who ſo ſeverely puniſh Ingratitude in others, be your ſelf guilty of the ſame Crime! I grant the Romans *injured you, but have you not taken a full Revenge! Have you not already plundered their Cities, ruined their Colonies, and laid all their Territories Waſte! They re-*

quited your Services ill; What Amends have you as yet made me for mine? I now demand ſome Recompence for all the Kindneſs and Affection of a Mother, for all my tender Care of your Infancy: And will you break through the Ties of Nature and Religion, to refuſe my firſt and only Requeſt? If this be your ſettled Reſolution, I have already lived too long. Let me expire at the Feet of my Son, ſince I cannot perſuade him to ſave his Country.

Having ſpoke thus, ſhe threw herſelf at his Feet; his Wife, the fair *Virgilia*, and his two Children, follow'd her Example. *Coriolanus* could now hold out no longer; but cry'd, *O my Mother! O* Virgilia! *to what have you reduced me!* With theſe Words he raiſed them from the Ground, and preſſing *Volumnia*'s Hand with great Vehemence, *Mother*, ſays he, *you have gained a Victory fortunate to* Rome, *but fatal to your* Son. *I go hence not vanquiſhed by the* Romans, *but overcome by you and* Virgilia. With this joyful News he ſent them back again to *Rome* as they deſired, and early the next Morning drew

off

off his Army. When the *Romans* ſaw that their Enemies were actually diſlodged, the Joy and Tranſport which appeared throughout the whole City is hardly to be deſcribed: They immediately flung open all their Temples, appeared themſelves crowned with Flowers, and prepared the ſame Sacrifices for the Gods which they uſed to offer after their greateſt Victories. Amidſt this univerſal Joy, every Man ſtrove to be londeſt in their Commendations of the *Ladies* to whom they unanimouſly confeſs'd, that they owed the Preſervation of themſelves and their Country. The Senate immediately aſſembled, and by way of Acknowledgment, paſſed a Decree, that *Whatever the Women pleaſed to ask ſhould be granted.* Upon this Occaſion the Moderation of the *Roman* Ladies was extreamly remarkable. Having conſulted among themſelves, they deſired nothing more, but that a Temple might be built and dedicated to The *Fortune of Women.* They offer'd to be at the Expence of this Building themſelves, and only deſired that the Sacrifices might be paid for out of the Publick Treaſury.

The Senate, highly pleased with this fresh instance of their *Modesty* and *Generosity*, decreed, That The Temple should be built at the Publick Charge, and erected on that very Spot of Ground where *Volumnia* and *Virgilia* had prevailed with *Coriolanus* to draw off his Army: They likewise order'd, That to perpetuate the Memory of so important a Service, A Monument should be erected, with an Inscription upon it to the Honour of the Women: All this could not however prevent the Ladies from making a Purse among themselves for an Image of *Female Fortune*, which was placed in the new Temple, and dedicated to that Goddess.

Coriolanus in the mean time led back the *Volscians* to *Antium*, some of whom could not forbear expressing their Resentment, that by the Weakness of their General, they had lost an Opportunity of taking *Rome*, and utterly destroying their ancient Enemies. *Tullus*, a leading Man in the *Volscian* Senate, who had long envyed the Glory of *Coriolanus*, used all his Arts to increase these Murmurs: He required

Corio-

Coriolanus to lay down his Commiſſion inſtantly, and give an Account of his Adminiſtration. *Coriolanus*, who foreſaw he muſt inevitably periſh, if he was once reduced to a private Condition, and *Tullus* ſhould ſucceed him as General of the Army, anſwered with great Prudence, That *He would ſurrender his Commiſſion, whenever it was demanded of him by the* Volſcian *States from whom he received it, and that in the mean time he was very ready to give an Account of his Conduct to the* Antiates. This Propoſal appeared too reaſonable to be rejected: The People of *Antium* were therefore convened, before whom *Coriolanus* was accuſed by *Tullus*, and ſome other popular Orators, of Betraying the Truſt that had been repoſed in him. *Coriolanus* was not only a Man of *Letters*, but naturally *Eloquent*; his Cauſe was not ſo bad, but that much might be ſaid in his Behalf. When his Accuſers had done, he roſe up, and with an Air that expreſſed neither too much Confidence, nor too much Dejection, was about to ſpeak and make his Defence. *Tullus* and his Partiſans, who obſerved him not at all diſ-

ordered,

ordered, began now to fear the Event: They dreaded the Impreſſions his Eloquence might make upon a Popular Aſſembly, and therefore cried out, That *A Traytor to their Country ought not to be heard*; At the ſame time drawing their Daggers, they ruſhed at once upon him: *Coriolanus* was unarmed, and made no Offer to defend himſelf; ſo that covered with Wounds, but without fetching a ſingle Groan, he fell at laſt in the midſt of the Aſſembly.

It is certain, that though the moſt conſiderable Citizens of *Antium*, and the Majority of the Aſſembly, did not approve of his being thus Aſſaſſinated, yet they appeared too paſſive while the Action was committing: Not a Sword was drawn, or a ſingle Arm lifted up in his Defence. The *Volſcian* States were, indeed, diſſatisfied that ſo fair an Opportunity of taking *Rome* was loſt; yet when they heard *Coriolanus* was dead, their Pity overcame their Reſentments. They now began to reflect, that his very Crime carried its own Excuſe in ſome meaſure with it; and that though

though he had prevented their taking *Rome*, their Army had never lain before it, had it not been conducted by such a General. They now remembered his Resolution in the Field, and Prudence in Council, his Courage in Battles, and Eloquence in their Senates; that most of the Cities now in their Possession, were taken or recovered by his Conduct. Upon all these Considerations, they determined to give him the greatest Funeral Honours. They laid his Corps upon a most magnificent Bier, and habited in those Robes which he had formerly worn as their General. The Bier was borne upon the Shoulders of the most considerable Men among the *Volscian* States. Before it were carried the Spoils which he had obtained, the Crowns which he had won, and the Plans of all those Cities he had taken. While his Funeral Pile was burning, a great Number of Victims were slain in Honour to his Memory: Lastly, they interred his Ashes, and erected a magnificent Monument over them.

When

When the News of *Coriolanus*'s Death was brought to *Rome*, the Senate gave no Demonſtration either of *Joy* or *Concern*. They might probably conceive it beneath the Dignity of a *Roman* Senate, either to inſult a dead Enemy, or to ſhew any Concern for a Man who had appeared in Arms againſt his Country. The Women could not hear of his Death with the ſame Indifference; they regarded him at leaſt as a brave, tho' an unfortunate Man; as a Man, who when his Story ſhould be told in future Ages, would ſtand a remarkable Inſtance of the *Power* of their Sex; and that neither *Wiſdom* nor *Courage* can protect the Heart of Man againſt the Attacks of *Beauty* and *Virtue*: They therefore deſired the Senate's Permiſſion to *Put themſelves in Mourning*. The Senate, far from being diſpleaſed with their Petition, readily granted their Requeſt. The Ladies wore Mourning for *Coriolanus Ten Months*: being the ſame Time which in thoſe Days they mourned at *Rome*,

Rome, for the Death of a Father, a Son, or a Brother. *

My Country-Women, from this Story which I have extracted for their Service out of ſeveral *Greek* and *Latin* Authors, may form to themſelves a pretty juſt Notion of the *Roman* Ladies. They will ſee in the following Sheets, of what Metal the *Spartan* Women were made: I ſhall only add on this Head, that one of the great Deſigns of Hiſtory, is to ingage us to imitate the Virtues, and to avoid the Vices of thoſe who have lived before us; and that though it is ſcarce to be ſuppoſed, the Ladies of *Great Britain* will ever have an Opportunity of ſignalizing themſelves in ſo remarkable a Manner as *Volumnia*, *Virgilia* and *Valeria* did, yet that 'tis highly probable, their Power and Influence over particular Men, may be often imploy'd for the real Service and Benefit of their Country.

* I could not help purſuing my Story thus far, becauſe I think this *laſt Action* of the *Roman Ladies*, is a very fine Inſtance of their *Humanity*, their *Politeneſs*, and their *Good Senſe*.

In

In my Letter to *Cleomenes*, I have dwelt pretty long upon THE LIBERTY OF THE PRESS; becauſe I muſt confeſs, I take it to be a Subject of the *utmoſt Importance*; I have endeavoured to ſhew how reaſonable this *Liberty* is in itſelf, and how beneficial to Mankind in general. How abſolutely neceſſary it is for a Nation who would preſerve its *Freedom*, and how far it was made uſe of at *Rome* and *Athens*, while thoſe two glorious Commonwealths had the leaſt *Shadow* of *Liberty* left among them.

The Hiſtory of *Pericles*, whoſe *ill Conduct* occaſioned the Deſtruction of the *Athenian* Commonwealth, contains ſome Particulars, worthy the Reflection of any Nation who would preſerve their *Liberties* and their *Honour*.

Some of my Readers may poſſibly think it a little unnatural, to mix Antient with Modern Hiſtory: To which I anſwer, That the real Advantage of Hiſtory, is to enable us from the Knowledge of paſt Tranſ-

Tranſactions, to form a right Judgment on preſent Occurrences. *Machiavel*, both in his *Prince*, and his excellent *Diſcourſes* upon *Livy*, has conſtantly mingled antient and modern Hiſtories, and made them mutually ſerve to embelliſh and illuſtrate one another. The Danger we ſhould chiefly guard againſt in reading antient Hiſtory, is not to be ſo far dazzled with the great Actions and noble Sentiments of any of the Ancients, as to become Admirers of all the Laws, and of every Part of that Conſtitution they lived under. Many Accidents, ſuch as The Scituation of a Country, The Natural Genius of the People, The preſent Condition of its neighbouring States, *&c.* may make the ſame Things, which are highly eligible in one State, no leſs pernicious and deſtructive in another. It therefore requires the ſtrongeſt Judgment, in thoſe who read Hiſtory, and have any Share in the Government of their Country, to determine how far the *Athenians*, the *Lacedæmonians*, and *Romans*, ought to be imitated; and in what Particulars their Laws, Cuſtoms, or Policy, may have been either amended, or wholly

chang-

changed for the better, in latter Ages. *Machiavel* has done ſomething like this in his *Art of War*; That great Man, by adding ſome Parts of the *Roman* Diſcipline, to other Parts of the Military Diſcipline which was uſed in *Italy* in his own Time, has, I think, moſt evidently demonſtrated, that out of theſe Two, a Third might be formed, much more perfect and compleat than either.

I have often thought that a Compariſon between the two famous Inſtitutions of *Solon* and *Lycurgus*, with a fair and impartial Examination in what Parts the one excelled the other, and in what Particulars the *Romans* improved upon both of them, would not only be a *Curious*, but a very *Uſeful* Work. I had actually gone through a great Part of it, when thoſe Papers, with ſeveral others, were moſt barbarouſly taken from me; I have however ſtill by me, a *Sketch* of this Deſign, and if Providence thinks proper to prolong my Days, may, perhaps, once more attempt to execute it. When the *Romans* ſent three Ambaſſadors *

* *Sp. Poſthumius*, *S. Sulpicius* and *A. Manlius*.

into

into *Greece*, to make that Collection of Laws, out of which the Decemvirs afterwards formed their *Twelve Tables*, the Commonwealth of *Athens* was in high Repute: The *Roman* Ambaſſadors were therefore ordered to go directly to *Athens*: It is extreamly probable, that the Laws which thoſe Ambaſſadors brought to *Rome* the Year before the Decemvirate, was ſcarce any thing more than a *Copy of the Laws of* Solon; ſince we are aſſured that the *Romans*, for ſome time after the Decemvirate was aboliſhed, frequently ſent a Difficult Cauſe to be determined in the *Areopagus* at *Athens*. It is however as certain, that when the *Twelve Tables* were compoſed, a good Part of them was formed upon the Inſtitutions of *Lycurgus*, which happened thus: The Decemvirs were ordered to blend thoſe Laws which were brought out of *Greece*, with the Laws of *Numa Pompilius*, and out of both to form a *compleat Body of Law* for the Uſe of the *Romans*. *Numa* was a *Sabin*, and we are aſſured by *Dionyſius* of *Halicarnaſſus*, that the *Sabins* were a Colony of *Spartans*, who retain'd the *Lacedæmonian* Cuſtoms, eſpecially in what

related to War, Frugality, and a laborious Manner of Life, from whence *Horace* calls them the *Rigid Sabines*. But this was not all; *Pythagoras*, not the *Samian* Philoſopher, but a Native of *Sparta*, in his Travels through *Italy*, contracted an intimate Friendſhip with *Numa*, gave him a full Account of the Inſtitutions of *Lycurgus*, and actually aſſiſted *Numa* himſelf, when that Prince made Laws for the *Romans*. *Numa*, while he gave out that he was converſing with the Goddeſs *Egeria*, was really conſulting his Friend *Pythagoras*; by whoſe Advice he introduced many of the *Spartan* Laws and Cuſtoms into the *Roman* Conſtitution. The Decemvirs plainly improved both the Inſtitutions of *Solon* and *Lycurgus* in ſeveral Particulars; And I am fully perſuaded, that out of the *Spartan*, the *Athenian*, and the *Roman* Conſtitution, there might at this Day, be one formed, much more excellent than either of them.

It is equally to be admired and lamented, that we have no Copy of the *Twelve Tables*, containing thoſe *Laws* by

which *Rome* was governed, which extended themſelves, with the *Roman Conqueſts*, over ſo great a Part of the World, and which are ſtill the Foundation of the *Civil Law* throughout *Europe*. *Cicero* contemplating theſe *Tables*, cannot forbear giving them ſuch an Encomium, which as *extravagant* as it may appear to ſome People, was, perhaps, no more than what they really deſerved.*

Though we have loſt theſe *Tables*, I believe it would not be impoſſible to make a tolerable *Collection* of the *Roman Laws*, from the Writings of ſeveral ancient Authors. In thoſe Laws which may be gleaned up in this manner, we cannot

*Plurima eſt in duodecim Tabulis antiquitatis effigies, quod verborum priſca vetuſtas cognoſcitur & actionum quædam genera majorum conſuetudinem vitamque declarant. Sive quis civilem ſcientiam contempletur, totam hanc deſcriptis omnibus Civitatis utilitatibus ac partibus duodecim Tabulis contineri videbitis; ſive quem iſta præpotens & glorioſa Philoſophia delectat, dicam audacius, hoſce habet fontes omnium diſputationum ſuarum, qui jure civili & legibus continentur. Fremant omnes licet dicam quod Sentio. Bibliothecas, me hercule, omnium Philoſophorum unus mihi videtur duodecim Tabularum libellus, ſi quis legum fontes, & capita viderit, & autoritatis pondere & utilitatis uberrate ſuperare. *Cic.*

ſufficiently admire two Things, *viz.* Their *Brevity* and their *Perſpicuity*. But I find I am entering farther into this Subject than I intended.

What is ſaid in the following Sheets, does, I think, naturally enough flow from the *Text* I am then *handling*; or, in other Words, from that *Paragraph* of *Cleomenes*'s Letter which I am then *Anſwering*; yet I muſt own, I am in no great Pain as to this Point; If the *Matter* I lay before my Readers is but *agreeable* to them, they are rather the more obliged to me for ſtepping a little *out of the Way* to fetch it in.

As I have already aſſumed this *Liberty*, I ſhall make no Scruple to take it for the future; but ſhall act like a Man who rides out purely for his Diverſion, and who if he diſcovers an agreeable Object, leaves the *Road* he was *in*, and ſpurs up to take a View of it. I can juſtify myſelf in this Practice, if it be neceſſary, from the Example of ſeveral celebrated Authors.

A Man who takes up *Montaign*, and pretends to gueſs at the *Contents* of any Chapter, from the *Title*, will find himſelf, generally ſpeaking, extreamly miſtaken; and yet the *Rambles* of this lively old *Gaſcon*, are, in the Opinion of many People, the greateſt *Beauties* in his Writings: 'Tis pretty plain he put *Scaliger* quite out of Breath to follow him, and that the *Learned* and *Methodical Critick* cannot help now and then *envying* the Man he reſolves to *Scold* at.

But I ſhould rather chuſe to ſhelter myſelf in this Caſe, under the Protection of two Gentlemen of the preſent Age; who, in the Opinion of all good Judges, are allowed to ſtand in the *firſt Claſs* of Writers: I mean the preſent Earl of *Orrery*, and the late Monſieur *Bayle*.

The *firſt* of theſe *two excellent Authors*, in his *Examination of Dr.* Bentley's *Diſſertations on the Epiſtles of* Phalaris, condeſcends ſometimes to ask his Reader's *Pardon* for a *Digreſſion*, which if he had

omitted,

omitted, they ought never to have *forgiven* him: By the help of ſeveral *little Digreſſions*, he has flung an infinite deal of *Wit* and *Humour* into a *Controverſy*, of itſelf the leaſt *entertaining*, that a *Man of Senſe* could well have been engaged in; His Lordſhip has ſo contrived it, that even the *Gay* and *Polite* read a Book with *Pleaſure*, in which he was obliged to diſpute about *Scazons* and *Anapæſtics*; to determine after what Pauſe a *Trochee* or *Tribrach* might be properly admitted; and to deſcend at laſt to *Accents*, *Encliticks*, and *Parapleromatick Particles*.

Monſieur *Bayle*, under the Title of *Several Thoughts upon the Comet which appeared in* 1680,* has wrote four Volumes in a cloſe *Dutch* Print: In theſe Books he has diſcourſed upon a great Variety of Particulars in Religion, Hiſtory, Politicks, Phyſicks, Poetry, *&c.* In a Word, he

* Penſées diverſes Ecrites à un Docteur de Sorbonne A l'Occaſion de la Comete qui parut au Mois de Decembre 1680.

has

has made no manner of Scruple to introduce *any Subject* he had a mind to write upon, however foreign it ſeemed to the *Title* of his *Book*: The Excuſe he makes for this manner of Proceeding, ſerves my Purpoſe ſo well, and is ſo much better than any thing I can ſay for myſelf, that I ſhall take the Liberty to borrow it from him.

This learned Writer, after obſerving how often he went out of his Way, to lay ſome curious Obſervation, or Piece of Hiſtory, before his Readers; *I hope however*, ſays he, *That my Readers will not be ſorry, that they now and then loſe the Sight of my* Comet *for ſo many Pages together; Nay, I do not know whether this Book may not have the ſame Fortune with the famous* Picture *of the* Satyr *and the* Partridge, *drawn by* Protogenes. *The* Satyr *was what the Painter had chiefly in his View; The* Partridge *was only flung into the Piece by way of* Decoration; *and yet the beſt Judges of* Painting, *were better pleaſed with the Picture of the* Partridge *than that of the* Monſter.

I have

I have inſerted *Cleomenes*'s Letter *Paragraph* by *Paragraph*; that my Readers might ſee whether I have, or have not fairly anſwered whatever this *Illuſtrious Author* has thought fit to advance: I have alwayc looked upon it to be extreamly *mean* and *low*, either to *Miſquote* an Adverſary's Words, or to repreſent his *Arguments* in a *falſe Light*: Of my *Notes*, ſome are *Critical*; the reſt are intended for the Uſe of ſuch Perſons as have not been converſant in *Hiſtory*.

What I have wrote, is moſt ſincerely intended for the Benefit of that *Country*, whoſe Welfare, by all the Laws of *God* and *Nature*, I conceive myſelf obliged to promote to the utmoſt of my Power and Abilities. Having now lived ſome Years in the World; Having converſed familiarly with ſome of the greateſt Men this Age has produced; Having endeavoured to underſtand the Conſtitution of that Country in which I was born, and Made ſome few Obſervations *Abroad*; I am from all theſe fully convinced, that ſuch

is

is the happy Situation of *Great Britain*, that it might eaſily become one of the *richeſt* and moſt *powerful* States in *Europe*. I am likewiſe convinced, that there is no Occaſion for any *refined Policy* to bring this about. That, on the contrary, we need only follow thoſe Maxims which *Nature* plainly points out to us: Nay, what is ſtill more, that Providence has been ſo very indulgent to this Iſland, That we muſt commit the moſt manifeſt Errors in Policy, Sin againſt the Light of Nature, contrive Schemes, and even be *buſy* to bring about our own *Deſtruction*, before we can thoroughly accompliſh it.

I am ſenſible that no Author was ever yet fortunate enough to pleaſe all his Readers: I do not doubt, but ſome People will imagine I have ſaid *too much*, and others, *too little*: I have nothing to ſay to theſe; but there is a third Sort, who, though they agree with me in moſt Points, may very poſſibly be a little diſguſted at ſome particular Paſſages: I only beg Leave to aſſure ſuch, That I endeavour to write

to ſome *End*. That I thought *twice* before I *wrote*; and that if they will but do me the Favour to think as often before they *Cenſure*, I do not entirely deſpair of obtaining their Pardon, for what at firſt Sight, may, perhaps, diſpleaſe them.

I have but one thing more to add: Moſt of my Books and Papers have been taken from me, in a cruel and an illegal Manner: I am under Confinement; diſabled from coming at ſome Authors I would have conſulted, and obliged to truſt much more to my own Memory than I could have wiſhed. If under theſe Circumſtances, I ſhould have made ſome little Miſtake in any Hiſtorical Fact, I humbly truſt, from the Candour and Humanity of the *learned World*, that they will not be too ſevere upon me in ſuch a Caſe.

A

LETTER

TO

CLEOMENES,

KING of

SPARTA,

FROM

Euſtace Budgell, Eſq;

LETTER

TO

GEORGE WEST, ESQ.

A LETTER TO *CLEOMENES*, KING of *SPARTA*, FROM *Euſtace Budgell* Eſq;

——— *Solamen habeto*
Mortis, ab Æmonio *quod ſis jugulatus* Achille.
Ov. Metam. Lib. xii.

Moſt Mighty Monarch,

THOUGH I find I am to *fall*, it is at leaſt ſome Pleaſure to me to conſider that I ſhall *fall* by ſo *great a Hand* as your Majeſty's; and *this Reflection* determin'd me in the Choice of my *Motto*.

Before I ſubmit to my Fate, I am likewiſe pleaſed to ſee the glorious and happy Condition of my native Country: The Affairs of *Great-Britain* are, it ſeems, become conſiderable enough to make a Noiſe even in the other World, and to divide the moſt illuſtrious Shades of the Ancients into different Factions: *Cato*, *Socrates*, *Phocion*, *Publicola*, *Ariſtides*, and *Camillus*,* have long ſince appeared among us; and ſhewn more *Warmth* and *Paſſion* in attacking and defending ſome *Engliſh* Miniſters, than ever they did in Behalf of thoſe different Parties they formerly eſpouſed at *Rome* or *Athens*; I find even your Majeſty is at laſt become a *Knight Errant*, and has made a Sally from the Banks of *Stix* in Defence of a *noble Perſon*, whoſe *publick Spirit* and other *Virtues* do ſo nearly reſemble thoſe of the ancient *Spartans*. I have read with a proper Attention, your Majeſty's Epiſtle to the worthy Author of the *Daily Courant*; and as I find I have the Honour to be the *Subject* of it, it would be an unpardonable Breach of good Manners, if

* The Names of theſe *great Men* have been ſubſcrib'd to ſeveral *Letters* printed in our *Weekly Journals*, and other publick *News-Papers*.

if I ſhould not return your Majeſty an Anſwer: I ſhould have done this ſooner, had I not been prevented by ſome *Circumſtances*, to which I believe your Majeſty is not altogether a Stranger. Though I am treated in your Epiſtle, with as much Haughtineſs and Contempt, as your Majeſty could have expreſſed to one of your *Heliotes*;* yet in my Anſwer to your Majeſty, I ſhall keep myſelf within the ſtricteſt Rules of Decency and good Manners. I am determin'd to this upon two Conſiderations; firſt, upon Account of the Figure your Majeſty once made in the World; and ſecondly, becauſe your Majeſty's Royal Style and Way of Writing, does ſo exactly reſemble a *moſt noble Perſon*'s, with whom I had formerly the Honour to be acquainted: I ſhall pay a proper Regard to each of your princely Sentiments: That I may not diſguiſe them by preſuming to cloath them in my vulgar Style, I ſhall lay them before my Readers in your own Words, and juſt as your Majeſty cauſed

* The *Heliotes* were a People whom the *Spartans* having conquer'd, made their Slaves; and uſed with a *Barbarity*, which is hardly to be juſtify'd.

them to be inſerted in the *Daily Courant* of *May* 27.

YOUR Royal Epiſtle begins thus:

To the Author of the Daily Courant.

SIR,

" *THE well-known extraordinary Pro-*
" *ceeding of Mr.* EUSTACE BUDGELL
" *at his Majeſty's Levee, having made ſome*
" *Noiſe in the World, allow me to communi-*
" *cate thoſe Hints to the Publick, which may*
" *convey, as I apprehend, a much juſter*
" *Notion than has yet been entertain'd of*
" *that Affair.*"

IT is the utmoſt Satisfaction to me to find, that your Majeſty and I do at leaſt agree in *one* Particular; namely, that *The well-known extraordinary Proceeding of Mr. Euſtace Budgell* was at the *Levee* of the King of *Great Britain*; becauſe I have been inform'd, that your Majeſty has formerly reported this *well-known Proceeding* was in the *Drawing-Room*: I am ſure the Publick will pay ſo much Deference to any Hints your Majeſty ſhall condeſcend

deſcend to communicate to them, in order to *correct their Notions* about this Affair, that I ſhall no longer detain them from ſo agreeable an Entertainment, but proceed to tranſcribe the next Paragraph of your Majeſty's Epiſtle; which runs thus:

" *Theſe, Sir, neither the Publick, nor* " *yourſelf, had been troubled with, had* " *Mr.* BUDGELL *been left to the Manage-* " *ment of his own Concern; which ſeems to* " *have been of a private Nature, and rela-* " *ted principally to his own particular In-* " *tereſt; for though his Method of conduct-* " *ing it, might make him the Object of much* " Ridicule *and* Contempt, *yet it could not* " *poſſibly have ſtood in need of being more* " *publickly expoſed, than ſuch Treatment* " *would furniſh; but a Set of artful ill* " *Men, taking the Advantage of the* great " Weakneſs *of this* unhappy Perſon, *have* " *been making a* TOOL *of him; and, in ſhort,* " *having work'd him up to an* Impertinence " within Doors, *are now endeavouring to* " *make him* noiſy *and* factious *without: And* " *theſe are Circumſtances which will juſtify* " *an* open Oppoſition."

I AM overjoy'd to find even by this *ſecond Paragraph*, that your Majeſty's Way of thinking is much nearer my own than it was formerly: Your Majeſty is pleaſed to intimate, that I am a very *weak Man*; and this I readily grant: Since your Majeſty is graciouſly pleaſed to allow me at preſent, not to be downright *diſtracted*, I am reſolved to have no Manner of Diſpute with your Majeſty, either about the *Strength* or *Quantity* of my Underſtanding. Your Majeſty ſays next, that I am an *unhappy Perſon*; and this is likewiſe moſt certainly *true*; yet, I beg Leave to tell your Majeſty, that ſome of your Royal Predeceſſors have rather choſe to *aſſiſt*, than to *make* unhappy Men. The next kind Thing your Majeſty ſays of me, is, that I am *a Tool*; and by your Majeſty's putting the Word *Tool*, both here and elſewhere in *Capital Letters*, your Majeſty ſeems to have a very particular Affection for *Tools*: I would not be thought to inſinuate, that your Majeſty is about ſuch Work as none but Men that are *very Tools* would ever engage in. Theſe ſeveral Circumſtances of my being *weak*, *unhappy*, and a *Tool*, your Majeſty ſeems to think

think will juſtify your *open Oppoſition* to me: I humbly conceive the Words *open Oppoſition*, in the Mouth of a Prince, ſignify *War*; ſo that I am to look upon this Epiſtle of your Majeſty's, as an *open* and formal *Declaration of War*. I am very ſenſible how unequal I am to the Encounter; yet, with a *good Cauſe* on my Side, if I cannot *conquer*, I ſhall endeavour at leaſt to *fall* like an *Engliſhman*.

YOUR Majeſty proceeds thus:

" *To retain this* new Implement of Scan-
" dal, *how alter'd is the Tone on his Be-*
" *half? What Encomiums are there not*
" *vented? and how ſtuffed at preſent are the*
" *Papers with the Praiſes of Mr.* BUDGELL,
" *who but a few Months before, had been*
" *repreſented by the ſame Faction that now*
" *cry him up, as an* Impoſtor *and a* Buffoon,
" *and publickly ſet in as ridiculous a Light,*
" *as their Wit and Invention could place*
" *him?* How far his late Behaviour has made
" it evident he had then no Injuſtice done
" him, let thoſe, beſt acquainted with it,
" determine."

THERE is ſo little Difference between a *Tool* and an *Implement*, that I don't think your Majeſty has much added in the firſt Sentence of *this Paragraph*, to the Favour you conferred upon me in the *preceding*. I confeſs, in the *next Sentence*, your Majeſty tells me a Piece of News: I am ſo far from knowing that the publick Papers have been ſtuffed with my *Praiſes* and *Encomiums*, that I profeſs to your Majeſty, I don't know that all the Papers together have ſaid ſo much about me, as your Majeſty has done *in this terrible Satire* which I am now endeavouring to anſwer, and which almoſt *fills* up a whole *Daily Courant*. Your Majeſty ſurprizes me no leſs, on the other Hand, by acquainting me, that *I was repreſented but a few Months ſince as an Impoſtor and a Buffoon, by that very Faction who are now ſo loud in my Praiſes*; but we ſhall ſee your Majeſty *demonſtrate* this Point ſo very *plainly* in your *next Paragraph*, that, I think, no Body for the future can entertain the leaſt Doubt about it.

YOUR

YOUR Majeſty is pleaſed to conclude the Paragraph I am now anſwering, with a moſt gracious Sentence; and has cauſed it to be all printed in the *Italick Character*, to diſtinguiſh it from *every other Part* of your Royal Epiſtle. The Sentence I mean is this: *How far his late Behaviour has made it evident he had then no Injuſtice done him, let thoſe, beſt acquainted with it, determine.*

THIS is very *good* and *gracious*: I remember when your Majeſty was King of *Lacedæmon*, you did not always let your Subjects *determine* as they thought fit; and the *Ephori*, the chief Magiſtrates in *Sparta*, happening to differ in Opinion from your Majeſty, in order to end the Diſpute, you *hired ſome Aſſaſſines*, and very fairly *cut their Throats*. To tell you the Truth, I never look'd upon this Prank to be one of the moſt glorious of your Actions; and I am glad to find that you remember at preſent, you are writing to *Engliſhmen*, who, to let you into a Secret, will *take the Liberty* to determine as *common Senſe* and *Reaſon* ſhall direct them, whether your *Spartan* Majeſty will, or will not, allow them to do ſo.

YOUR

YOUR Majeſty proceeds thus:

" *But to make it plain, Mr.* Budgell *has*
" *no Injury offered him here; and at the*
" *ſame Time let Mankind ſee what Notion*
" *his preſent Confederates then had,* how
" chang'd ſoever it may be ſince, *of his re-*
" *ceiving and entertaining his Majeſty in*
" *his Way to* New-Market, *upon his own*
" *Eſtate, as he pretended, which has of late*
" *been ſo much talk'd of, I am under a Ne-*
" *ceſſity of tranſcribing,* which I ſhall do
" with the utmoſt Exactneſs, *a printed Let-*
" *ter in* Miſt's Journal, April 27, 1728.
" *which is as follows:*

Berkſhire, April 25. after the 1ſt.

Arra, Sir,

" I *Am, by my Shoul, after being out of*
" *Patience to hear my Couſin* Budg--l
" *talk in the* Daily Poſt *that comes out Yeſ-*
" *terday of an Eſtate of his in* Hertfordſhire,
" *three Quarters of a Mile all a-long by the*
" *Side of the Road, Faith, reaching from one*
" *End*

" *End to t'other now.* --- *Now then, by*
" *Chriest, I have in* Berkſhire *as good an*
" *Eſtate as Couſin* B---l *have in* Hert-
" fordſhire, *and it lying all in the Road, and*
" *upon the Highway, Faith.* ---- *I had a*
" *Perſon of great Quality with four Coaches*
" *and ſix Horſes all a-foot, with ſix Chair-*
" *men all in a Coach, beſides a great many*
" *Foot-Soldiers on Horſeback, all went*
" *through my Eſtate for thirty Miles toge-*
" *ther; and though ſome of them had all*
" *eaten very heartily at Dinner, they con-*
" *deſcended to eat nothing with me.*

Arra, I am, dear Sir, Yours,

MATT. LACKLAND.

IN order to make it very *plain*, that I was repreſented as an *Impoſtor* and a *Buffoon*, but a *few Months ſince* by a certain *Faction*, as your Majeſty is pleaſed to call them, you have here tranſcrib'd, *with the utmoſt Exactneſs*, a Letter, which, according to your *own* Account of it, was printed in *Miſt's Journal* above *two Years ago*. I confeſs, I begin to think it an unpardonable Preſumption

to

to diſpute any longer with a Monarch, who ſo clearly *demonſtrates* whatever he *aſſerts*: I could not reflect, that I had been often repreſented, either as an *Ape*, a *Coxcomb*, an *Impoſtor*, or a *Buffoon*; nor could I readily comprehend how I had deſerved all theſe *Civil Titles*, for having ſhewn a little Reſpect to my Prince, and provided a ſmall Collation for him on that Spot of Ground where his Predeceſſors King *Charles* II. and the late King *William*, vouchſafed to refreſh themſelves in their Way to *New-Market*: However, upon what your Majeſty was pleaſed to aſſert, I examin'd the *Publick Papers* in *April*, 1728. and in the *Craftſman*, the *Daily-Poſt*, and *Miſt's Journal*, I find an Article, which gives an Account of the King of *Great-Britain*'s going to *New-Market*, and mentions ſomething relating to myſelf; I will lay this *Article* before my Readers: I muſt own I ſet down the *firſt Part* of it, to ſhew the unfeigned Joy of People of all Ranks at his preſent Majeſty's *Acceſſion to the Throne*: I may ſay, without the leaſt Suſpicion of Flattery, that never any Prince came to the Crown more generally beloved: The Satisfaction of the middling

Sort

Sort of People, who had no *Views* at Court, no Hopes of either *Places* or *Penſions*, is hardly to be conceived: I was an *Eye-Witneſs* of what all our Publick Papers obſerved in 1728. *viz.* with what uncommon *Tranſports* and *Acclamations* the King was met in his Way to *New-Market*: I ſhall make no Scruple to add, That, if the Conduct of any Miniſter *ſince that Time* has deprived his Royal Maſter of any Part of the *Affections of his Subjects*, he has robb'd his Prince of a *Treaſure*, for which all his own *Services*, though they were an hundred Times greater than they are, will never be able to make him Amends.

I CHUSE to tranſcribe the Article I have mentioned, out of the *Craftſman*, becauſe I have heard, and do verily believe, that the Writers of that Paper are above *taking Bribes*, and never inſert any *Account* in their News becauſe they are *paid* for it. I know who the Gentleman was that both *wrote* and *ſent up* the following *Account* from *Biſhop-Stortford*: As it may, perhaps, be thought criminal at preſent, for any Man to ſpeak of me a little kindly, I ſhall not preſume to name him;

him; yet as he is in Poſſeſſion of a good Fortune, and is entirely independent, I dare ſay he will not refuſe to let me mention his Name, ſhould any Accident make it *neceſſary*. I have already ſaid why I inſert the *firſt Part* of this Article; I beg Leave to add, that nothing ſhould have made me quote the *latter Part*, but as it is a *direct* Anſwer to an Aſſertion in your Majeſty's Epiſtle.

From the *Craftſman* of *Saturday*, *April* 27. 1728.

London, *April* 27.

"ON Tueſday Morning about Nine "o'Clock, his Majeſty ſet out from *St.* "*James's* for *New-Market*, attended in the "Coach by the Earl of *Scarborough* Maſter "of the Horſe, the Earl of *Cholmondly* Gold-"Staff Officer, and the Lord *Clinton* Gentle-"man of the Bed-Chamber in Waiting, con-"ducted by a Party of the Fourth Troop of "Guards, which is to be relieved by a Par-"ty of the Lord *Cobham*'s Horſe.

"The King was met in all the Towns "and Villages, through which he paſſed in

" his Journey to *New-Market*, by vaſt Mul-
" titudes of People of all Ranks; who teſti-
" fy'd their Pleaſure in ſeeing his Majeſty,
" with Acclamations, Ringing of Bells, and
" all other Demonſtrations of Joy, particu-
" larly at the following Place:

Biſhop-Stortford, in *Hertfordſhire*, *Apr.* 23.

" This Day his Majeſty paſſed by this
" Place; and in order to avoid a long, nar-
" row hollow Way, drove for above three
" Quarters of a Mile over the Eſtate of
" *Euſtace Budgell* Eſq; who, we are inform-
" ed, was a near Relation to the late Mr. Se-
" cretary *Addiſon*, and had ſome Share with
" that *great* and *good* Man in compoſing
" thoſe inimitable Pieces, called the SPEC-
" TATORS. Mr. *Budgell*'s Eſtate lies two
" Miles from us, and twenty-five from *New-*
" *Market*; and as he is now in the Country,
" he had taken Care to have a large Tent
" pitch'd in one of his Fields, through which
" the King was to paſs, with a very hand-
" ſome Cold Collation, ready on the Table;
" and tho' his Majeſty had juſt din'd before,
" he was pleaſed to ſtop and take a Glaſs
" of

" of Wine, as did alſo ſeveral of his Atten-
" dants: A vaſt Number of People who aſ-
" ſembled together upon Mr. *Budgell*'s Eſ-
" tate on this Occaſion, had Wine and Ale
" given them, to drink the Health of his
" Majeſty, the Queen, and all the Royal Fa-
" mily. The King and ſome of the Nobility,
" flung Money amongſt the Populace."

I AM humbly of Opinion, it appears by the preceding Article, that I was not thought a *Tool*, an *Ape*, an *Impoſtor*, and a *Buffoon*, but a few Months ſince, by thoſe Sort of People whom your Majeſty is pleaſed to call a *Faction*. I find your Majeſty's Definition of a *factious Perſon*, is, *a Man who is not an humble and implicite Admirer of the Conduct and Abilities of your Majeſty's Hero*. Now, according to *this* Definition, whether, upon a modeſt Computation, *forty-nine* out of *Fifty*, of the King of *Great-Britain*'s Subjects, are not *factious Perſons*, is a Point that, if I had Leiſure enough for it, might well deſerve a particular Enquiry. It is very certain, that in *Miſt's Journal* of *April* 27. that moſt ingenious *Letter* is inſerted, which your Majeſty aſſures

us you have tranſcribed *with the utmoſt Exactneſs*: It is not impoſſible but your Majeſty, if you had thought proper, could alſo have acquainted the Publick *how it came there*. I muſt own, that notwithſtanding that inimitable Vein of *Wit* and *Humour*, which runs through this whole Piece, I am afraid it might ſtill have ſlept in Obſcurity, and perhaps have been intirely loſt to Poſterity, had not your Majeſty rendered it *immortal*, by tranſcribing it *with the utmoſt Exactneſs* into your own Writings. I am of Opinion, that your Majeſty was chiefly induced to take ſo *much* Pains about this incomparable Piece, that it might remain as the *Standard* and *Pattern* of fine Writing in the *Epiſtolary Way*: Yet as we are to ſuppoſe this Letter was wrote by a *Gentleman of Ireland*, who often calls me *Couſin*, your Majeſty might poſſibly think it likewiſe to be a *plain Demonſtration* of the Truth of that Report, which has been ſpread with ſo much Induſtry, *viz.* that *I was a Native of that Kingdom*. If *Ireland* had really been my native Country, I ſhould not have been at all aſhamed to own it; having known ſeveral Gentlemen of that Kingdom (which deſerves

better Uſage than it has often met with) who had as much *Honour* and *Probity* as any *Engliſhman*; yet having already ſhewn how *falſe* the above-mentioned *Report* is, in my *Poſtſcript* to the *ſixth Edition* of my *Letter to the Craftſman*, I ſhall take no further Notice of it in this Place.

You go on in your Epiſtle thus:

"*What a Jeſt is here made of the very* "*Circumſtance Mr.* BUDGELL *ſeems to found* "all his Pretenſions *on, and by the very* "*Perſons he ſeems to have* paid *for pub-* "*liſhing this his Merit to the World; but* "*in how different a Strain they at preſent* "*talk, the Town's too-well acquainted to* "*want further Information. I would only* "*therefore juſt obſerve what is matter of* "Merit *with theſe People; Let a Man* "*be ever ſo great a* Coxcomb, *let him have* "*been groſly ridiculous, or made himſelf* "juſtly *the* Subject *of the moſt publick De-* "*riſion*, as in the Caſe above, *yet let him* "*but once become the* Inſtrument of Detrac- "tion, *and attempt to defame the Admini-* "*ſtration, his Folly all vaniſhes; he's no longer*

an

"an Ape *with them*; *they unſay all they* "*ſaid before*; *and from that Moment the* "*Man becomes a* Patriot; *and is* wiſe, *and* "learned, *and* good, *and* great; *is all* "Deſert, *and has every* excellent Quality "*that can* adorn *or* accompliſh *him.*

A CERTAIN facetious Writer, * giving an Account of the State of Affairs in the lower Regions, tells us, as I remember, that *Julius Cæſar* was become a *Ballad-Singer*; that *Alexander the Great* was turn'd *Corn-Cutter*; and that the famous *Semiramis* kept a *Brandy-Shop*. I ſhall not pretend to gueſs, what particular Imployment your Majeſty may have followed upon the Banks of *Styx*; but am heartily ſorry to ſee, that your old *Spartan* Principles are ſo terribly debauched, and am afraid you have lately kept but indifferent Company. When you appeared upon the *Britiſh* Theatre, ſome Years ſince, under the Title of *the Spartan Hero*, † you endeavour'd to inſpire your Auditors, with the moſt *generous* and *noble Sentiments*, with a *Fortitude* ſuperior to all Adverſity, with the

* Mr. *Thomas Brown*.

† A Play of Mr. *Dryden*'s.

the moſt ardent *Love for their Country*, and the utmoſt *Contempt of Death* in a *good* Cauſe. In a Word, you then ſtood the Pattern of every Virtue that ought to adorn a *King*, and an *Hero*. Your *Veracity*, in particular, was ſo unblemiſhed, and your *Word* held ſo *ſacred*, that *Cleonidas*, ſpeaking of what you had promiſed, cries out,

Nay, if the King of Sparta *ſays he'll do't,*
I ask no more than that;
For 'tis below a King to ſay what's falſe.

After you have made ſuch a Figure in the World, it is with no ſmall Concern, I find my ſelf oblig'd to tell your Majeſty, that the very firſt Sentence of the laſt Paragraph, tranſcribed from your Letter, is a *down-right Falſhood*. You are pleaſed to aſſert, that I ſeem to found *all my Pretenſions* upon ſo pitiful a Foundation, as the having ſhewn my own Sovereign a little Mark of decent Reſpect, and prepared a ſmall Refreſhment for him, as he paſſed over my Eſtate. I am ſo far from founding *all my Pretenſions* on this Circumſtance, that I never pretended to found *any* upon it; nor ſhould ever have thought

thought of ſo much as once *mentioning* of it, had I not been *obliged* to do ſo in anſwer to your Letter. No, Sir, if ever I ſhould ſolicite the King of *Great Britain*, for a Poſt or a Penſion, which *I never yet preſumed to do*, I am humbly of Opinion, that your Majeſty knows, I could found my *Pretenſions* on a much more *ſolid Baſis*, than either *this Circumſtance*, or that *Poem*, which you are falſely pleaſed to imagine I am ſo very *fond* of. I pretend to no *Merit* on *either of theſe Accounts*: I have done but very little more than my *Duty*; and yet I muſt confeſs, on the other hand, I cannot poſſibly think, that my having ſhewn a little Reſpect to one of the beſt and greateſt Princes, that ever ſat on the *Britiſh* Throne, when Providence had brought him ſo near my poor Cottage; I ſay, I cannot poſſibly think, that This was ſo heinous a *Crime*, as to deſerve my being call'd by your Majeſty in Print, a *Coxcomb* of the firſt Magnitude; to be told in your *own Words*, that upon *this* very Account I have been *groſsly ridiculous*, and made my ſelf *juſtly* the *Subject of the publick Deriſion*. I am ſorry, if I have offended your Majeſty by ſo ſmall a

Teſtimony of Reſpect for my *lawful Sovereign*; and yet I muſt confeſs, I know not how to repent of what I did. My King was far from ſhewing any Marks of Diſpleaſure; and I expected *nothing* more than *his* gracious Acceptance. If any about him, conſcious of the Manner in which they had uſed me, or out of a *pitiful Jealouſy*, too ſhameful to be avowed, endeavoured to prevent him from doing me the *Juſtice* to believe me a *Loyal Subject*; The Action was exceedingly *poor* and *mean*, and I take this publick Opportunity to tell them ſo.

IN the latter End of the Paragraph I am anſwering, you are pleaſed to intimate, that ſome People declare I am *wiſe*, and *learned*, and *good*, and *great*; that I am *all Deſert*, and have every *excellent Quality*, that can either *adorn* or *accompliſh*. I profeſs, Sir, you tell me a *Piece of News*. I am very ſenſible, I am far from deſerving ſuch a Character; nor do I know any People that have conferred it upon me. If your Majeſty does, I am ſorry I muſt ſay, that I know not how to *Return the Compliment*: The Truth is, that I never yet heard any Perſon give your Majeſty

Majesty the *same Character*. I shall therefore proceed to the next Paragraph in your Letter.

"*It of Course comes in here, to mention a* "*Pamphlet which has been one Consequence* "*of the laudable Practisings of these wor-* "*thy Gentlemen, upon their new Agent,* "*subsequent to his Petition; but finding* "*the Town is this Day promised a* full "Reply *to it from* another Hand, *I shall* "*omit what I further designed, and do little* "*more than just mention it. This motly* "*Performance, like its Author, would be* "*below all Notice, but to prevent the bad* "*Uses which might otherwise be made* "*of it: It abounds with* Improbabilities, "Falsehoods, *and* Indecency. *The Author* "*seems to make an* ungentlemanly Disco-"very of Private Conversation: *He begins* "*with the most fulsome Commendations of* "*a* Poem *of his own; and concludes like a* "Desperado, *who* regardless *of what* at-"tends himself, *is ready for the* worst Mis-"chief he can be put upon to others."

YOUR Majeſty in this Paragraph, is pleaſed to fall upon a certain Pamphlet, intitled, a *Letter to the Craftſman*; which I thought my ſelf *obliged* to publiſh, to ſhew the World how much I was abuſed by the *Miſrepreſentation* of undeniable *Matters of Fact*. Your ſhort Account of this Pamphlet is, That it abounds with *Improbabilities*, *Falſehoods*, and *Indecency*. As a Model therefore for future Writers, I preſume you are graciouſly pleaſed to publiſh your *own Letter*, which abounds with *Probabilities*, *Truth*, and *good Manners*. How much it abounds with *Truth*, your very next Sentence is a moſt *flagrant Inſtance*: Your Majeſty very roundly affirms, that in my Pamphlet I ſeem to make an *ungentlemanly Diſcovery of private Converſation*. I preſume, when you made this Aſſertion, you had the following Paragraph *full* in your *Eye*, in Page the 29th, of my Letter to the *Craftſman*, where ſpeaking of Sir *R. W.* I ſay;

" HAVING taken Notice, that I was once " *well acquainted* with this *great Man*, I " muſt endeavour to take from my ſelf the leaſt

" leaſt Imputation of the two moſt odious " Crimes upon Earth; I mean *Ingratitude* and " *Treachery*. Whoever can be guilty of " *theſe*, may very poſſibly have a Soul " *black* enough to be guilty of *any Thing*; " and I ſhould a little doubt, whether a " Man, who had once been falſe to his " *Friend*, could ever be *true* to his *King*, or " his *Country*. I hope, I ſhall not be " thought guilty of *Ingratitude*, ſince I can " very truly affirm, that Sir *R. W.* has had " ſome ſmall Obligations to me; but if ever " I received the leaſt *Favour*, *Aſſiſtance*, " or *Kindneſs*, of any ſort from Sir *R. W.* " it is certain I have never acknowledged it " as I ought to have done; and I muſt confeſs " that my Memory is extremely unfaithful. " *Treachery* is the next Vice to Ingratitude; " and I am therefore fully determined, what- " ever I ſuffer, to do nothing contrary to " the Rules of *Honour*. Sir *R. W.* is not " in the leaſt obliged to me for this Reſolu- " tion; I have taken it, not for *his* ſake, " but my *own*."

How fully the *preceding Paragraph* proves your *Aſſertion*, *viz.* That I ſeem to

make an *ungentlemanly Diſcovery* of *private Converſation*, the Publick will judge: But if *this* Paragraph does not prove it, I do hereby defy your Majeſty to produce a *ſingle Line* more to your Purpoſe in my whole Pamphlet. At the ſame Time, I cannot help obſerving, that if a *Lex Talionis* is juſt, and ſome *Particulars* are true, of which I have been credibly informed, the Hero of your Majeſty's Epiſtle has the leaſt Right of any Man living, to inſiſt upon a ſtrict Obſervation of the Rules of Honour in this Point. You are pleaſed to obſerve next, that I begin my Pamphlet with the moſt fulſome Commendation of a Poem of my own. To which I anſwer, that thoſe *Commendations* are not my *own*, but Mr. *Danver*'s; and that it was *neceſſary* I ſhould quote them, that the Readers might underſtand what follows. I muſt own, I am a little ſurpriſed at the *laſt Sentence* of the *Paragraph* I am anſwering; in which your Majeſty is pleaſed to affirm, that *I conclude my Pamphlet like a* Deſperado, *who, regardleſs of what attends himſelf, is ready for the* worſt Miſchief *he can be put upon to others.* This ſevere Reflection is made upon the following

lowing Words at the End of my *Letter to the Craftſman*, viz. "*I do aſſure you, Mr.* "Danvers, *That did I but know how to lay* "*down my Life for the real Service of my* "*poor Country, you ſhould ſoon ſee how lit-* "*tle I would heſitate to part with it.*" Is this the Sentiment of a *Deſperado, ready for the worſt Miſchief he can be put upon?* I declare, that *I ſhould not heſitate to lay down my* Life *for the* real Service *of my Country*: And is *this* a Sentiment fit to be cenſured by a King of *Lacedæmon!* by a *Spartan* Hero! and by a Man educated under the Diſcipline of *Lycurgus?* The chief Aim of that Law-giver, by all his Inſtitutions, was to inculcate this *Maxim* in the Minds of the *Spartans*; *That their Lives were not their own, nor ought ever to be valued, when the Good of their Country demanded them.* * Their very *Songs* all turn'd upon this Subject; and were either *Panegyricks* upon ſuch Men as had died in the Defence of their County, or *Satires* upon thoſe who made the leaſt Scru-

ple

* Mr. *Addiſon* had perhaps his Eye upon this Maxim of *Lycurgus*'s, when he made *Cato* tell his Son *Portius*;

Thy Life *is not thy* own, *when* Rome *demands it.*

ADDISON's CATO.

ple to part with their *Lives* in ſo glorious a *Cauſe*. They declared the *former* to be *happy*, and a ſort of *Demi Gods*; but deſcribed the *latter* as *Wretches*, and below the the Condition of *Men*. We find accordingly this Principle ſo ſtrongly rooted in the *Spartans*, that when their Army was overthrown at *Leuctra*, The Parents, and all the Relations of ſuch as fell in the Field of Battle, appeared publickly rejoicing in the Market-Place, and openly viſited and congratulated each other; While the Fathers of thoſe young Fellows who ſurvived, either hid themſelves at home, as wholly aſhamed of their Children; or if Neceſſity forced any of them abroad, they appeared with the utmoſt Dejection in their Countenances, nor durſt lift up their Eyes to look upon their Acquaintance. I ought not to omit, that their King *Cleombratus* took care to be number'd among the Slain. Should I offer at giving an Account of all ſuch *Men* among the *Spartans*, as plainly ſhew'd how little they valued their *own Safety*, whenever they imagin'd it ſtood in Competition with *the Good of their Country*, I ſhould ſwell this *Letter* to a *Volume* in Folio: I ſhall therefore

therefore carry this Point much further, and venture to aſſure your Majeſty, that if at the publick Tables * in *Sparta*, your Majeſty had

* *Lycurgus*, in order to baniſh *Luxury*, and to promote *inſtructive Converſation*, expreſsly forbad the *Spartan* Men to eat in Private at their own Houſes: They eat together in publick Halls: About fifteen *Spartans* ſat at every Table; and no Man was admitted to any Table where he was not perfectly agreeable to all the Company. The *Spartan Boys* were alſo admitted to theſe publick Tables, as to ſo many Schools, where they were ſure to learn *Wiſdom* and *Temperance*. The *Spartan Table-talk* ran generally upon *Political Subjects*. Sometimes they indulged themſelves in a *genteel Railery*: I may very properly call it a *genteel Railery*, becauſe the Maſter of the Table always turned the Converſation, if it began to exceed the Bounds of *good Manners*. The Old Men, at theſe Meals, would put a great many Queſtions of this kind to the Youths and Boys; *Who do you take to be a Man of the moſt Merit in all* Sparta? *What do you think of ſuch a Perſon, or ſuch an Action*? It was expected, that the Youths ſhould give a *ready Anſwer*, and in *few Words*, to the Queſtion which was aſk'd them. By this means they learnt betimes, what was call'd, throughout all *Greece*, the *Laconic Style*, that is, a *Style* extreamly *ſhort*, but *ſtrong* and *nervous*, and which comprehended *much Matter* in *few Words*. As the Subjects of their Converſation often obliged them to be very particular in Mens Characters, whenever a Youth came among them, the eldeſt Perſon at the Table, pointing to the Hall-Door, always told him, *Young Man, nothing that is ſaid at this Table, is to go out of that Door*. By this means a young *Spartan* was not only taught how TO SPEAK, but how TO HOLD HIS TONGUE; and I believe it is the Opinion of very wiſe Men, that this *laſt* Piece of Learning is at leaſt as neceſſary as the *firſt*. *Lycurgus*, for

had dared to call a Man a *Deſperado*, or to tell him *he was ready for the worſt of Miſchief he could be put upon*, for no other Reaſon but his ſaying, that *he ſhould not heſitate to part with his Life for the real Service of his Country*; I ſay, ſhould your Majeſty have dared to preach this Doctrine in *Sparta*, if the *Ephori* had not immediately drove you out of *Laconia*, the very *Women* and *Boys*, would have pull'd you from your Throne. To prove what I ſay, give me leave to put your Majeſty in Mind of the Behaviour of the *Lacedemonian* Ladies, when your City was beſieged by *Pyrrhus*.

THE

for the Reaſons above mentioned, ſo ſtrongly enjoin'd all his *Spartans* to eat in publick, that when their King *Agis*, at his Return from a glorious and ſucceſsful Expedition, deſired Leave to eat at home with his Queen, the *Ephori* not only refuſed to give him Leave *To eat at home*, but repremanded and fined him, for preſuming to make a Requeſt ſo contrary to the *Spartan Diſcipline*. It may not be improper to obſerve here that the *Ephori*, who were *five* in Number, and choſen out of the People, had a Power ſuperior to the King's: If they ſent for him at any Time, he might refuſe to obey both their *firſt* and *ſecond* Summons; But upon the *third* Summons, he was obliged to attend them.

THE *Spartans*, on the Night before *Pyrrhus* was to make his Aſſault, had determined in Council to ſend all their Women over into *Crete*. When the Women were informed of this, they unanimouſly oppoſed the Deſign; and *Archidamia*, a Lady of one of the beſt Families in *Sparta*, entering the Senate, with a drawn Sword in her Hand, demanded of them, in the Name of her Country-women, *What could make them entertain ſo mean an Opinion either of their Wives, or their Daughters, as to imagine they were enough in love with Life, to endure to ſurvive the Loſs of* Sparta?

THE Senate were equally pleaſed and ſurprized with this ſmart Harangue: They immediately revoked their Order for ſending away the Women, and then reſolved to draw a Trench in a Line oppoſite to their Enemies Camp, and to ſink Waggons in the Ground, at each end of it, as deep as the Naves of the Wheels, in order to obſtruct the Paſſage of *Pyrrhus*'s Elephants. They had no ſooner begun this Work, than all the Women and Maids, came to them in a Body, headed

headed by Leaders of their own Sex. They intreated the young Fellows, who were to engage the next Day, to go home and repoſe themſelves, that they might be fit for Action in the Morning; and then joining the elder ſort of Men, they aſſiſted them in making the Trench. They took upon themſelves a full third Part of it, which they engaged to finiſh before it was Day; and working all Night, ſome with their Petty-coats tucked up, and others only in their Shifts, they performed what they had promiſed. The Trench was finiſhed that Night, tho' *Phylarchus* aſſures us, it was ſix Cubits in Breadth, four in Depth, and eight hundred Foot long. As ſoon as Day appeared, *Pyrrhus*, with an Army of 20000 Foot, 2000 Horſe, and 24 Elephants, came on to the Attack. Upon this, the *Spartan* Women arming the Youth with their own Hands, committed the Trench to their Charge. They conjured them to defend it to the laſt Extremity; and repreſented to them in the moſt lively Terms, how glorious it muſt be either to *conquer* in the View of their whole Country, or to *fall* as became *Spartans*, and to die in the Arms of their Wives,

Wives, and their Mothers. The *Lacedæmonians* thus encouraged, defended themſelves with a Valour and Reſolution ſcarce to be conceived. *Phyllius* and *Acrotatus*, (the latter fighting *for*, and *before* his Miſtreſs *Chelidonis*) ſignalized themſelves in ſuch a Manner, as has juſtly rendered their Names immortal. In a Word, the Enemy were every where repulſed: The Fight only ended with the Day. But *Pyrrhus* encouraged by a Dream, led on his *Macedonians* the next Morning to a ſecond Aſſault: He himſelf in Perſon made his utmoſt Efforts, to force a Paſſage through the Shields of the *Spartans* ranged againſt him. He found this impracticable. At length, followed by a few *Macedonians* on Horſeback, he made a Shift to paſs the *Spartan* Trench, in that Part of it where the Waggons had been planted to ſtop his Elephants. He was now making in a full Career towards the City, * when his Horſe, ſhot with a *Cretan* Arrow, and flouncing as he dy'd, threw his Rider. The *Spartans* encouraged

* The City of *Sparta* was not incompaſſed with any *Wall*, it being one of *Lycurgus*'s Maxims, That *the Valour of its Inhabitants was its beſt Defence.*

couraged at the Sight of this Accident, ran boldly up, and fell upon the King and his Party with ſo much *Fury*, as obliged them to repaſs the Trench; and *Pyrrhus*, amazed at thoſe prodigious Proofs of *Lacedæmonian* Courage, which he had been an Eye-Witneſs of for two Days together, ſounded a Retreat, and drew off his Army. The *Spartan* Women never ſtirred from the Field of Battle during theſe Engagements: They were conſtantly at hand to ſupply the Men with Arms; to give Bread and Wine to ſuch as were fainting, and to take care of the Wounded. The *Græcians* in general thought the Loſs of *Sparta* at this time inevitable; and *Pyrrhus*, the greateſt General of his Age, imagined he was ſo ſure of carrying his Point, that he would not ſuffer his Army to give the Aſſault the ſame Evening he arrived, for fear they ſhould take the City by Storm, and plunder it in the Night. He knew very well there were but few Soldiers in it; that even theſe were unprovided, by reaſon of his unexpected Approach; and, laſtly, that *Areus* their King, was not with them in Perſon, but gone into *Crete*. Thus, *moſt mighty Monarch*, was your City of *Sparta*

preſerved, which could never have been done, had not the Ladies, as well as the Men, been fonder of their *Country* than their *Lives*.

If I was to produce Examples *of particular Women*, who have acted upon this Principle, I need go no farther for them than to your Majeſty's *own Family* and *Relations*. If your Majeſty had not taken a ſwinging Draught of * *Lethe*, you could not poſſibly have forgot what to be ſure your own Queen, the Widow of your Predeceſſor *Agis*, muſt often have told you, *viz.* That when the *Ephori* had put her Husband, and his Grand-Mother privately to Death, *Ageſiſtrata* his Mother was told that ſhe might, if ſhe pleaſed, go into the Priſon, and ſee her Son. As ſoon as ſhe entered, ſhe beheld her own Mother hanging by the Neck, and her Son dead upon the Ground. This Spectacle at firſt ſurprized her; but ſoon recollecting her Spirits, ſhe took down her Mother's Body, and covered

* The *Greeks* fancied that *the Dead*, as ſoon as ever they had drank of the River *Lethe*, forgot every Thing that had paſs'd in the upper World, while they were alive.

it in a decent Manner; being then informed that ſhe was alſo to die, ſhe immediately roſe up to meet her Deſtiny, and only uttered theſe few remarkable Words: *May the Gods grant, that all this may redound to the Good of* Sparta.

YOUR Majeſty's own Mother gave ſuch a Proof of her Love to her Country, as was very little inferior to the Behaviour of *Ageſiſtrata*. *Ptolemy* King of *Egypt* had promiſed to aſſiſt you; but demanded your Mother and Children for Hoſtages. Your Majeſty was at that Time a very hopeful young Man, and a dutiful Son. You wanted the King of *Egypt*'s Aſſiſtance; but did not well know how to mention his Propoſal to your Mother. You were often going to acquaint her with it; but when you were juſt about to ſpeak, your Courage ſtill failed you. Your Majeſty in theſe Circumſtances, looked a little awkwardly whenever you made a Viſit. Your Mother at laſt, hearing what was the Matter, fell into a Fit of Laughter, and asked you, If that was all you had ſo often a Mind to tell her, when you was afraid to ſpeak to her? She immediately added; *Prythee*,

Prythee, ſend this Carcaſe wherever it may be moſt ſerviceable to Sparta, *before Age makes it fit for nothing but a Grave.* When your Majeſty ſoon after ſeemed afraid to purſue your own Meaſures upon the Account of thoſe Pledges you had ſent to *Ptolemy*, ſhe wrote a Letter to you, and laid her abſolute Commands upon you, *To do whatever was moſt for the good of* Sparta, *and not to fear an* Egyptian *Tyrant, for the ſake of a Child and an Old Woman.*

The Mother of *Pauſanias*, who obtained the famous Victory at *Platæa*, and took *Byzantium*, when ſhe found that her Son, elated with his Succeſſes, had endeavoured to alter the Conſtitution of *Sparta*, and to make himſelf an abſolute Prince, was the firſt Perſon who brought a Stone to block up the Door of the Temple of *Minerva*, into which *Pauſanias* had fled for Refuge, and where, by the Command of the *Ephori*, he was ſtarved to Death. Neither is this Inſtance of her preferring her *Country* to her *Son* at all to be wondered at, ſince it was cuſtomary with the Women of *Sparta*, when their Sons were going to the Wars, to de-

liver them their Shield with theſe Words, ἢ τὰν ἢ ἐπὶ τὰς, *Either bring this back, or be brought upon it*; alluding to the Cuſtom of the *Græcian* Soldiers, who uſually brought off the Bodies of their Comrades who were ſlain upon their *Shields*; ſo that the Mothers Advice to their Sons, was *To loſe their Lives, rather than their Shields and their Honour.* To ſhew they were in earneſt when they gave this Advice, we are told, that a *Spartan* Lady, when ſhe ſaw her Son flying from the Field of Battle without his Arms, ſlew him with her own Hand; and that this Action gave Occaſion to the following Epigram:

Γυμνὸν ἰδοῦσα Λάκαινα παλίνδρομον ἐκ πολέμοιο
Παῖδ' ἑὸν ἐς πάτραν ὠκὺν ἰέντα πόδα,
Ἀντίη αἴξασα, δι' ἤπατος ἤλυσε λόγχην,
Ἄρρενα ῥηξαμένη φθόγγον ἐπὶ κλαμένῳ,
Ἀλλότριον Σπάρτας (εἶπεν) γένος, ἔρρε ποθ' ᾅδαν·
Ἔρρ', ἐπεὶ ἐψεύσω παλίδα καὶ γενέταν.

Which I ſhall tranſlate for the Benefit of my *Fair Readers.*

A Spartan *Dame beheld her only Son,*
Diſarm'd and naked from the Battle run;
Fir'd with the ſhameful Sight, ſhe ſnatch'd a Dart,
And lodg'd the fatal Weapon in his Heart:
Lie there, degenerate Boy, *aloud ſhe cries,*
Whoſe Flight *thy* Country *and thy* Birth *belies.*

So much for the WOMEN. I will ſhew your Majeſty in the next Place, ſince I find you have forgot it, that the very BOYS in *Sparta*, valued their *Honour* and their *Reputation* much more than their *Lives*. *Lycurgus* allowed them to *ſteal;* he imagin'd that it quickened their Wit, and ſharpened their Invention. If they brought off what they took without being diſcovered, they were applauded for their *Dexterity;* but if they were caught in the Fact, they were whipp'd without Mercy; not as a Puniſhment for their *intended Theft*, but for not *laying their Deſign better*. A Youth had one Day ſtolen a young Fox: He hid it under his Coat, and not being able to retire immediately without giving Suſpicion, rather than ſuffer the Fox to be found upon him, he permitted the enraged Creature, to tear out

his Bowels with its Teeth and Claws, and fell dead upon the Place.

ANOTHER *Spartan* Youth was holding a Cenſer at a Sacrifice: A burning Coal happened to fall into his Sleeve: The Boy ſtill held his Cenſer without flinching, and ſuffered his Arm to be ſcorched ſo long without once moving it, till the Scent of his burnt Fleſh grew offenſive to the Company.

PLUTARCH tells us, that he himſelf had ſeen ſeveral *Spartan* Boys ſcourged to Death before the Statue of * *Diana*, without ever uttering a Sigh, or a Groan.

I

* The Feaſt of *Diana*, upon which this Ceremony was uſed of *Whipping the Youths*, was from thence called Διαμαστίγωσις, *the Flagellation*. This *Diana* was the *Diana Taurica*, whoſe Statue, *Oreſtes* and *Iphigenia* ſtole, and brought to *Lacedæmon*. While they were offering their firſt Sacrifices to this Deity, a Quarrel aroſe among the People; which ended in Blood. The *Spartans* hereupon conſulted the Oracle, what was to be done to appeaſe the Goddeſs? and received for Anſwer, *Let the Altar of the Goddeſs be ſprinkled with Blood*. They therefore offered to her every Year, a Man choſen by Lot for that Service. *Lycurgus* aboliſhed

I AM really aſhamed, that I am obliged to put your Majeſty in mind of all theſe Particulars, which you ought to know ſo much better

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liſhed this cruel Cuſtom; but out of Reſpect to the Oracle, ordered, that the Altar of *Diana* ſhould be ſprinkled with the Blood of ſome Youths, who were to be whipped round it. A Prieſteſs preſided at this Sacrifice, and held a ſmall Statue of the Goddeſs in her Hands during the Ceremony. If thoſe whoſe Buſineſs it was to whip the Children ſpared any of them, out of a Regard to their Beauty or their Birth, the Prieſteſs pretended the Statue of *Diana* grew ſo heavy, that ſhe was unable to ſupport it. I confeſs, I could not have believed, that theſe Youths had been ever whipp'd to Death, if ſo good and great a Man as *Plutarch* (who was *Trajan*'s Tutor, and Conſul of *Rome*) had not reported the Fact, and declared, that he himſelf had been an Eye-witneſs of it. If this Ceremony was puſhed to ſuch an Exceſs, it was evidently contrary to the Deſign of *Lycurgus*. As to the *Spartan* Generoſity and Patience, it is certain they were ſo remarkable, that they became a Proverb throughout all *Greece*; and *Plutarch*'s Account is ſtrengthen'd by what *Cicero* tells us in his *Tuſculan* Queſtions; *Pueri Spartiatæ non ingemiſcunt verberum dolore laniati. Adoleſcentium greges Lacedæmone vidimus ipſi incredibili contentione certantes pugnis, calcibus, unguibus, morſu denique, ut exanimarentur priuſquam ſe victos faterentur.* Cic. From the *Spartans* incredible Paſſive Courage, in ſuffering all *bodily Pains*, *Horace*, in one of his Odes, gives the City of *Sparta* the Epithet of *Patient*: *Me nec tam patiens Lacedæmon*, &c. And another Author, who introduces a Fellow, giving an Account of his having been beaten, makes him ſay with a good deal of Humour, *Tres plagas Spartanâ Nobilitate concoxi.*

better than my ſelf: I ſhall, however, as I hinted before, charitably impute your Forgetfulneſs to your having taken a luſty Draught of the Waters of *Lethe*: Yet, what, in the Name of Wonder, could induce your Majeſty to fall upon an *Engliſhman* in ſo barbarous a Way, only for ſaying that he loved his County in a proper Manner? If your Majeſty was Fleſh and Blood, I ſhould ſhrewdly ſuſpect that you had a Deſign upon *Great Britain*; and that you began your Project, by trying to banter its Natives out of thoſe Notions, which alone could make them fight for their Country, whenever your Majeſty thought fit to invade it. And yet, Sir, let me tell you, that ſhould the old *Engliſh Spirit* revive among us, and our preſent King appear at our Head, we might happen to ſerve you as *Antigonus* did in the Plains of * *Sellaſia*.

* The Battle of *Sellaſia*, in which *Cleomenes* was overthrown by *Antigonus*, determined the Fate of the *former*. *Antigonus* entered the City of *Sparta* immediately after this Battle, but out of Reſpect to the *Spartan Virtue*, altered nothing in their Conſtitution, and treated the Inhabitants with the utmoſt *Humanity* and *Generoſity*.

If your Majeſty will but give your ſelf the Trouble to look into our Hiſtories, you will find how *Engliſhmen*, fired with the *Love of their Country*, behaved themſelves at the Battles of *Agincourt* and *Creſſy*. Some of our Countrymen are ſtill living who fought at *Blenheim* and *Ramillies*; and how *Engliſhmen* have behaved even in *this Age*, your Majeſty may learn from the following Lines.

But ſee the haughty Houſhold Troops advance!
The Dread of Europe, *and the Pride of* France.
The War's whole Art each private Soldier knows,
And with a Gen'ral's Love of Conqueſt glows;
Proudly he marches on, and void of Fear,
Laughs at the ſhaking of the Britiſh *Spear.*
Vain Inſolence! with native Freedom *brave,*
The meaneſt Briton *ſcorns the* higheſt Slave;
Contempt and Fury fire their Souls by Turns,
Each Nation's Glory in each Warrior burns;
Each fights, as in his Arm th' important Day;
And all the Fate of his great Monarch lay:

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roſity. Cleomenes, whoſe *Ambition* occaſioned the *War*, was obliged to fly into *Egypt*, and never more ſaw *Greece*.

A Thouſand glorious Actions, that might claim
Triumphant Laurels, and immortal Fame,
Confus'd in Crouds of glorious Actions lie,
And Troops of Heros undiſtinguiſh'd die.
O Dormer! *how can I behold thy Fate,*
And not the Wonders of thy Youth relate?
How can I ſee the Gay, the Brave, the Young,
Fall in the Cloud of War, and lie unſung;
In Joys of Conqueſt he reſigns his Breath,
And fill'd with England's Glory, *ſmiles in* Death.

This is part of a juſt Deſcription of a Battle, fought but a few Years ſince, upon the Banks of the *Danube*, under the Conduct of an *Engliſh* General, who was as great a Maſter of the *Art of War*, and more conſtantly victorious than *Ageſilaus* himſelf, the moſt renowned of all your Majeſty's Royal Predeceſſors.

THE Lines I have quoted are from an *Engliſh Patriot* and *Poet*: Your Majeſty cannot but obſerve, There is no leſs *Spirit* in them, than in the *Verſes* of your own immortal *General*, The great * *Tyrtæus*; of which

* The *Lacedæmonians* being engaged in a bloody and unſucceſsful War with the *Meſſenians*, ſent to implore the

which your Father uſed often to ſay; That *The bare Recital of them was ſufficient to make any Man ruſh fearleſs into the Battle, and deſpiſe all Dangers:* I believe

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the Aſſiſtance of the Oracle of *Apollo*. They were commanded, *To deſire a General for their Army from the* Athenians. The *Athenians* ſent them *Tyrtæus* the *Poet*. The *Spartans* were as unfortunate under the Command of this General as they had been before, and loſt three Battles ſucceſſively. They reſolved in Deſpair to retire into *Sparta*, but *Tyrtæus* calling his Soldiers together, inſtead of ſpeaking in Proſe, like other Generals, made an Oration to them in Verſe of his own Compoſing. His Oration began with a moſt lively Deſcription of *True Valour*, and ended with a moſt pathetick Exhortation to them, either to *Conquer*, or *Die* in the Cauſe of their Country. The whole Army was ſo fired with the Poet's Compoſition, and had now ſo real a Contempt for Death, that they were only ſolicitous about being buried in a proper Manner; a Point in which the Antients were extreamly ſuperſtitious. After every Man therefore had fixed a Ticket upon his Right-Arm, which declared his own Name, and the Name of his Family, they marched boldly againſt their Enemies with a ſettled Reſolution, either to *conquer*, or to *fall* all together in the Field of Battle. The *Meſſenians*, tho' they had Intelligence of the deſperate Reſolution the *Spartans* had taken, met them with great Bravery. The Fight was one of the moſt obſtinate and bloody we have any Account of in Hiſtory; but at laſt the *Spartan* Courage (which the Verſes of their General ſeemed to have made ſomething more than human) obtained the Victory. *Reges Lacedæmoniorum ne contra fortunam pugnando, majora detrimenta civitati infligerent, reducere exercitum voluerunt; ni interveniſſet Tyrtæus, qui compoſita carmina exercitui pro concione recitavit; in quibus hortamenta virtutis, damnorum ſolatia, belli conſilia con-*

lieve I may add, that our Country-Man's *Numbers* are at leaſt as *harmonious* as any your Majeſty can ſhew me in the Odes of *Spendon*, *Alcman*, or *Terpander*. *

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conſcripſerat. Itáque tantum ardorem militibus injecit, ut non de ſalute, ſed de ſepulturâ, ſolliciti, teſſeras, inſculptis ſuis & patrum nominibus, dextro brachio deligarent; ut ſi omnes adverſum prælium conſumpſiſſet, & temporis ſpatio confuſa corporum lineamenta eſſent, ex indicio titulorum tradi ſepulturæ poſſent. Cum ſic animatum reges exercitum viderent, curant rem hoſtibus nuntiari; Meſſeniis autem non timorem res, ſed æmulationem mutuam dedit. Itaque tantis animis concurſum eſt, ut raro unquam cruentius prælium fuerit. Ad poſtremum tamen victoria Lacedæmoniorum fuit. Juſt. *Tyrtæus* is mentioned with the utmoſt Honour by a great many other Hiſtorians and Authors. *Plato* calls him, *The moſt divine Poet*, and ſpeaks of him in the following Manner; Νόμων, ἢ περὶ νομοθεσίας. Ὦ Τυρταῖε, ποιητὰ θειότατε. δοκεῖς γὰρ δὴ σοφὸς ἡμῖν εἶναι, ἢ ἀγαθὸς, ὅτι οὗτος μὲν ἐν τῷ πολέμῳ διαφέροντας, διαφερόντως ἐγυμνωμένους.

Horace ſays of him,

Tyrtæuſque mares animos in Martia bella
Verſibus exacuit. ———

* Three *Lacedæmonian* Poets. My Readers may obſerve here, that the *Spartans* had *Poets* among them; but then they took care to encourage none, but ſuch as inſpired People with *generous Sentiments*. A Poet coming to reſide at *Lacedæmon*, who the *Spartans* were told had ſaid ſomething in one of his Pieces to this Effect, *viz.* That, *A Man had better take care of his Life, than loſe it for the ſake of his Country*, they immediately deſired him to leave their City.

I could produce Inſtances which would convince your Majeſty, that even in the Breaſts of ſome of our *Engliſh* Ladies, the *Love of their Country* has been the reigning *Paſſion*.

The *Widow* of that immortal *Engliſh* General laſt mentioned is ſtill living: A few Years ſince her *Beauty* rendered her conſpicuous. The Wife of your Friend * *Panteus*, was never Miſtreſs of a *finer Air*, or a *nobler Preſence*. Time has at laſt robbed her

* The Wife of *Panteus* (who firſt mounted the Walls of *Megalopolis*, and afterwards fled with *Cleomenes* into *Egypt*) is ſaid to have been a Woman of exquiſite Beauty, and a moſt noble Preſence. Her Friends kept her for ſome Time by Force in *Sparta*; but at laſt ſhe found Means to eſcape from them, and get to her Huſband, with whom ſhe chearfully endured all the *Hardſhips* and *Inconveniencies*, they met with in a *Foreign Country*. When *Crateſiclea*, the Mother of *Cleomenes* went to her Execution, this Lady ſupported her Train, and exhorted her (tho' there was no Occaſion for it) to die as became a *Spartan Princeſs*. After ſhe had ſhrowded the Corps of her Miſtreſs, ſhe ſubmitted to her own Fate; but we are told, that ſhe firſt adjuſted her ſelf in ſo Modeſt and Decent a Manner, that the Executioner had no Occaſion to meddle with her Body, or even to throw a Veil over it after ſhe was dead.

her Eyes of part of their Luſtre; yet is ſhe ſtill gloriouſly diſtinguiſhed among her Country-Women, and ſtands foremoſt in the Rank of Patriots. The moſt generous *Lacedæmonian* Dame never felt a more lively Grief when *Thebes* became the Miſtreſs of *Greece*, than our *Engliſh* Heroine has been afflicted with, to ſee her Country no longer holding the *Ballance of Europe*, but inſulted by thoſe Nations, who ſued for its Alliance in the Days of her illuſtrious Conſort.

I KNOW not indeed how it happens, but I am told, that ſhe is not one of the moſt *zealous Adorers* of the *Hero* of your Majeſty's Epiſtle.

YOU may poſſibly infer from ſome preceding Paragraphs, that *Great Britain* does not at preſent make the ſame Figure in *Europe* which ſhe formerly did; and, To confeſs the Truth, we have been treated of late after an odd ſort of Manner, by a certain People called *Spaniards*: They have taken our Ships without any Ceremony, wherever they found them. They have beſieged a Place, which they themſelves had yielded to

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us by a moſt ſolemn Treaty; and which the World ſeemed then to think we had dearly purchaſed. They pretended to reckon with us, for having given a Check to their naval Power ſome Years ſince; and People began to apprehend, that they had Thoughts of calling us to an Account, for having deſtroyed their *invincible Armada* in *Eighty eight*. We have, however, at laſt, *reduced* theſe haughty Gentlemen to make a Peace with us; by which it is expreſly agreed, that we ſhall have *full Satisfaction* for all the *Damages* we have ſuſtained. Our *happy Merchants* have now nothing in the World to do, but to prove their Loſſes at *Madrid* before two or three *Spaniſh Commiſſioners*, and then to open their Hands and receive their Money: Some of them, indeed, have been ſo terribly provoked, and are Men of ſo much Spirit, that I have heard them declare, they had rather go to the *Spaniſh Weſt-Indies*, and *pay themſelves*. It is a little odd they ſhould retain any Reſentment againſt a Nation ſo ready to make them *full Amends* for all they have ſuffered, and who are at preſent become our moſt faithful *Friends*, and beſt-beloved *Allies*: But your Majeſty knows

that *Loſers* will take the Liberty to ſpeak; and Mens *Paſſions* will ſometimes run away with their *Diſcretion*. If your Majeſty ſhould ask me, How we came to ſit down ſo *long*, and ſo *patiently* under ſuch intolerable Uſage? I muſt beg Leave to be excuſed from giving my own private Opinion upon ſo *delicate* a Subject: Beſides, your Majeſty ſeems to be *intimately* acquainted, with a certain *great Man*, who, moſt People think, can give the beſt Account of it. I ſhall only venture to ſay, That the *Prince*, who is at preſent ſeated on the *Britiſh* Throne, has given the moſt undeniable Proofs of his own *perſonal Courage* and *Bravery*; and does not ſeem to be of an Humour, to ſee either himſelf inſulted, or his Subjects robbed and murdered. I hope alſo, that my Countrymen in general have not loſt that *Spirit*, which rendered them ſo formidable to their Enemies, but a few Years ſince. To convince your Majeſty, that we have not been wholly *inſenſible* of the Uſage we have received, I will ſhew you, with how *juſt* and *noble* an *Indignation*, and in what *ſtrong* and *moving* Notes the *Britiſh* Muſes made their Complaints, while they apprehended

their

their Country was loſing all its former *Glory* and *Reputation.*

My firſt Quotation ſhall be from a Letter to the Lord *Cobham*, wrote by the late Mr. *Congreve*; in whoſe Perſon, the *Man of Senſe*, and the *Man of Wit*, the *Gentleman* and the *Scholar*, were ſo happily mixed and blended, that each ſeemed to give a peculiar *Grace* and *Beauty* to the other; and all together formed a *Man*, who was an *Honour to his Country*, and the *Delight* of all who knew him.

Say, Cobham, *what amuſes thy Retreat?*
Or Stratagems of War, or Schemes of State?
Doſt thou recal to Mind with Joy *or* Grief,
Great Marlbro's *Actions? That immortal Chief,*
Whoſe ſlighteſt Trophy rais'd in each Campaign,
More than ſuffic'd to ſignalize a Reign?
Does thy Remembrance riſing warm thy Heart
With Glory paſt, where thou thy ſelf hadſt part?
Or *doſt thou grieve* indignant *now to ſee*
The fruitleſs End *of all thy Victory?*
To ſee th' Audacious Foe *ſo late ſubdu'd,*
Diſpute *thoſe Terms, for which ſo long they* fu'd?

As if Britannia *now were ſunk ſo low,*
To beg *that* Peace *ſhe wonted to* beſtow?
Be far that Guilt! be never known that Shame!
That England *ſhou'd retract her* rightful Claim,
Or ceaſing to be dreaded *and* ador'd,
Stain with her Pen *the Luſtre of her* Sword.

IF your Majeſty ſees any Thing in theſe Lines, that gives you a Curioſity to know their Author, you may enquire for him in the moſt beautiful Part of the Elyſian Fields; where, in all Probability you will find him in Company with *Orpheus*, *Homer*, *Linus*, and *Addiſon*. I ſhall only obſerve, that he compoſed theſe Verſes but a little before his *Death*, and that they are the laſt he ever wrote. They are a Demonſtration, That the *Love of his Country* was one of the laſt *Paſſions* that left his *Breaſt*; and that he was much more concerned to ſee *England inſulted* by her *neighbouring States*, than at the Proſpect of his own *Diſſolution*.

MY next Quotation ſhall be from a Poem, which is very properly entitled BRITANNIA. The Gentleman who wrote this Poem is ſtill living;

living; and if his future Works have but the ſame *Spirit*, with thoſe he has already publiſhed, he will doubtleſs be placed by Poſterity in one of the firſt Ranks of our *Engliſh* Poets.

As on the Sea-beat Shore Britannia *ſat,*
Of her degen'rate Sons *the* faded Fame,
Deep in her anxious Heart, revolving ſad;
Bare was her throbbing Boſom to the Gale,
That hoarſe, and hollow, from the bleak Surge blew;
Looſe flow'd her Treſſes; rent her azure Robe.
Hung o'er the Deep from her Majeſtick Brow
She tore the Laurel, *and ſhe tore the* Bay;
Nor ceas'd the copious Grief to bathe her Cheek;
Nor ceas'd her Sobs to murmur to the Main.
Peace *diſcontented nigh, departing, ſtretch'd*
Her Dove-like Wings; and War, *tho'* greatly rous'd,
Yet mourn'd his fetter'd Hands. *While thus the Queen*
Of Nations ſpoke; and what ſhe ſaid the Muſe
Recorded, faithful, in unbidden Verſe.

See, unchaſtis'd, *th'* inſulting Spaniard *dares*
Infeſt the trading Flood. *Fall of vain War*
Deſpiſe *my* Navies, *and my* Merchants ſeize;

As, truſting to falſe Peace, *they fearleſs roam*
The World of Waters wild, made, by the Toil,
And liberal Blood of glorious Ages, mine:
Nor burſts my ſleeping Thunder *on their Head.*
Whence this unwonted Patience? this weak Doubt?
This tame Beſeeching *of* Rejected Peace?
This meek Forbearance? this unactive Fear,
To generous Britons *never known before?*
And ſail'd my Fleets for this, *on* Indian *Tides*
To float, unactive, *with the veering Winds?*
The Mockery *of War.' while* hot Diſeaſe,
And Sloth *diſtemper'd, ſwept off burning* Crowds,
For Action *ardent; and amid the Deep,*
Inglorious, *ſunk them in a watry Grave.*
There now they lie beneath the rowling Flood,
Far from their Friends, and Country unaveng'd;
And back the weeping Warſhip comes again,
Diſpirited, *and* thin; *her Sons* aſham'd
Thus idly *to review their Native Shore*
With not one Glory *ſparkling in their Eye,*
One Triumph *on their Tongue. A Paſſenger,*
The violated Merchant *comes along;*
That far-ſought Wealth, for which the noxious Gale
He drew, and ſweat beneath Equator Suns,
By lawleſs Force *detain'd; a Force that ſoon*
Would melt away, and every Spoil reſign,

Were

Were once the Britiſh Lion *heard to* roar.
Whence is it that the proud Iberian *thus,*
In their own well-aſſerted Element,
Dares rouze to Wrath the Maſters of the Main?
Who told him, that the big incumbent War
Would not, ere this, have roll'd his trembling Ports
In ſmoaky Ruins? and his guilty Stores,
Won by the Ravage of a butcher'd World,
Yet unaton'd ſunk in the ſwallow'd Deep?
Or led the glittering Prize into the Thames?

And what, my thoughtleſs Sons, *ſhould fire you more,*
Than when your well-earn'd Empire of the Deep,
The leaſt beginning Injury receives?
What better Cauſe *can call your Lightning forth?*
Your Thunder wake? Your deareſt Life demand?
What better Cauſe, than when your Country ſees
The ſly Deſtruction *at her* Vitals *aim'd?*
For, Oh!' it much imports you; 'tis your All,
To keep your Trade *intire, intire the* Force,
And Honour *of your* Fleets; *o'er that to watch,*
Even with a Hand ſevere, *and* jealous Eye.
In Intercourſe be gentle, generous, juſt,
By Wiſdom poliſh'd, and of Manners fair;
But on the Sea *be* terrible, untam'd,

Unconquerable ſtill. Let none eſcape,
Who ſhall but aim to touch your Glory there.
Is there the Man into the Lion's Den
Who dares intrude, to ſnatch his Young away?
And is a Briton *ſeiz'd? and ſeiz'd beneath*
The ſlumbering Terrors of a Britiſh Fleet?
Then ardent riſe! *Oh, great in Vengeance* riſe!
O'erturn the Proud; teach Rapine *to* reſtore;
And as you ride ſublimely round the World,
Make every Veſſel ſtoop, *make every State*
At once their Welfare, *and their* Duty *know.*

YOUR Majeſty is not to wonder, that the Poet in the Lines laſt quoted, talks of the *Dominion of the Seas*, as properly belonging to the *Britiſh Nation;* and as an *Inheritance* left to us by the Valour of our Anceſtors. When *Rawleigh* and *Blake* commanded our Fleets, the haughty *Spaniard* trembled at the Thunder of our Cannon, nor thought his Wealth ſufficiently ſecured, even in the remoteſt Parts of his *Indies*. If we may believe an ancient Hiſtorian, either of the Heroes laſt mentioned was ſuperiour to your Majeſty's Countryman, the famous *Lyſander*. We are told, the *Spartan Admiral* owed his Reputation, rather to his

good

good Fortune, than to his *Conduct* and *Courage*. *Lyſander Lacedæmonius magnam reliquit ſui famam, magis* felicitate *quam* Virtute *partam*. Nep.

I HAVE endeavoured to ſhew from ſeveral Examples, ancient and modern, ſome of which I have taken out of your own Family, that my expreſſing ſome *Love for my Country*, was not ſo heinous a *Crime*, as to deſerve that your Majeſty, upon *this only Account*, ſhould tell the World *I am a Deſperado, prepared to execute the* worſt Miſchief (or in other Words the *greateſt Villanies*) *I can be put upon.*

I PROCEED to your next Paragraph, which runs thus:

" *But Mr.* BUDGELL *having wonderfully*
" *piqued himſelf upon this extraordinary*
" *Poem, allow me room for only one Remark*
" *on that fine Compliment paid in it to the King,*
" *which* he *and* his Friends *ſeem to look upon*
" *as the Flower of the Whole; and, he is*
" *pleaſed to intimate, are Lines the greateſt*
" *Prince on Earth might approve, and ought*

" *to reward: Speaking of the Battle of* Ou-
" denard, *he ſays*;

——————— " O Prince,
" There waſt thou ſeen too prodigal of Life,
" And thy raſh Valour, turn'd the doubtful Strife.

" *Upon which I wou'd only humbly enquire,*
" *Whether, if what Mr.* BUDGELL *affirms*
" *be Fact, that Victory was not owing to a*
" Vice: —*The reſt I leave to the ingenious*
" *Mr.* BUDGELL *to ſupply.*"

I COULD have wiſhed your Majeſty had condeſcended to have mentioned your *particular Reaſons* for inferring that I do ſo *wonderfully pique my ſelf upon this extraordinary Poem.* If I know any Thing at all of *my ſelf*, I never yet piqu'd my ſelf upon any Thing in *Poetry*; or ever aimed at the *Title* of a *Poet*. I confeſs when I was very young, I did dabble a little in Poetry; but I had not long amuſed my ſelf in that pleaſing Art, when I accidentally met with an *Italian Proverb*, which made ſo ſtrong an *Impreſſion* upon me, that I immediately burnt all the Verſes I had wrote, and made a firm

firm Reſolution never more to make *Poetry* my *chief Study*. The *Proverb* I have mentioned was to this Effect;

The Man who can't make Two *Verſes is a* Blockhead, *and he that makes* Four *is a* Fool.

THE Meaning of this Saying I take to be this: That *Poetry* is the true and infallible Touchſtone of human *Wit*; of which no Man muſt fancy he has an *extraordinary* Portion, if he does not find upon Tryal, that his *Genius* and *Invention* will make a tolerable Figure in *Poetry*: But at the ſame Time, no ſenſible prudent Man, would lay out all his Capacity upon an Art, which has ſomething in it too apt to give the Mind a *Romantick* Turn, and a Way of thinking which is not adapted to the *common Occurrences* of Life; upon an Art, in which it is ſo very difficult to arrive at *Perfection*, and the chief Beauties of which are of ſo *delicate* and *fine* a Nature, that the Generality of Mankind can neither reliſh nor diſcern them.

WHAT-

WHATEVER your Majeſty has been informed, I have hitherto troubled the World but with very few of my Verſes. The firſt I ever printed were my *Epilogue to the Diſtreſs'd Mother*; which had ſuch a Reception from the Indulgence of the Publick, as Nothing of the ſame kind ever met with before. I was, however, ſo far from *abuſing* the *Good-nature* of the Town upon this Occaſion, or liſtening to the Importunities of ſome Perſons who profeſs'd themſelves my Friends, that I reſolv'd never more to write any Thing of that Nature. The unexpected Succeſs I had met with, only ſerved to make me double my Guards againſt a *Weakneſs* which I fancied my ſelf naturally but too much inclined to. This little *Poem*, upon which your Majeſty has thought proper to be ſo very *ſatyrical*, is I believe the *laſt* I ſhall ever write, even tho' Providence ſhould add more Years to my Life than I either expect or deſire. I was prompted to do what I did by a particular *Occaſion*, and ſome particular *Circumſtances*; yet ſince the *Poem* is *publiſhed*, ſince it was intended to celebrate the *Virtues* and *Accompliſhments* of one of

the

the *beſt* and *greateſt* of Princes; ſince I ventured to dedicate it to a *Queen*, who has an *Underſtanding* vaſtly ſuperiour to the Generality of her Sex, and is in particular allowed to be a good Judge of *polite Learning*; I muſt confeſs, that upon all *theſe Accounts*, I ſhould be ſorry to think there were any groſs *Abſurdities* in the Poem it ſelf; and I ſhall therefore take the Liberty, fairly to examine the Strength of your Majeſty's Reflections upon it.

I SHALL very frankly own, that (as your Majeſty obſerves) my Friends, and I do think, that my Compliment to the *King of* Great Britain is the beſt Part of my Poem; and that my Fancy was a little fir'd by the Dignity of the Subject I was then upon. You ſay, that I intimate thoſe are Lines which the greateſt Prince on Earth might *approve*, and ought to *reward*; whereas, in fact, I ſay nothing more in my Letter to Mr. *Danvers*, but that he and other People ſeemed to think there were ſome Lines in the Poem, with which the greateſt Prince upon Earth could not reaſonably be *diſpleaſed*. As to the Article of *Re-*

ward,

ward, I do not intimate I ever expected any; and I do assure your Majesty, that I never proposed to get one Farthing of *Money* by Writing this Poem, nor any other *Reward,* but a *gracious Smile,* either from my *King* or my *Queen.* I confess, I am of Opinion, that I need not have despaired of obtaining the *only Reward* I aimed at, if a great deal of *Cunning* and *Malice* had not been made use of to prevent my receiving it.

It is certain, I have said in my Letter to the *Craftsman,* that I did not expect *such a Reward* for my Poem, as I was threatened with by *Name,* and in *Print,* by a *certain Querist,* a *Friend* of your Majesty's, who took so much Care to be as good as his Word in this Particular, that I should *now* do him the highest Injustice if I affirmed, *That he has broke* every Promise *he ever made me.* But 'tis more than Time to examine the Strength of your Criticism: Your Majesty is pleased to assert, that "Speaking of "the Battle of *Oudenard,* Mr. BUDGELL "says:

——— *O Prince,*
There waſt thou ſeen too prodigal of Life,
And thy raſh Valour turn'd the doubtful Strife.

I AM very ſorry I am obliged to tell your Majeſty, that Mr. BUDGELL does not ſay what your Majeſty affirms he does; or in other Words, that your Majeſty has aſſerted a moſt flagrant Falſhood. You are pleaſed in the above Quotation, for *Reaſons* beſt known to *yourſelf*, to bring Words *together*, which are twelve Lines *diſtant* from each other in the Poem, and then to ſtrike out a Word of *mine*, and to ſubſtitute in the Place of it a Word of your *own*; *viz.* the Particle *and*, which, I muſt confeſs, where your Majeſty has *ſtuck* it in, looks like as ſilly a Conjunction Copulative as ever I ſaw in my Life; ſo that in quoting but *two Lines*, you have endeavour'd to impoſe *two Falſehoods* upon your Readers: And I muſt own, that with a few of theſe your Majeſty's *Emendations*, I am convinced my Poem would fully anſwer the Character you are pleaſed to give of it in your next Paragraph, and might very juſtly be called a STUPID PIECE.

To

To ſhew my Readers what Mr. *Budgell* really *does ſay* of the Battle of *Oudenard*, and in what manner the *Tranſition* is made to that *Battle*, from a Deſcription of the *Horſe-Races* at *New-Market*, I beg leave to tranſcribe the whole Paſſage: Which is the more neceſſary, becauſe I am in hopes my doing this, will not only ſhew that I have juſtly charged your Majeſty with making a diſingenuous Quotation, but that it will alſo be a *full Anſwer* to a *Criticiſm* of Mr. *R. M*'s, upon this my Deſcription of the Battle of *Oudenard*.

From Granta * *now, with the declining Day,*
To thoſe fam'd Plains † *our Monarch bends his Way;*
Where all his Strength the Britiſh *Courſer ſhews,*
Ambitious of the Prize Great George *beſtows.*
Lo! at the Barrier how the fiery Steed,
Champs on the Bit, impatient to be freed:
His quivering Ears expreſs his ſtrong Deſire,
From his wide Noſtrils Clouds of Smoke expire;
With reſtleſs Feet he paws the trembling Plain,
And ſtruggling, oft attempts to ſtart in vain.

At

* Cambridge. † New-Market.

At length, the Signal giv'n, in juſt Array,
Through gazing Crouds the Rivals *take their Way:*
At their full Stretch they urge the rapid Flight,
And in a Moment quit the ſtraining Sight;
So long, *ſo* ſmooth *their Strokes, and yet ſo* fleet,
Scarce bends the tender Turf beneath their Feet.
Almoſt they prove that the ſwift-footed Kind
Sprung, as old Bards have fabled, from the* Wind.
On this diſtinguiſh'd Day, the noble Breed,
Seem'd to exert a more than uſual Speed;
As if by Inſtinct each contending Horſe,
Knew that Britannia's *King beheld the Courſe.*
And yet, O Prince, *with far ſuperior Grace,*
Might the proud Species boaſt their gen'rous Race,
Did they but know on Oudenarda's *Plain,*
How greatly one illuſtrious Steed *was ſlain;*
Well pleas'd his Life in Battle to reſign, [*Thine.*
Pierc'd with the fatal Ball, which threaten'd
On that important Day, well known to Fame,
And made immortal by thy glorious Name;

* *Solinus*, *Columella*, and *Varro*, affirm, that the *Mares* in *Luſitania* were impregnated by the *Wind*.

Illæ
Ore omnes verſæ in Zephyrum, ſtant rupibus altis,
Exceptantque leves auras: & ſæpe ſine ullis
Conjugiis, vento gravidæ (*mirabile dictu!*)
Saxa per & Scopulos & depreſſas convallet
Diffugiunt. Virg.

When, like a Tempeſt, in Europa's *Right,*
Thy martial Genius urg'd Thee to the Fight.
Where'er the Fury of the Battle rag'd,
Where'er the thickeſt of her Foes engag'd,
There waſt Thou ſeen, too prodigal of Life,
While thy raſh Valour turn'd the doubtful Strife.
The Gauls *retreating, yet aſham'd to ſee,*
The Fortune of the Day o'er-rul'd by thee,
By Thee alone, a ſingle youthful Hand,
Boil'd with freſh Rage; and yet afraid to ſtand,
Like the old Parthians *fighting as they fled,*
Aim'd all the War at thy devoted Head.
Great Julius *thus on* Egypt's *diſtant Coaſt,*
Surrounded by a whole embattled Hoſt,
Wag'd for a while a bloody deſp'rate Fight,
Yet he, inferior to thy daring Might,
Declin'd at length the too-advent'rous Strife,
When plunging in the Waves, he ſav'd his Life.
Whilſt thus in Showers, which darken all the Sky,
The miſſive Deaths around thy Temples fly;
Cloſe-fighting by thy Side, in Arms renown'd,
The valiant * Luſcky *falls, and ſtains the* Ground.

There

* His preſent Majeſty, who ſerv'd as a *Voluntier* at the Battle of *Oudenard*, charged Sword-in-hand at the Head of a Squadron of *Bulau*'s Dragoons: His own Horſe was ſhot under him, and Colonel *Luſcky*, who commanded the Squadron, kill'd, as he was fighting bravely by him.

There hadſt thou too reſign'd thy ſacred Breath,
Had not thy Horſe receiv'd the Leaden Death;
Sinking beneath thy manly Limbs the Steed,
His Maſter ſafe, with Triumph ſeems to bleed;
Whilſt thou relying, all the future Day,
On thine own Arm, thro' Squadrons mad'ſt thy Way;
(Thy Hand uncumber'd with the uſeleſs Rein,)
And fought'ſt a private Soldier *on the Plain.*

My Readers I preſume muſt have obſerved, from the foregoing Lines, that I have juſtly charged your Majeſty with making a very diſingenuous Quotation. I ſhall now lay before them the *Criticiſm* of Mr. *R. M.*

I HAVE already obſerv'd in my *Introduction*, that this Gentleman is an humble Imitator of your Majeſty's *Beauties;* and that his whole Pamphlet, as well as your Majeſty's Epiſtle, is wrote in the Dialect uſed by thoſe *Ladies* who have the Inſpection of the *Britiſh Fiſhery:* He has perhaps likewiſe learnt from your Majeſty, that Nothing is more likely to *cramp* a riſing Genius, than meanly to confine it within the Bounds of *Truth.* After having ſufficiently maul'd poor Mr. *Danvers*, for daring to aſſert there

was any one Thing *beautiful* or *maſterly*, either in my *Dedication to the Queen*, or *any Part* of my *Poem*, he falls upon *that Part* of it which I have quoted in the following Words.

" *But what Mr.* Danvers *was moſt of all* " *pleaſed with, was his incomparable* Tran- " ſition from New-Market to Oudenard. *Let* " *us then accompany our Bard in* this Flight; " *and when he terrifies us with* this Battle, " *what does he do? Why, like Mr.* Bays, " nothing at all: *I ſay it again*, nothing at all; " *for he only* compliments a Horſe. *His* " *Majeſty it ſeems, was* prodigal of Life; " *his* Valour was raſh, *and* all that: *But*, " Egad, *the* Horſe *was the* Heroe *of the* " *Poem.*"

As to *that Part* of Mr. *R. M's* Criticiſm, which he has *ſtolen* from your Majeſty, *viz.* That I ſay, my Sovereign the King of *Great Britain* was *too prodigal of Life*, and that his *Valour* was *raſh*; I am in hopes, that what I ſhall ſay immediately to your Majeſty, will at the ſame Time ſerve for an Anſwer to Mr. *R. M.* But as to the *other* *Part*

Part of his Criticiſm which is entirely his *own*, *viz.* That I have made an *Horſe* the *Heroe* of my Poem; If he does not think the Lines I have quoted are a *full* Anſwer to it, I muſt intreat him to allow me to make that Uſe of his ſhewing me my *Faults*, that a wiſe Man ought to do, (*viz.*) Not to be guilty a *ſecond Time* of an *Error* of the *ſame kind*. Mr. *R. M.* has fallen upon me ſo *unmercifully* for *complimenting a Horſe*, that I dare take no farther Notice of what he ſays. I dare not give ſo *fair* an Handle to ſome future Critick, to cenſure me with a *like Severity*, for paying *too great a Compliment* to a *certain Animal*, which, though it very much *reſembles*, yet is of an inferior Species to an *Horſe*.

I ASK your Majeſty's Pardon for making this ſhort Excurſion, that I might juſt take notice of Mr. *R. M*'s *Criticiſm*; I ſhall now conſider your Majeſty's.

IN my Deſcription of the Battle of *Oudenard*, where the King of *Great Britain* gave ſuch undoubted Proofs of his *perſonal Courage*, I addreſs my ſelf to my Sovereign in the following Lines.

On that important Day well known to Fame,
And made immortal by thy glorious Name;
When, like a Tempeſt, in Europa's *Right,*
Thy martial Genius urg'd Thee to the Fight;
Where'er the Fury of the Battle rag'd,
Where'er the thickeſt of her Foes engag'd,
There waſt Thou *ſeen, too prodigal of Life,*
While thy raſh Valour turn'd the doubtful Strife.

Theſe are the Lines as they ſtand in my Poem:

"*Upon which* (ſays your Majeſty) *I would* "*only humbly enquire, Whether, if what* "*Mr.* BUDGELL *affirms be fact*, that Victory "was not owing to a Vice. —— *The reſt I* "*leave to the ingenious Mr.* BUDGELL *to* "*ſupply.*" In Obedience to your Majeſty's Commands I will therefore endeavour to ſupply the reſt.

YOUR Majeſty, it ſeems, is of Opinion, that for an Hero to venture his Life in a Battle more than in *ſtrict Prudence* he ought to do, or in other Words, to ſhew a *raſh Valour*, is a *Vice*: Your Majeſty would from hence infer,

infer, that My having ſaid, The King of *Great Britain* was *prodigal of Life*, and that his *Valour* was *raſh*, is charging that Prince with a *Vice*, and writing a *Satire* upon him, inſtead of a *Panegyrick*.

I HOPE I have ſtated your Majeſty's Criticiſm in its full Strength. I muſt confeſs, that in this Dreſs it even looks a little *ſpecious*: But let us examine the *Force* of it; firſt, by the *Rules* and greateſt *Examples* in *Poetry*; and afterwards, by *Nature* it ſelf, and *Matters of Fact*: Becauſe I muſt own, that I think no *Thought* or *Expreſſion*, either *proper* or *beautiful*, which is not founded upon *Truth* and *Nature*.

HOMER's very Definition of *Valour*, is, that *It is a divine Inſpiration; and that ſome God gets Poſſeſſion of the Man for the Time, and acts within him.* The ſame Poet declares in another Place, *That of all the Virtues, Fortitude, or Valour, was alone inſpired with divine Salleys, and enthuſiaſtick Tranſports.* *Plutarch* quotes *this very Paſſage* from *Homer*; and is ſo much pleaſed with it, that he declares immediately after-

wards, that *Homer* underſtood perfectly well the *Nature* and *Properties* of *Valour* or *perſonal Courage*. Agreeable to this Maxim of *Homer*'s, we find the Heroes in all heroick Poems repreſented as ruſhing upon inevitable Death, and aiming at Things not only above their own Strength, but above the Power of any Mortal whatever: Notwithſtanding this, they are ſo *hurried* on, and *precipitated* by that *Fervour of Spirits*, which ſeizes them in the *Heat* of a Battle, that ſome God is generally introduced, who, either by *Stratagem* or *Force*, is obliged to ſnatch them from that Death which would otherwiſe be the unavoidable Conſequence of their *raſh Valour*.

I COULD give a great Number of Inſtances of what I am ſaying out of *Homer*, *Lucan*, *Statius*, *Silius Italicus*, and *Taſſo*; but becauſe all theſe Poets, though they are certainly great Genius's, have been charged with ſome *heroick Rants*, I ſhall produce no Inſtance out of any of the Ancients, but *Virgil*, the moſt *correct Poet* that ever wrote, and who never ſuffer'd the *Heat of his Fancy* to get the better of his *Judgment*.

HIS

VIRGIL's Hero, *Æneas*, has been even ridiculed by Monſieur *St. Evremont*, and ſome other Criticks, for *want of Courage*, and for having too much *Prudence* and *Phlegm*; yet let us ſee how this very *Æneas* behaves, when his Enemies are in View, and his *Spirits* are *heated* in Battle.

THE firſt Time we have any Account of him in Arms, is upon that fatal Night when *Troy* was deſtroy'd: The *Greeks* had ſecured their Point, and the City was actually taken, while *Æneas* was yet aſleep:

Tempus erat, quo prima quies mortalibus ægris
Incipit, & dono Divûm gratiſſima ſerpit.
In ſomnis ecce ante oculos mœſtiſſimus Hector
Viſus adeſſe mihi, largoſque effundere fletus:

'Twas in the Dead of Night, when Sleep repairs
Our Bodies worn with Toils, our Minds with Cares,
When Hector's *Ghoſt before my Sight appears,*
*A bloody Shrowd he ſeem'd, and bath'd in Tears.**

HIS

* That I may give ſuch of my Readers as do not underſtand *Latin*, ſome *little Notion* of what *Virgil* ſays, I have

His deceaſed Friend *Hector* appears to him in his Sleep, to rouſe him up; but is far from adviſing him to make any *Reſiſtance*; the Caſe was too deſperate for that: On the contrary, *Hector* tells him that *Reſiſtance* was in *vain*; and therefore expreſly orders him to *fly*, as the *only* Way *now* left to preſerve *himſelf*, and the *Reliques* of *Troy*.

Heu! *fuge*, nate dea, teque his (ait) *eripe* flammis.
Hoſtis habet muros, ruit alto à culmine Troja:
Sat Patriæ Priamoque datum: ſi Pergama dextrâ
Defendi poſſent, etiam hâc defenſa fuiſſent.
Sacra, ſuoſque tibi commendat Troja Penates:
Hos cape fatorum comites: ———

have added *Dryden*'s *Tranſlation*, for want of a *better*: I muſt, however, in Juſtice to *Virgil*, let them know, that it is Mr. *Dryden*, and not *Virgil*, who ſays *Hector*'s *Ghoſt ſeem'd to be a bloody Shrowd*. My Readers who underſtand the Original, will obſerve ſeveral *notorious Faults* in the Tranſlation of the *four Lines* I have quoted out of *Virgil*. Thoſe who read nothing but this Tranſlation, may well think, that *The real Ghoſt* of *Hector* appear'd to *Æneas* while he lay *awake*: But *Virgil* with a *noble Simplicity* makes *Æneas* ſay, *In my Sleep* Hector *ſeem'd to ſtand by me, extreamly dejected, and weeping*; Not a Word of a *Ghoſt*, or a *bloody Shrowd*.

O Goddeſs-born! eſcape, *by* timely Flight,
The Flames, and Horrors of this fatal Night.
The Foes already have poſſeſs'd the Wall,
Troy *nods from high, and totters to her Fall.*
Enough is paid to Priam's *Royal Name,*
More than enough to Duty and to Fame.
If by a mortal Hand my Father's Throne
Cou'd be defended, 'twas by mine alone:
Now Troy *to thee commends her future State,*
And gives her Gods Companions of thy Fate.

In this Caſe, what does *Æneas* do? He not only determines to *fight*, though he is told *All Reſiſtance is to no Purpoſe*, but takes this Reſolution in defiance of a Meſſage ſent him from the Gods by an Hero, who, when living, was both his *General* and his *Friend*. His *Courage* even gets the better of his *Piety*; though the latter upon other Occaſions is made the moſt *ſhining* and *diſtinguiſhed* Part of his Character. The Enterprize he undertakes is indeed a *mad* one, and fully juſtifies what he himſelf ſays of it in *cool Blood*.

Arma

Arma *amens* capio, nec *ſat rationis* in armis:
Sed glomerare manum bello, & concurrere in arcem
Cum ſociis ardent animi: furor iraque mentem
Præcipitant, pulchrumq; mori ſuccurrit in Armis.

With Frenzy *ſeiz'd, I run to meet th' Alarms,*
Reſolv'd on Death, reſolv'd to die in Arms.
But firſt together Friends, with them t'oppoſe,
If Fortune favour'd, and repel the Foes,
Spurr'd *by my* Courage, *by my Country fir'd*;
With Senſe of Honour, and Revenge inſpir'd. *

His

* *Dryden* in the Tranſlation of the *four Lines* I have quoted, by venturing to ſay *more* than *Virgil* ſays, has in ſome manner contradicted himſelf. He repreſents *Æneas* in his ſecond Line as *reſolved on Death*; *Reſolved to die in Arms*; and yet in the *two next Lines*, he is *reſolved to get his Friends about him*, and with their Aſſiſtance, not only to *Oppoſe*, but, *if Fortune favoured*, to *Repel the Græcians*; which looks pretty much like his *Hoping for Victory*. But it is Mr. *Dryden* that ſays *all this*: *Virgil* ſays *nothing like it*. *Dryden*'s two *laſt Lines*, viz.

Spurr'd by my Courage, by my Country fir'd;
With ſenſe of Honour, and Revenge inſpir'd.

Expreſs well enough what *Virgil* means by his

——— *Furor Iraque mentem*
Præcipitant; ——— I

His Speech to his Companions, is not the Oration of a Leader who even hopes for any Succeſs.

——————— Juvenes, fortiſſima fruſtra
Pectora, ſi vobis audentem extrema cupido eſt
Certa ſequi: quæ ſit rebus fortuna, videtis.
Exceſſere omnes adytis ariſque relictis
Dii, quibus imperium hoc ſteterat: ſuccurritis urbi
Incenſæ: moriamur, & in media arma ruamus.

Brave Souls, ſaid I, but brave, alas! in vain:
Come, finiſh what our cruel Fates ordain,
You ſee the deſp'rate State of our Affairs;
And Heavens protecting Powers are deaf to Pray'rs.
The paſſive Gods, behold the Greeks *defile*
Their Temples, and abandon to the Spoil
Their

I am no Friend to *Literal Tranſlations*: Yet I think a Tranſlator ought to add nothing of his *own*, but what conduces either to *explain* or *ſtrengthen* that *Idea* or *Impreſſion* which the Author he tranſlates is endeavouring to give his Readers. To do *this*, requires the utmoſt *Judgment*. Perhaps it is even neceſſary, that the *Tranſlator* ſhould have a Genius not much inferior to the Author he is tranſlating.

Their own Abodes: we, feeble Few, conſpire
To ſave a ſinking Town involv'd in Fire.
Then let us fall; but fall amidſt our Foes:

A LITTLE after he deſcribes his ſallying out with his brave Countrymen (whom your Majeſty may poſſibly call *Deſperadoes*) in theſe Words;

——————— Per tela, per hoſtes,
Vadimus haud dubiam in mortem. ——

So ruſh'd we forth at once, reſolv'd to die,
Reſolv'd in Death the laſt Extreams to try.

When at the Head of a few gallant Men, he had flung himſelf into the Midſt of his victorious Enemies, and made a prodigious Slaughter of the *Græcians*, he might very juſtly make the following Exclamation:

Iliaci cineres! & flamma extrema meorum,
Teſtor, in occaſu veſtro, nec tela, nec ullas
Vitaviſſe vices Danaûm; &, ſi fata fuiſſent
Ut caderem, meruiſſe manu. ——

Ye Trojan *Flames! your Teſtimony bear,*
What I perform'd, and what I ſuffer'd there:
No Sword avoiding in the fatal Strife,
Expos'd to Death, and prodigal of Life.

HERE is the *very Expreſſion* I have made made uſe of, and which your Majeſty, and Mr. *R. M.* are ſo much offended at.—*Prodigal of Life:*— I borrowed it from *Dryden*; and ſince 'tis not originally my *own*, I ſhall make no Scruple to affirm, that 'tis a *juſt*, a *beautiful*, and a *poetical Expreſſion*. It repreſents in an *elegant* and a *true* Manner the Behavicur of *Æneas* in this Place.

I HUMBLY truſt my whole Life has ſhewn, that I have a profound and ſincere Reſpect for my legal Sovereign, and his illuſtrious Family: I hope I have a juſt Senſe of his many *great* and *royal Virtues:* Notwithſtanding all which, I cannot poſſibly be of Opinion, that it is any manner of *Diſgrace* to him, to have his *Behaviour in Battle* repreſented to be *like* that of *Virgil*'s *Hero*, the *Founder of the* Roman *Empire*, and the

Prince

Prince whom *Auguſtus Cæſar* was infinitely pleaſed to be told he *reſembled*.

ÆNEAS at laſt ſees the Palace of *Priam* taken, and the King himſelf killed, while all his own Companions were either ſlain, or had left him.

Reſpicio, & quæ ſit me circum copia, luſtro.
Deſeruere omnes defeſſi, & corpora ſaltu
Ad terram miſere, aut ignibus ægra dedere.

I look'd about, but found my ſelf alone:
Deſerted at my Need, my Friends were gone;
Some ſpent with Toil, ſome with Deſpair oppreſs'd,
Leap'd headlong from the Heights; the Flames conſum'd the reſt.

NOTWITHSTANDING all this, he ſtill purſues his *deſperate Enterprize*, and is deaf to every Thing but *Fury* and *Reſentment*. His Mother her ſelf is at laſt obliged to deſcend from Heaven, to lay her abſolute *Commands* upon him to deſiſt, and to endeavour to preſerve his *Father*, his *Wife*, and his *only Son*; who ſhe aſſures him are in the *utmoſt* Danger.

One would imagine This ſhould be enough to cool the *raſh Valour* of *Æneas*, and make a *ſingle Man* no longer think of oppoſing himſelf againſt ſo many *Thouſands* of his Enemies; and yet *Venus* is plainly apprehenſive, that all her *Arguments*, back'd with her *maternal Authority*, would not be ſufficient to make an *Hero* forbear attacking his Enemies, when he was once *heated* in Battle, and fighting to *revenge*, though not to ſave his *Country*. She therefore thinks her ſelf obliged to let him *ſee* with his *own Eyes*, that he is not only contending with *Men*, but againſt *Fate*, and the *Gods*. *This*, and only *this*, in *Virgil*'s Opinion, was ſufficient to make his Hero *quit the Field*.

Talia jactabam, & furiatâ mente ferebar:
Cum mihi ſe, non ante oculis tam clara, videndam
Obtulit, & purâ per noctem in luce refulſit
Alma parens, confeſſa Deam; qualiſque videri
Cœlicolis & quanta ſolet; dextrâque prehenſum
Continuit, roſcoque hæc inſuper addidit ore:
Nate, quis indomitas tantus dolor excitat iras?
Quid furis? aut quonam noſtri tibi cura receſſit?

Non prius aſpicies, ubi feſſum ætate parentem
Liqueris Anchiſen? ſuperet conjuxne Creuſa,
Aſcaniuſque puer? quos omnes undique Graiæ
Circum errant acies: & ni mea cura reſtitat,
Jam flammæ tulerint, inimicus & hauſerit enſis.
Non tibi Tyndaridis facies inviſa Lacænæ,
Culpatuſve Paris; verum inclementia Divûm
Has evertit opes, ſternitque à culmine Trojam.
Aſpice: namque omnem, quæ nunc obducta tuenti
Mortales hebetat viſus tibi, & humida circum
Caligat, nubem eripiam: tu ne qua parentis
Juſſa time, neu præceptis parere recuſa.
Hic ubi disjectas moles, avulſaque ſaxis
Saxa vides, mixtoque undantem pulvere fumum;
Neptunus muros, magnoque emota tridenti
Fundamenta quatit, totamque à ſedibus urbem
Eruit. Hic Juno Scæas ſæviſſima portas
Prima tenet, ſociumque furens à navibus agmen
Ferro accincta vocat. ———
Jam ſummas arces Tritonia, reſpice, Pallas
Inſedit, nimbo effulgens & Gorgone ſæva.
Ipſe Pater Danais animos viresque ſecundas
Sufficit: ipſe Deos in Dardana ſuſcitat arma.
Eripe, nate, fugam, finemque impone labori.
Nuſquam abero, & tutum patrio te limine ſiſtam.
Dixerat, & ſpiſſis noctis ſe condidit umbris.

Apparent

Apparent diræ facies, inimicaque Trojæ
Numina magna Deûm. ———

Thus while I rave, a Gleam of pleaſing Light
Spread o'er the Place, and ſhining heav'nly bright,
My Mother ſtood reveal'd before my Sight.
Never ſo radiant did her Eyes appear;
Not her own Star confeſs'd a Light ſo clear.
Great in her Charms, as when on Gods above
She looks, and breathes her ſelf into their Love.
She held my Hand, the deſtin'd Blow to break:
Then from her roſy Lips began to ſpeak.
My Son, from whence this Madneſs, *this Neglect*
Of my Commands, and thoſe whom I protect?
Why this unmanly Rage? Recal to mind
Whom you forſake, what Pledges leave behind.
Look if your helpleſs Father yet ſurvive;
Or if Aſcanius, *or* Creuſa *live.*
Around your Houſe the greedy Græcians *err;*
And theſe had periſh'd in the nightly War,
But for my Preſence, and protecting Care.
Not Helen's *Face, nor* Paris *was in Fault;*
But by the Gods, was this Deſtruction brought.
Now caſt your Eyes around, while I diſſolve
The Miſt and Films that mortal Eyes involve:

Purge from your Sight the Droſs, and make you ſee
The Shape of each avenging Deity.
Enlighten'd thus, my juſt Commands fulfil;
Nor fear Obedience to your Mother's Will.
Where yon diſorder'd heap of Ruin lies,
Stones rent from Stones, where Clouds of Duſt ariſe,
Amid that Smother Neptune *holds his Place:*
Below the Wall's Foundation drives his Mace,
And heaves the Buildings from the ſolid Baſe.
Look where in Arms, imperial Juno *ſtands,*
Full in the Scæan *Gate, with loud Commands;*
Urging on Shore the tardy Græcian *Bands.*
See Pallas, *of her ſnaky Buckler proud,*
Beſtrides the Tow'r refulgent through the Cloud.
See Jove *new Courage to the Foe ſupplies,*
And Arms againſt the Town the partial Deities.
Haſte hence, *my Son; this* fruitleſs Labour *end:*
Haſte *where your trembling Spouſe, and Sire attend:*
Haſte; *and a Mother's Care your Paſſage ſhall befriend.*
She ſaid: And ſwiftly vaniſh'd from my Sight,
Obſcure in Clouds and gloomy Shades of Night.

I look'd, I liſten'd; dreadful Sounds I hear;
And the dire Forms of hoſtile Gods appear. *

* I ſhall take no Notice of the many *mean Expreſſions* in Mr. *Dryden*'s Tranſlation of this Paſſage; but it is impoſſible to read the *two laſt Lines* I have quoted from him, without remembering what our Countryman the incomparable *Hudibras* ſays of *Verſes*.

And one *for* Senſe, *and* one *for* Rhyme;
I think's ſufficient at a Time.

Virgil, with a *noble Majeſty*, and in the *Preſent Tenſe*, ſhews the *Effect* of what the Deity had ſaid, the *very Moment* ſhe diſappears: He ſuffers no *trifling* Circumſtances to *intervene* and ſtrike his Readers.

Dixerat, & ſpiſſis noctis ſe condidit umbris.
Apparent diræ facies, inimicaque Trojæ
Numina magna Deûm.

She ſpoke, and vaniſhed: The dreadful Scene opens; The Deities, Enemies to Troy, *become viſible.*

There is *ſomething* in theſe Verſes of *Virgil*'s, which a little reſembles that Paſſage in *Moſes*, juſtly admired by *Longinus* and others. *And God ſaid, Let there be Light, and there was Light:* They likewiſe pretty well anſwer that Part of *Cæſar Vanini*'s celebrated *Definition* of the *Deity*, where *Vanini* ſays, *His* WILL *is his* POWER, *and the exerting his* POWER, *doth not differ from his* WILL. After this Obſervation, how exceſſively *Mean* and *Childiſh* does the following *Verſe* appear, with which Mr. *Dryden* has embelliſh'd his Tranſlation, but of which there is not *one Word* to be found in *Virgil*.

I look'd, I liſten'd, dreadful Sounds I hear;

I have

ÆNEAS thought fit to yield to the Gods; yet even this is more than *Diomedes* does in *Homer*. That Hero, in the Heat of an Engagement, actually wounds two Deities, one of whom was *Mars* himſelf, the very God of War. I am ſenſible, that in quoting *Homer*

I have often thought, that the World has been a great deal too *kind* to moſt of our *Tranſlators*. The *Ground* they *work upon* is indeed moſt commonly ſo very *rich*, that 'tis impoſſible they ſhould *entirely* deface the *Beauty* of it; but if ſome *Tranſlations*, to which the Publick has been extreamly *indulgent*, were but brought *near*, and *compared* with their *Originals*, People would be amazed to ſee how many real *Beauties* the *Tranſlator* has dropped, and what *Stuff* of his *own* he has ſubſtituted in their Place. Even thoſe unhappy Readers, who do not underſtand the Originals, might ſoon be convinced how very *faint* a *Notion* has been given them from *Tranſlations*, of the *Stile* and *Excellencies* of *ancient Writers*. But though my Indignation is a little raiſed, to ſee the *Prince of Poets* ſo ſhamefully *murdered*, I would not be thought to condemn Mr. *Dryden*, and his *Works* in general: Some of his Compoſitions are an *Honour* to our *Language*, and our *Country*. In his *Ode upon St.* Cecilia's *Day*, there is perhaps as much of the true *Spirit of Poetry*, and the *Numbers* are as *artfully varied*, as in *any Piece* that can be produced in *any Language*. *Virgil* was the moſt *improper* Author of all the ancient Poets that Mr. *Dryden* could have undertaken to tranſlate. *Virgil* throughout the whole *Æneis* has great *Majeſty* in his *Expreſſion*; a wonderful *Strength*, *Decency*, and *Correctneſs* in his *manner of Thinking*, and is extreamly *frugal of his Words*; but Mr. *Dryden*'s *Excellency* does not lye in any of *theſe* Particulars.

Homer, I ſhould break the Promiſe I lately made, if *Virgil* had not thought even this Action, ſo far from being improbable in an Hero, heated in Battle, that he has made *Diomedes* himſelf mention it in the Eleventh *Æneid.*

Nunc etiam horribili viſu portenta ſequuntur,
Et ſocii amiſſi petierunt æthera pennis,
Fluminibuſque vagantur aves (heu dira meorum
Supplicia!) & ſcopulos lacrymoſis vocibus implent:
Hæc adeo ex illo mihi jam ſperanda fuerunt
Tempore; cum ferro cœleſtia corpora demens
Appetii, & Veneris violavi vulnere dextram.

——— *In the Sky*
Transform'd to Birds, my loſt Companions fly;
Hov'ring about the Coaſts they make their Moan,
And cuff the Cliffs, * *with Pinions not their own.*

* *And cuff the Cliffs, with Pinions not their own.*

I ſhall but juſt hint at the *mean Expreſſion* of *cuffing the Cliffs*; though a little Critick would perhaps introduce a *boxing Match* between a *Cliff* and a *More-Hen*, and be ſtrangely *Witty* upon this Occaſion. The *Expreſſion*, *Pinions*

What ſqualid Spectres, in the dead of Night,
Break my ſhort Sleep, and skim before my Sight!
I might have promis'd to my ſelf thoſe Harms,
Mad *as I was, when I with mortal Arms,*
Preſum'd againſt immortal Pow'rs *to move;*
And violate with Wounds the Queen of Love.

In the Tenth *Æneid*, we find *Lauſus* a meer Youth engaging with *Æneas*; who, though an Enemy, could not forbear crying out to him, not to attempt what was above his Strength.

——— Sic

Pinions not their own, in the *latter Part* of this Verſe, may be juſtified from ſeveral Inſtances out of the Claſſicks; and is eaſily underſtood at firſt Sight, by thoſe who are converſant in them: But I cannot omit this Occaſion of ſaying, That I take *Perſpicuity* to be one of the *greateſt Beauties* in Writing. *Perſpicuity* upon all *delicate* Subjects, is the ſureſt Sign of a *ſtrong Judgment*, and a *clear Head*. The chief *End* of Tranſlations ought to be to let thoſe Perſons into the *Meaning*, *Spirit*, and *Way of Thinking* of the *Ancients*, who are not able to read them in the Languages they wrote. *Dryden*, though he took a *boundleſs Liberty* in Tranſlating *Virgil*, yet in numberleſs Inſtances, has left the *Meaning* of that *great Poet* ten Times more *obſcured*, than it is in the Original: But I have done with the *ungrateful* Buſineſs of *finding Faults*. I had much rather *commend* than *cenſure*; more eſpecially the Writings of a Gentleman, who, as I have already obſerved, had a *large* Portion of the *Spirit of Poetry*, and has given undeniable Proofs, in ſeveral of his *Plays* and *Poems*, that he had a *fine*, and an *happy* Genius.

——— Sic obrutus undique telis
Æneas, nubem belli, dum detonet, omnem
Sustinet: & Lausum increpitat, Lausoque minatur:
Quo, morture, ruis? majoraque viribus audes?

Æneas thus o'erwhelm'd on every Side,
The Storm of Darts, undaunted did abide;
And thus to Lausus *loud with friendly Threatning cry'd.*
Why wilt thou rush to Certain Death, *and rage*
In rash Attempts *beyond thy tender Age?*

His Success is answerable to the *Rashness* of his Undertaking: *Lausus* is slain by *Æneas*; yet *Virgil* instead of *blaming* the young Hero for his *rash Attempt*, cannot forbear crying out, before he enters upon the Description of it,

Hìc mortis duræ casum, tuaque optima facta,
Si qua fidem tanto est operi latura vetustas,
Non equidem, nec te, juvenis memorande, silebo.

And here, Heroick Youth, *'tis here I must*
To thy immortal Memory be just;

And

And ſing an Act ſo Noble, *and ſo new,*
Poſterity will ſcarce believe 'tis true.

This Exclamation of the Poet's is by much the more *remarkable*, as we find him beſtowing his Encomiums, and ſpeaking in his own Perſon but very rarely throughout the whole Æneis. There is but one other Place where he ſpeaks in this Manner, which at preſent occurs to my Memory; and even there too he celebrates an Action which was *raſh* with a Witneſs. It is where *Niſus*, *ſingle* and *alone*, flings himſelf into the Midſt of a whole *Troop* of *Rutilians*, to revenge the Death of his Friend *Euryalus*. The Event is anſwerable to the *Raſhneſs* of the Attempt. It is true that *Niſus* had the Satisfaction to kill the Man by whom his Friend was murder'd; but then he is immediately afterwards ſlain himſelf.

At Niſus ruit in medios, ſolumque per omnes
Volſcentem petit, in ſolo Volſcente moratur:
Quem circum glomerati hoſtes hinc cominus atque hinc
Proturbant: inſtat non ſegnius, ac rotat enſem
Fulmi-

Fulmineum: donec Rutuli clamantis in ore
Condidit adverſo, & moriens animam abſtulit hoſti.
Tum ſuper exanimem ſeſe projecit amicum
Confoſſus, placidâque ibi demum morte quievit.
Fortunati ambo! ſi quid mea carmina poſſunt,
Nulla dies unquam memori vos eximet ævo:
Dum domus Æneæ Capitolî immobile ſaxum
Accolet, imperiumque pater Romanus habebit.

Deſpair, and Rage, and Vengeance juſtly vow'd,
Drove Niſus *headlong on the hoſtile Crowd:*
Volſcens *he ſeeks; on him alone he bends;*
Born back, and bor'd, by his ſurrounding Friends,
Onward he preſs'd: And kept him ſtill in Sight,
Then whirl'd aloft his Sword, with all his Might:
Th'unerring Steel deſcended while he ſpoke;
Pierc'd his wide Mouth, and thro' his Weazen broke:
Dying he ſlew; and ſtagg'ring on the Plain,
With ſwimming Eyes he ſought his Lover ſlain:
Then quiet on his bleeding Boſom fell;
Content in Death, to be reveng'd ſo well.
O happy Friends! for if my Verſe can give
Immortal Life, your Fame ſhall ever live:

Fix'd

Fix'd as the Capitol's Foundation lies;
And ſpread where'er the Roman *Eagle flies!*

I ſhall produce one more Inſtance from the moſt *correct* of Poets, to juſtify what I have wrote.

WHILE *Æneas* was abſent from his Army, and endeavouring to procure Aſſiſtance from *Evander*, *Turnus*, inſtigated by *Juno*, attacks the *Trojan* Camp. On this Occaſion, *Aſcanius*, though but a *Boy*, ruſhes into the Battle, and kills *Numanus*, one of the moſt forward and daring of all the *Rutilians*.

Tum primum bello celerem intendiſſe ſagittam
Dicitur, ante feras ſolitus terrere fugaces,
Aſcanius: fortemque manu fudiſſe Numanum,
Cui Remulo cognomen erat; Turnique minorem
Germanam nuper thalamo ſociatus habebat.

Then young Aſcanius, *who before this Day*
Was wont in Woods to ſhoot the ſavage Prey,
Firſt bent in Martial Strife the twanging Bow,
And exercis'd againſt a human Foe.
With this bereft Numanus *of his Life,*
Who Turnus' *younger Siſter took to Wife.*

Apollo

Apollo obſerving the *Raſhneſs* of the *Boy*, and the eminent *Dangers* to which he expoſed himſelf, immediately deſcends from Heaven, and lays his abſolute *Commands* upon him to retire out of the Battle.

——————— Forma tum vertitur oris
Antiquum in Buten. Hic Dardanio Anchiſæ
Armiger antè fuit, fiduſque ad limina Cuſtos:
Tum Comitem Aſcanio pater addidit. Ibat Apollo
Omnia longævo ſimilis, vocemque, coloremque;
Et crines albos, & ſæva ſonoribus arma:
Atque his ardentem dictis affatur Iülum:
Sit ſatis, Æneide, telis impune Numanum
Oppetiiſſe tuis: primam hanc tibi magnus Apollo
Concedit laudem, & paribus non invidet armis.
Cætera parce, puer, bello. Sic orſus Apollo,
Mortales medio aſpectus ſermone reliquit,
Et procul in tenuem ex oculis evanuit auram.
Agnovere Deum proceres divinaque tela
Dardanidæ, pharetramque fugâ ſenſere ſonantem.
Ergo avidum pugnæ, dictis ac numine Phœbi,
Aſcanium prohibent. ———

Old

Old Butes' *Form he took*, Anchiſes' *Squire*,
Now left to rule Aſcanius, *by his Sire:*
His wrinkled Viſage, and his hoary Hairs,
His Mein, his Habit, and his Arms he wears;
And thus ſalutes the Boy, too forward *for his Years:*
Suffice it thee, thy Father's Worthy Son,
The warlike Prize thou haſt already won:
The God of Archers gives thy Youth a Part
Of his own Praiſe; nor envies equal Art.
Now tempt the War no more. He ſaid, and flew
Obſcure in Air, and vaniſh'd from their View.
The Trojans, *by his Arms, their Patron know;*
And hear the Twanging of his Heav'nly Bow.
Then duteous Force *they uſe*; *and* Phœbus' *Name*
To keep from Fights, the Youth too fond *of Fame.*

IT is evident from this Paſſage, that *Virgil* imagined he could no Way ſo well ſhew that *Aſcanius* was a *Son worthy* of his great *Father*, as by aſcribing to him that *Raſhneſs* which ſeems to be the very *Characteriſtick* of an *Hero*. We ſee that even the *Commands* of *Apollo* were not ſufficient to make him re-

tire, but that the *Trojan* Generals were obliged to *force* him out of the Field.

My laſt Inſtance ſhall be from a *Modern Writer* (*viz.*) from the late Mr. *Addiſon*, all of whoſe Compoſitions, after he returned from his Travels, and was paſt thirty, are, perhaps, as *correct* and *judicious* as any Author's, except *Virgil*'s.

Mr. Addison, in his Deſcription of the Battle of *Schellenberg*, and in the Height of that Action, addreſſes himſelf to the *Hero* of his Poem, the late Duke of *Marlborough*, and nobly upbraids him with being too *raſh*, and not taking a *ſufficient Care* of that *Life* on which ſo much depended.

Forbear, great Man, renown'd in Arms, forbear
To brave *the* thickeſt Terrors *of the War*,
Nor hazard *thus, confus'd in Crouds of Foes*,
Britannia's *Safety, and the World's Repoſe*;
Let Nations, anxious for thy Life, abate
This Scorn of Danger, *and* Contempt of Fate.
Thou liv'ſt not for thy ſelf.

Addison's Campaign.

'Tis

'TIS probable, that Mr. *Addiſon*, when he wrote theſe Lines, had *Lucan* in his Eye; who in his Deſcription of the Battle of *Pharſalia*, calls out to *Brutus*, *not to ruſh upon the Swords of his Enemies; but to preſerve his Life for the good of his Country.*

I COULD eaſily ſhew the *poetical Beauties* in the ſeveral Paſſages which I have quoted. I ſhall rather chuſe to ſhew, that they have their Foundation in *Nature*, and are really agreeable to what has been the Behaviour of the greateſt Heroes, and greateſt Generals in a *Day* of *Battle*.

ALEXANDER's paſſing the *Granicus*, contrary to the Advice of *Parmenio*, with but thirteen Troops of Horſe, while the Enemies were Maſters of the other ſide of the River, and ſhower'd down an infinite Number of Darts upon him; is repreſented by ſome Authors, not only as a piece of *Raſhneſs*, but even *Madneſs*: What made it the more *Raſh* was, his being diſtinguiſhed by his Buckler, and a large Plume of white Feathers on his Helmet. He was accordingly no ſooner got

over, than he was attacked on all Sides; and *Rheſaces* and *Spithridates*, two reſolute Men, falling upon him at once, he had certainly been killed by the latter, if that gallant Commander had not been ſlain himſelf by the great *Clitus*, who ran him through the Body with his Spear, as he was aiming a Blow that muſt have been fatal to *Alexander*.

The ſame Hero's encountering and killing a monſtrous Lion one Day before a *Spartan* Ambaſſador, was an Action of the ſame kind: When the Combat was ended, the Ambaſſador could not help telling him, *Dominion, Sir, has been the Prize; and you have bravely diſputed it with a Lion;* intimating, that as the Lion is the *King* of Beaſts, there had been a ſort of Contention between *two Monarchs* which ſhould be the *Maſter*.

What he did in *India*, at the Siege of a City of the *Mallians*, was ſtill more extraordinary. *Alexander*, at the Aſſault of this City, was the very firſt Man that mounted the Walls, and the Scaling-Ladder breaking under him, left him expoſed with only two

of his Guards, to all the Darts and Fury of the *Barbarians*. In this Diſtreſs, inſtead of avoiding his Enemies, he leap'd down among them. The Brightneſs and Clattering of his Armour, added to his *Activity* and *Valour*, made them at firſt imagine him a Deity; but as ſoon as they diſcovered him to be a *Man*, the whole Garriſon fell upon him: An Arrow piercing his Curiaſs ſtuck in his Ribs, and the Stroke was ſo violent, that it made him fall on one Knee to the Ground. The *Barbarian* who had wounded him now drew his Scimiter to diſpatch him, but was killed as ſoon as he came within the Reach of *Alexander*'s Sword; who after this received ſo many other Wounds, that he was obliged to ſupport his Body againſt the Wall. He ſtill looked undauntedly upon his Enemies; but was now reduced to the laſt Extremity, when the *Macedonians* breaking into the City, took him up very opportunely, juſt as he was fainting away, and not ſenſible what they did with him. This prodigious Courage of *Alexander*'s, infuſed ſuch a Spirit into his whole Army, as made them patiently endure the moſt toilſome Marches: They declared, that *They look'd upon*

upon themſelves not only as invincible, *but to be little leſs than immortal, while they followed ſuch a Leader.*

It would be too tedious to enumerate all the Actions of *Alexander* of this Nature; upon one of which a *French* Author makes this fine Obſervation: *I am ſenſible* (ſays he) *that this Action of* Alexander's *will be called* raſh *and* imprudent; *but* Heroiſm *will diſcover ſuch Marks in it, as will force her to claim and acknowledge it for* her own.

Pyrrhus, (who in the Opinion of *Hannibal*, no ill Judge, was the *greateſt General* the World had ever ſeen, next to *Alexander*,) as ſoon as the Battle was begun, uſually ruſhed in among his Enemies, regardleſs of his own Safety. He acted thus when he engaged the *Romans* at the River *Siris*, and though the Richneſs of his Armour made him eaſily known: Nor could all the Dangers he ſo narrowly eſcaped, or the Perſwaſions of his Friends, make him alter his Conduct in any other Particular, than to lay aſide that Armour which had made him ſo remarkable.

In the Battle with the *Mamertines*, when a Wound had obliged him to retire, he no ſooner heard that one of the *Barbarians*, of an uncommon Size, advanced before the Ranks, and called to him to appear if he was alive, than he returned to the Battle all over beſmear'd with Blood, and, ruſhing upon the bold *Mamertine*, ended the Combat with a ſingle Blow.

Every Body knows that *Cæſar* owed his Victory at *Munda* to his own perſonal Courage and Example. What he did at *Pharos* in *Egypt*, when his Troops were all embarked, and himſelf ſurrounded by his Enemies, would ſcarce be credited, if ſeveral Hiſtorians had not aſſured us of the Fact; and your Majeſty may pleaſe to obſerve, that I refer to this Action of *Cæſar*'s in my Poem.

Since I find your Majeſty has loſt your Memory, I will give you a very *remarkable* Inſtance of the *raſh*, but *heroick Valour* of one of your own Countrymen, and of the *ſtrict Juſtice* of your *Ephori*. When

the

the great *Epaminondas* aſſaulted your City of *Sparta*, and had like to have taken it, *Iſadas*, a moſt comely and well-grown Youth, had been juſt anointing himſelf: Upon the Alarm, without ſtaying to put on his Cloaths, he ſnatched up a Spear in one Hand, and a Sword in the other, and breaking into the thickeſt Ranks of his Enemies, bore down all before him. What was very extraordinary is, that he received no Wound; which was attributed either to his being protected by ſome Deity, or to his Enemies believing him, from his uncommon Appearance, to have been ſomething more than *Man*. The Gallantry of this Action was thought ſo great, that the *Ephori* decreed a *Garland* to *Iſadas*; but as ſoon as they had paſſed this Decree, they ſet a Fine upon him of a Thouſand Drachmas * for his *Preſumption* and *Raſhneſs*, in going unarmed into the Battle. I hope I need not tell your Majeſty, that there was not a young Fellow in *Sparta*, who would not gladly have paid *double* the Fine, to have had the *Credit* of the Action.

* About Thirty Pounds *Engliſh* Money.

LET us come a little nearer Home, and to our own Times.

EDWARD the third, King of *England*, when the Governor of *Calais* had ſold that Place to the *French* (and was going to have delivered it up by Night to the Lord *Charny*) fought under the Walls of the Town in a *private Soldier*'s Coat, and in Sir *Walter Manning*'s Regiment. In this Diſguiſe he engaged with the valiant Lord *Euſtace* of *Rylemont*, who beat him down *twice* upon his Knees. The King, however at laſt got the better of his Antagoniſt, and took him Priſoner. His Troops were alſo victorious. *Edward* ſoon ſhewed that his *Generoſity* was equal to his *Courage*, and how much he eſteemed a brave Enemy: He ordered a ſplendid Entertainment to be provided for his Priſoners; and coming in amongſt them very unexpectedly and to their great Surprize, told the Lord *Charny*, *That he was not much obliged to him for endeavouring to ſteal a Town from him by Night, which he had fairly won by Day.* He then addreſſed himſelf to the Lord *Euſtace*, and, after

after having ſaid a great many obliging Things to him, took a Chaplet of Pearls of great Value from his own Head, and placing it upon his Priſoner's, generouſly diſmiſſed him without a Ranſom.

HENRY the Fifth, another *Engliſh* King, (who your Majeſty muſt know conquer'd *France*, and had his *Title* to that Kingdom ſolemnly acknowledged by the *Parliament* of *Paris*,) is ſaid, in Hiſtory, to have fought like a *private Soldier*, through an *Exceſs of Courage*, at the Battle of *Agincourt*, in which he killed ſeveral of the *French* with his own Hand, and was more than once in the utmoſt Danger of being ſlain himſelf.

CHARLES the Seventh, who reigned in *France*, (having recovered that Kingdom after our *Henry*'s Death) was the firſt Man who entered the Breach, when the Town of *Pontoiſe* was taken by Storm, *Chuſing much rather* (as the *French* Hiſtorians obſerve) *to be thought* RASH *than* TIMEROUS.

RICHARD the Third, when at the Battle of *Boſworth*, inſtead of flying, as he might have done, he ruſhed into the Midſt of his

victorious Enemies, is ſaid, *To have gained more Honour in one Hour before his Death, than he had done in all his Life, till that Time.*

THE late King of *Sweden*, in our Days, was the firſt Man who entered the *Muſcovite* Trenches at the Battle of *Narva*, and behaved in ſuch a Manner on ſeveral other Occaſions, that not only his own Men, but even his Enemies were for ſome Time firmly perſuaded that he was *invulnerable*.

LASTLY, I am ſurpriz'd to hear your Majeſty, of all the Heroes that ever breathed, ſo very ſevere upon *raſh Valour*: If ever Man acted *raſhly*, and even rivaled the *Heroes* in *Romance*, your Majeſty moſt certainly did ſo in that Exploit at *Alexandria*,* which coſt you

* *Cleomenes*, after he was defeated by *Antigonus*, fled into *Egypt*, where he was kindly received by *Ptolemy*, who promiſed to aſſiſt him with Men and Money, that he might recover his Kingdom: But *Ptolemy* dying ſoon after, was ſucceeded by his Son, a weak effeminate Prince, who minded nothing but his Women and Pleaſures, and was entirely governed by a worthleſs Fellow, one *Oinanthes*. *Cleomenes* ſaw that he could now expect no Good from the *Egyptian* Court; and fancying that he might

you your Life: For a Man to imagine, that at the Head of only twelve of his Friends, in a ſtrange Country, he could rouze up a People in the Cauſe of *Liberty*, who had long been *Slaves*, and maſter the capital City of *Egypt*,

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might make ſome Advantage of the Confuſions in which *Greece* was then involved, deſired Leave to go thither with his own Friends. *Ptolemy* was ſo far from granting his Requeſt, that by the Advice of his worthleſs Miniſter, he put him under a ſort of Confinement. *Cleomenes* ſo highly reſented this ungenerous Uſage, that he enter'd into the moſt deſperate Meaſures to be reveng'd upon *Ptolemy*. He took a Reſolution to try if, with the Aſſiſtance of only twelve Friends, he could not perſuade the *Egyptians* to depoſe their Tyrant, and recover their *Freedom*. To this End, he iſſued into the City of *Alexandria*, at the Head of his ſmall Party, crying out, *Liberty*, *Liberty*. He killed the Governor of the City, with ſome other of *Ptolemy*'s Officers; but ſoon found that the Word *Liberty* had not the ſame Charms in the Ears of a People accuſtomed to *Slavery*, that it had in *Greece*. The mean-ſpirited *Egyptians* durſt neither *join*, nor *oppoſe* him; which when *Cleomenes* ſaw, he declared, That *a Nation deſerved to be Slaves, who would not embrace* Liberty *when it was offered to them*; and deſpairing of Succeſs among ſuch a People, he and his twelve Friends all fell upon their own Swords. When *Ptolemy*, who was not in *Alexandria*, heard of this Adventure, with the *mean Cruelty* which is *natural* to a *Tyrant*, he order'd the Children and Mother of *Cleomenes*, with ſuch *Spartan* Ladies as were with her, to be put to Death: But the *Egyptians* ſoon after reflecting upon the *prodigious Courage Cleomenes* had ſhewn, (and ſtruck with an odd Accident,) ran in Proceſſions to the Place where his Body was expoſed, calling him an *Hero*, and *Son of the Gods*,

Egypt, was ſuch an Inſtance of *Raſhneſs*, (I had almoſt ſaid of *Madneſs*,) as I believe can ſcarce be parallel'd in all Hiſtory; and yet this very Exploit made your Enemies, the *Egyptians*, adore you as an Hero after your Death, and gave Occaſion to our Countryman *Dryden* to cloſe your Tragedy on the *Engliſh* Stage with the following Lines, which he puts in the Mouth of *Soſybius*, firſt Miniſter to young *Ptolemy*, King of *Egypt*;

Take up that Hero's Body, bear it high,
Like the Proceſſion of a Deity;
Let his arm'd Figure on his Tomb be ſet,
And we, like Slaves, *lie grov'ling at his Feet;*
Whoſe Glories, growing till his lateſt Breath,
Excell'd all others, and his own, in Death.

I hope I have by this Time a little reconcil'd your Majeſty to *Raſh Valour*; and that you will pleaſe to obſerve, that almoſt every Inſtance of it, which I have given, is in the Perſon of a Commander in chief; whereas, when the King of *Great Britain* hazarded his ſacred Life too much, he only ſerv'd as a *Volunteer*; which certainly render'd his Beha-

Behaviour the more excuſable; and I have taken care to *acquaint* thoſe who read my Poem with *this Circumſtance.* Your Majeſty muſt likewiſe know, that there is hardly any Quality which more endears a Prince to the People of *England*, than *perſonal Courage*; and I have often thought that my Countrymen are not much in the Wrong. It is certain this Virtue is generally accompanied with great *Generoſity* and *good Nature:* We ſeldom hear that a Man of *real* Courage, is guilty either of a *mean* or a *cruel Action.* Mr. *Dryden* in one of his Diſcourſes before his Tranſlation of *Virgil*, obſerves very prettily, that *Such Men as are not rather too full of Spirit when they are young, degenerate to Dullneſs in their Age*; that *Sobriety in our riper Years, is the Effect of a well-concocted Warmth*; but that *where the Principles are only Phlegm, nothing can be expected but an inſipid Manhood.* He adds, RASHNESS *is a* NOBLE FAULT: *But Time and Experience will correct that Error, and tame it into a deliberate and well-weigh'd Courage, which knows both to be cautious, and to dare, as Occaſion offers.* After all I have ſaid, I will allow your Majeſty that *raſh Valour* is a

Fault; but then I muſt add, that it is ſuch a Fault as few but Heroes are guilty of, and which no one Hero was ever yet without. I will farther own to your Majeſty, that when my Thoughts were employed upon the Battle at *Oudenard*, I could not without Concern ſee the King of *Great Britain* hazarding that Life too freely, which I hope Providence preſerv'd, that it might prove a Bleſſing, not only to this Iſland, but to all *Europe*; and therefore with the Freedom of an *Engliſh Man*, I took the Liberty to caution my Prince againſt this ſame *raſh Valour*; as your Majeſty may ſee I have done in thoſe Lines which immediately follow thoſe I laſt quoted out of my Poem.

Yet pardon, Mighty Chief, *the faithful Muſe*,
If what ſhe muſt admire, *ſhe can't* excuſe.
A Day will come, if I aright foreſee,
When Europe's *Eyes ſhall all be fix'd on thee*;
When one deciſive Triumph o'er thy Foes,
Shall give her Freedom, and the World Repoſe.
But on that glorious, that important Day,
When all the War ſhall ſtand in full Array;
When on each Side the ſprightly Trumpets ſound,
And the loud Cannons ſcatter Death around,

The

The rapid Ardour *of thy Breaſt compoſe,*
Nor like a Whirlwind plunge amidſt thy Foes;
Then think on Oudenard's *unequal Plain,*
Nor thus expoſe *thy* ſacred Life *again;*
Suſpend thy dreadful Sword, tho' lifted high,
And on thy Preſence, *and thy* Voice *rely.*

HAVING endeavour'd to ſhew, that, though your Majeſty was once a *great King*, you are at preſent dwindled into a very *pitiful Critick*; I proceed to the next Paragraph in your Letter, which runs thus:

" *But I have dwelt too long on the* ſtupid
" Piece; *'tis time to ſum this Matter up*
" conciſely. *What would this Man, and*
" *his vain Adherents be at? What more*
" *mean Artifice than the meaneſt they have*
" *yet practiſed, are they now coming into?*
" *At the Beginning of the late Seſſions of*
" *Parliament, it was* a Deſign to deſtroy
" the Liberty of the Preſs; *at the End of*
" *it,* an Act of Indempnity: *Theſe* infamous
" Forgeries *continued their Day; but being*
" *now no more,* Euſtace Budgell *Eſq; is*
" *pitched upon to ſupply their Room, and*
" *furniſh our freſh Calumny; and did*

" *his*

" *his* Ability *but equal the* Inclination *he*
" *has diſcover'd of diſcharging his Truſt to*
" *the Satisfaction of his* Employers, *they*
" *would by* this Choice *have given us the*
" beſt Teſtimony *they ever produced of a*
" good Judgment."

YOUR Majeſty, in the Paragraph before this, having made that *judicious Criticiſm* which I have endeavoured to anſwer, proceeds in this Paragraph, with the Authority of an abſolute Monarch, to pronounce my whole Poem a *ſtupid Piece*. I have already acquainted your Majeſty, that if ever I had any Genius for Poetry, I have long ſince endeavoured to *ſtifle*, and not to *improve* it. I am very ſenſible, that there are many of my Fellow-Subjects who can write better Verſes than my ſelf; yet, ſince your Majeſty is pleaſed to be ſo very ſevere on this ſame *ſtupid Piece* of mine, (which, by-the-by, is calling the Judgment of ſome other People in queſtion,) I cannot help making your Majeſty the following *fair Propoſal*. The Poem I wrote, was upon the King of *Great Britain*'s Journey to *Cambridge* and *New-Market*: I endeavoured in that Poem, to give

give the Publick ſome Idea, of the many *great* and *royal Virtues* of my Lawful Sovereign; I dedicated it to my Queen, who is remarkable for her Conjugal Virtues, her *good Taſte*, and her Love of Poetry, and whom I have endeavoured to repreſent as a Perſon worthy in every Reſpect to *ſhare* the Throne with her Royal Conſort. Now, if your Majeſty, and all your *illuſtrious Family*, will but vouchſafe to lay your *wiſe Heads* together, and pay an handſomer Compliment than I have done, on the ſame Occaſion, to the King and Queen of *Great Britain*, I do hereby promiſe your Majeſty, that I will never more trouble the Publick with a ſingle Line of my *Stupidity*, either in *Proſe* or *Verſe*. I hope, that ſince your Majeſty is become an *Author*, you cannot think it beneath you to ſet about the Task I have propoſed; but that you will vouchſafe to ſay ſomething in Praiſe of the *King of Great Britain*, after having already condeſcended to write a Panegyrick upon one of his *Subjects*. I muſt take the Liberty to tell your Majeſty, that though you ſat upon the Throne of *Sparta*, neither the *Theme*, nor the *Employment* would be below you. When

your

your Majeſty was in the Height of your Power, you never was able to accompliſh your favourite Project of being declared the Captain-General of *Greece*; your Majeſty was never compleatly Maſter of all *Peloponneſus*: *Aratus* was a continual Thorn in your Sides: You were repulſed from *Corinth*, and loſt the Cities of *Argos* and *Megalopolis*, almoſt as ſoon as you had taken them. At laſt, the *Macedonians* gave you the *Coup de Grace*, put an end to your extravagant Ambition, and ſent you packing into *Egypt*. The King of *Great Britain*'s Civil-Liſt, for the Maintainance of his Family, is I believe more than twenty Times as much as ever *Sparta* paid to her Prince: The Splendour of his Court is in Proportion; and would appear incredible to thoſe who never ſaw any Thing better than the black Broth, coarſe Cakes, and ſhort Cloaks of the *Lacedæmonians*. My Legal Sovereign maintains a more numerous Army in Time of Peace, than your Majeſty ever appeared at the Head of; and has at the ſame Time, a Fleet that makes him dreaded by the moſt diſtant Nations. He has Territories larger than all *Greece* in a certain Part of the

World, which your *Seven Wiſe Men* never heard of. Believe me therefore, Royal Sir, it will be no manner of Diſgrace to you, to exert your happy Talent at Panegyrick on this great Prince. I ſhall wait for your Production with the utmoſt Impatience, and endeavour to correct the Errors in my own *ſtupid Piece*, by the more maſterly Beauties of your Majeſty's Compoſition.

YOUR Majeſty becomes conſcious, at laſt, that you *have dwelt too long on this ſtupid Piece*; and adds, *'tis time to ſum this Matter up conciſely.* I fancy your Majeſty has juſt now recollected that you are a *Spartan*, and are reſolved for the future to write in Character. I believe, indeed, that your Majeſty's Letter, of which I have the Honour to be the Subject, is by much the longeſt *Laconick* Epiſtle of any Extant; and will doubtleſs be valued accordingly by Poſterity. We are told, that when your Countryman *Lyſander* had taken *Athens*, a City which had ſo often ſtruggled with *Sparta* her ſelf for the Dominion of *Greece*, he wrote nothing more to your *Ephori* than this, *Athens is taken*; and that he received the following Anſwer

from thoſe Magiſtrates in the ſame Laconick Stile, *You ſay Athens is taken: We are ſatisfied.* But this was in thoſe Times, when your Succeſſes were ſo frequent, that the Meſſenger, who brought you Word of your great Victory at *Mantinea*, (ſo fully deſcribed by *Thucydides*,) had no other Reward for his Pains than a good Piece of Powdered Beef, which was ſent home to his Lodgings.

YOUR Majeſty at preſent, I find is not ſo very ſparing of your Words as your Countrymen were formerly, but can argue a Caſe as learnedly, and as fully as any of the Moderns. Your Majeſty is pleaſed in that Paragraph of your Letter, which I am now anſwering, to take Notice of ſome of thoſe Reports which you are pleaſed to call *infamous Forgeries*, and which have been invented to blacken the Reputation of your Hero. *At the Beginning of the late Seſſions of Parliament*, (ſays your Majeſty) *it was — a Deſign to deſtroy the Liberty of the Preſs: At the End of it — an Act of Indemnity.*

I SHALL in the firſt Place conſider the firſt of theſe Reports.

IT is very certain that it has been reported, a Deſign was on foot to take away the Liberty of the Preſs, and even that ſome particular Perſons had been tampered with to this End: But I do intirely agree with your Majeſty, that it is impoſſible this Report could be any Thing more than an *infamous Forgery*. The *Liberty of the Preſs* is, in my humble Opinion, abſolutely neceſſary to preſerve the *Liberty of Great Britain*: And I will lay before your Majeſty ſome Reaſons, why I cannot believe that any *Engliſhman*, and more eſpecially your Majeſty's *Hero*, could poſſibly be ſo *wicked*, as to attempt to take away this *great* and moſt *eſſential* Part of the *Britiſh* Liberties.

I BEG leave to be pretty particular on this *Important Subject*.

I WILL conſider what the *Liberty of the Preſs* really is; in what Manner it has been enjoyed, and made uſe of by every *free*

People, and particularly by the *Greeks* and *Romans*; what vaſt Advantages accrue from it; how little the Innocent need to apprehend it; and, laſtly, I will give my particular Reaſons, why I cannot believe that your Majeſty's *Hero* has any Deſign to deprive *Great Britain* of this invaluable Branch of her Liberty.

I TAKE the *Liberty of the Preſs*, to be *A Liberty for every Man to communicate his Sentiments freely to the Publick, upon political or religious Points:* I am humbly of Opinion, that the Liberty of the Preſs is either *This*, or *Nothing*. I never yet heard, but that in thoſe Countries where Men are the greateſt *Slaves*, they might write as *much*, and in *what Manner* they pleaſed, upon any Subjects but *Religion* and *Politicks*. I dare ſay, a Man might publiſh his Thoughts with the *utmoſt Freedom*, either in *Turky* or *Denmark*, upon the *Nature of Butterflies*, or the *Virtues of the Loadſtone*.

TIMOLEON is, beyond Diſpute, one of the moſt illuſtrious Examples, among all the Ancients, of a *true Patriot*, and a Lover of *Liberty:*

berty: When his Brother *Timophanes*, whoſe Life he had generouſly preſerved, by ſtanding over his Body when he fell in a Battle, and ſuſtaining alone for ſome Time the united Force of a Multitude of his Enemies; I ſay, when this very *Timophanes*, his beloved Brother, had deſtroyed the Conſtitution of *Corinth*, and made himſelf the Tyrant of his Country, *Timoleon* was the *Chief* of the *Conſpirators* who ſlew him, though even while the Action was doing, Nature and his fraternal Love, forced a Shower of Tears from his manly Eyes. The ſame *Timoleon*, after having freed his own Country, with an incredible Felicity expelled thoſe three powerful Tyrants *Dionyſius*, *Hippo*, and *Mamercus*, and drove every other Tyrant out of *Sicily*. One would imagine that after theſe Actions, *Timoleon* muſt have been dear to the *Sicilians*; and in Effect he really was ſo. We are told, however, that one *Demanetus*, of *Syracuſe*, out of meer Envy to that prodigious Reputation *Timoleon* had ſo juſtly acquired, took all Opportunities to diſparage his Conduct, and even to talk publickly againſt him in the bittereſt Terms. When *Timoleon* was informed of this Man's Behaviour, inſtead of

taking Revenge, as he might eaſily have done, he declared in a Tranſport of Joy, That *The Gods had at laſt granted him the greateſt Favour they could have conferred upon him; ſince it had been the conſtant Subject of his Prayers, That the* Syracuſians *might enjoy ſo* perfect *a* State of Liberty, *that every Man among them might ſpeak* freely, *and with* Impunity, *whatever he thought of another. Nunc demum ſe voti eſſe damnatum; namque hoc à diis immortalibus ſemper precatum, ut talem libertatem reſtituerent Syracuſanis, in quâ cuivis liceret, de quo vellet impunè dicere.* Theſe were *Timoleon*'s Sentiments of *Liberty*; who was as great, and as ſucceſsful an Aſſertor of it, as ever yet appeared in the World; and whoſe Notions of it, I believe, no Man of Senſe will have the Aſſurance to diſpute.

In plain Terms, I do not ſee how any other *Reſtraint* can be put upon the *Preſs*, in a Nation that pretends to *Liberty*, but what is juſt ſufficient to prevent Men from writing either *Blaſphemy*, or *Treaſon*. I mean by *Treaſon*, any Thing that tends *directly* to call our Legal Sovereign's Right in queſtion

ſtion, to the Crown of *Great Britain*; or to incite his Subjects to an *open Rebellion*, or *ſecret Conſpiracy* againſt his *moſt ſacred Perſon*. As to the cenſuring the Conduct of any particular Man, (except his Majeſty,) who fancies himſelf qualified for, and will take upon him the Adminiſtration of publick Affairs, this was thought ſo very *reaſonable*, and even *neceſſary* among the *Greeks* and *Romans*, that they preſerved *this Branch* of *Liberty*, even in thoſe Times, when they had loſt every other Part of it; and I ſhall endeavour to make it appear, that their *Notion* of *Liberty*, was the ſame with *Timoleon*'s.

A BAD Miniſter in the *Athenian* Commonwealth, was ſure to be mawled by the Wits and Poets, and to have the Mortification of ſeeing his *Name* made uſe of without the leaſt Ceremony, and his *Vices* and *Blunders* expoſed upon the Publick Stage: Nay, though a Man had done his Country the moſt important Service, his *Vices*, or *ill Actions* were not ſpared.

THEMISTOCLES had defeated the Fleet of *Xerxes* at the Battle of *Salamis*, and by his Conduct and Courage drove that Prince out of *Greece*; yet, when after theſe Succeſſes he became Cruel, Inſolent, and Rapacious, the Poet *Timocreon* (to whom he had been particularly ungrateful) fell upon him in thoſe Lines which are ſtill extant, and which are to this Effect; *It is impoſſible, that the dark Actions of the baſe* Themiſtocles, *can be agreeable to the Divine* Latona: *He has violated the ſacred Rites of Hoſpitality, and for the ſake of a ſordid Gain, been guilty of the moſt* ſcandalous Ingratitude *towards his old* Friend *and Hoſt* Timocreon. *For three Talents he recals ſome Men from Baniſhment, murders others, and is become profligate enough to laugh at his own Villanies. With the Wealth which he has amaſſed together by theſe ſhameful Methods, he wallows in Luxury, and keeps an open Houſe in the* Iſthmus; *but is ſo hated and deteſted, that the very People who eat at his Table, beſeech the Gods that he may not live another Year.*

IT

It had been happy for *Themiſtocles*, if theſe Lines of the Poet's had made him *mend his Manners*; but *Pride* and *Power* had ſo intirely turned his Brains, that the *Athenians*, who had *loved* and *rewarded* him for his *Conduct* and *Valour*, were obliged to baniſh him for his *Inſolence* and *Avarice*. *

The *Athenian* Writers took the ſame Liberty with *Pericles*, even after he had ſubverted the Conſtitution of his Country, and poſſeſſed himſelf of the Supreme Power; neither durſt that *Tyrant* offer to deſtroy this Branch of Liberty, though he had trampled upon every other Part of it. There is ſomething ſo very *ſingular* in the Character of this Man, by whoſe *ill Conduct* the moſt celebrated Republick in *Greece* was ruined, that I cannot forbear giving

* His *Rapaciouſneſs* is evident from hence: He was worth but *Three Talents* when he came into Publick Buſineſs; yet when he fled into *Perſia*, though he carried moſt of his Wealth with him, the *Athenians* made a ſhift to lay their Hands upon *One Hundred Talents*, which they put into the Publick Treaſury.

giving my Readers a particular Account of him; being of Opinion, that no Parts of Hiſtory are ſo *curious* and *inſtructive*, as thoſe which ſhew, by what *Means* and *Errors* the beſt Conſtitutions have been ſubverted and deſtroyed. After having given ſome Account of *Pericles* himſelf, I ſhall ſhew in what Manner he was treated, even in the Height of his Power, by the *Athenian* Writers, who ſcorned to let their Pens be enſlaved, and preferred the *Good of their Country* to every other Conſideration.

PERICLES, in his very Nature was envious, proud, cruel, avaritious, and impudent; his Eloquence, to which he chiefly truſted, was improv'd, if not learnt, under a *Woman, viz.* the famous *Aſpaſia*; and was, indeed, truly *Feminine*: It conſiſted chiefly in what the *French* call a *Flux de Bouche*, or a prodigious *Volubility* and *Flow of Words*; which being deliver'd in a ſpecious and plauſible Manner, his Speeches ſeldom failed of making an Impreſſion upon his Audience; but were ſo far from having any real Strength or Solidity, that they would not bear *reading*. We are therefore not to wonder that

ſo

ſo good a Judge as *Quintilian* ſhould declare, after having peruſed them, that they by no Means anſwered the Idea he had formed to himſelf of *Pericles*, who was ſo much talked of for an Orator? But whatever his Speeches might want of real *Strength* or *Argument*, was abundantly ſupplied by a never-failing and conſummate *Aſſurance.*

THERE cannot be a better Deſcription of his Way of managing a Debate, than the Account given of it to *Archidamus*, King of *Sparta*, by *Thucydides*, who was the greateſt Stateſman of his Age, and conſtantly oppoſed the Meaſures of *Pericles.* Your Majeſty's Predeceſſor having demanded of this great Man, *Which was the better Wreſtler, himſelf or* Pericles; *When I have flung him fairly*, (ſays *Thucydides*,) *he has always the conſummate Aſſurance to maintain, that he had no Fall; and by meer Dint of Impudence often perſwades the whole Aſſembly to be of that Opinion. Pericles* thus qualified, reſolved to *talk* himſelf into Affairs, and to become the moſt powerful Man in *Athens.*

Two

Two terrible Difficulties ſeem'd to oppoſe his Deſign; There was no Way of riſing in the Commonwealth, but by perſwading the People to have a great Opinion of his Capacity, either for *Military* or *Civil* Affairs. In theſe two Parts of the Government, two Men diſtinguiſhed themſelves, who we are aſſured were vaſtly ſuperior to him in Abilities, *viz.* *Cimon* and *Thucydides*. I ſhall ſay ſomething of each of them.

CIMON was the Son of that *Miltiades*, who was named by the Oracle at *Delphi* to command that Colony the *Athenians* planted in *Thrace*; and who afterwards, at the Head of ten thouſand Men, defeated the numerous Army of *Darius* in the Plains of *Marathon*. When *Cimon* was a young Man, he was flung into Priſon for a large Debt of his Father's, and lay there a conſiderable Time, till this Debt was diſcharged by a Moneyed Man, who married his Siſter. After having recover'd his Liberty, he gave ſuch Proofs of an uncommon Capacity, that the *Athenians* made him their General. His Succeſſes would hardly be credited, if all Hiſtorians in effect

had not given us the ſame Account of them. He defeated the *Thracians* at the River *Strymon*, built the City *Amphipolis*, and peopled it with a Colony of ten thouſand *Athenians*: His Addreſs and Affability render'd *Athens* the Miſtreſs of all *Greece*. The *Grecian* Cities, ſhock'd at the haughty Carriage of *Pauſanias*, King of *Sparta*, unanimouſly ranged themſelves under the Standard of *Cimon*.

He now turn'd his Arms againſt the *Perſian* Empire, that conſtant and dreadful Enemy to *Greece*. After ſeveral great Actions, at laſt, with a Felicity which no General has yet equalled, he obtained on the ſame Day one moſt glorious Victory at Sea, and another at Land. We are expreſly told, that the firſt of theſe was greater than the celebrated Victory of *Salamis*; and the laſt, than that of *Platea*. The King of *Perſia*, commonly call'd the *Great King*, amazed at theſe prodigious Succeſſes, was glad to make a Peace with *Cimon* upon any Conditions, and yielded the *Dominion of the Sea* ſo entirely to the *Athenians*, that he agreed none of his Galleys, or Men of War, ſhould ever appear for the future

future between the *Cyanean* and the *Chelidonian* Islands.* After *Cimon* had performed all these glorious Actions, after he had entirely subdued the *Thracians*, subjected all the *Chersonese* to the Commonwealth of *Athens*, and enriched the City with the Spoils of *Persia*, so great was his Generosity and good Nature, and so truly had his *own Afflictions* taught him to *pity* the *Unfortunate*, that he pull'd down all the Inclosures of his Gardens and Grounds, that Travellers might gather his Fruits freely, and at Discretion. At Home he kept an *open Table*; to which he constantly invited such of his Fellow-Citizens as he saw in the Forum. He always went abroad with a Train of Servants handsomely dressed, who followed him with a considerable Sum of Money. There was no such Thing in the Streets of *Athens* as a Beggar; but if *Cimon* saw any of his Fellow-Citizens who look'd dejected, seemed to be pinched in his Circumstances, and was but indifferently dressed, he immediately sent one of

* Consequently, by this Treaty, he could neither enter the *Ægean* Sea by the *Euxine*, nor the *Mediterranean* by the Seas of *Pamphylia* or *Syria*; so that the *Athenians* had a vast and safe *Trade* secured to them.

of his Retinue to give him Money privately, and to change Cloaths with him. In a Word, his whole Intereſt and his Eſtate were always at the Service of *Merit* in *Diſtreſs*; and many an *Athenian* had his Fortune made eaſy by the ſole Generoſity of this god-like Man. Moſt of the Particulars I have mention'd, and ſome others, are compriſed in the following Account of him: *Cimonem Athenienſes non ſolum in Bello, ſed in pace diu deſideraverunt; fuit enim tantâ liberalitate quum compluribus locis prædia hortoſque haberet, ut nunquam eis Cuſtodem poſuerit fructûs ſervandi gratiâ, ne quis impediretur quo minus ejus rebus quibus vellet frueretur. Semper eum pediſſequi cum nummis ſunt ſecuti, ut ſiquis opis ejus indigeret, haberet quod ſtatim daret, ne differendo videretur negare. Sæpe quum aliquem offenſum fortuna videret minùs bene veſtitum, ſuum amiculum dedit. Quotidie ſic cœna ei coquebatur, ut quos invocatos vidiſſet in foro omnes devocaret: Quod facere nullam diem prætermittebat. Nulli fides ejus, nulli opera, nulli res familiaris defuit: Multos locupletavit: Complures pauperes mortuos, qui unde efferrentur non reliquiſſent, ſuo ſumptu extulit.* Nep.

Such

SUCH was the Character of the generous *Cimon*, who marched at the Head of the *Athenian* Armies much farther than any General had led them before; and upon whoſe Death it was truly ſaid, That *the Fortune of* Greece *periſhed with him.*

THUCYDIDES was either the Father-in-Law, or * Son-in-Law of *Cimon*: He choſe to ally himſelf by Marriage to this General, that he might be the better enabled to oppoſe *Pericles*, whoſe Deſigns he plainly ſaw tended to alter the Laws of *Solon*, ſubvert the *Athenian* Conſtitution, and deſtroy the Commonwealth, that he might from the Ruins of it enrich *himſelf and his Family*. *Thucydides* was a Man of great Learning, Courage, and Integrity, and is generally allow'd to have been the moſt able Stateſman in his Time. *Plutarch* himſelf, who is commonly a little partial to the Perſon whoſe Life he is writing, is however forced to allow in his Life of *Pericles*, that *Thucydides* was a much better Politician.

THESE

* The *Greek* Word κηδεστης ſignifies both *Gener* and *Socer*; and the Criticks are divided in their Opinions.

These were the two Men, whom, in order to get all the *Power* and *Revenues* of the Commonwealth into his own Hands, it was abſolutely neceſſary *Pericles* ſhould ruin.

He had neither a *Soul*, nor a *Fortune*, large enough to rival *Cimon* in acts of *Generoſity* and *Good-nature*: He therefore preferred a Bill to divide all the publick Lands, and the Money in the Treaſury, among the common People. By this *Trick*, he *corrupted* the *Athenians* with their *own Money*, made them *purchaſe* their *own Chains*, and got a Party ſtrong enough to aboliſh the Power of the *Areopagites*, and to baniſh *Cimon*.

He pretended he had diſcovered a *Plot*; that a *Party* at *Athens* was in the *Lacedæmonian* Intereſt; and that *Cimon* was the *Chief* of this *Party*.

Having, by the Help of this moſt falſe and wicked Calumny, got rid of *Cimon*, he grew *jealous* of the moſt conſiderable and *able* Men among his own Friends; and therefore (according to *Idomeneus*) with the

moſt horrid Barbarity and Ingratitude, he cauſed the Orator *Ephialtes*, who had been of infinite Service to him, to be *privately aſſaſſinated*.

The *Lacedæmonian* Army now falling into *Tanagra*, *Pericles* was obliged to march againſt them: When the two Armies were ready to engage, the baniſhed *Cimon*, ſtill zealous for the Glory of *Athens*, came armed, and ranged himſelf as a private Soldier, among thoſe of his own Tribe. The *mean Jealouſy* of *Pericles* could not endure this Sight; he thought himſelf *ſure* of the *Victory*, and could not bear to think *Cimon* ſhould have any Share in the Glory of it. He therefore obliged him to retire. The generous *Cimon* was more troubled at being prevented from fighting for his Country, than at his being baniſhed out of it. He left the Army with Tears in his Eyes; but before he went away, conjured his Friends to behave in ſuch a Manner, that all the World might be convinced how *unjuſtly* they were accuſed of favouring the *Lacedæmonians*. The Battle join'd; The *Athenians* were defeated: *Pericles* with a good Number of his Friends,

got

got ſafe to *Athens*: But the Friends of *Cimon*, being an Hundred in Number, and placing a Suit of Armour of that General's in the midſt of their little Battalion, that the Sight of it might make them remember his Advice, fought with ſo deſperate a Courage, that every Man of them was ſlain upon the Field of Battle. The *Athenians* were now, too late, ſenſible how unjuſtly they had diſtruſted their gallant Countrymen, and that *Pericles* had only divided them into *Parties*, that he might himſelf play the Tyrant with the more Security.

The *Athenians* after this Battle were obliged to ſue for a Peace, which the *Spartans* granted; and gave *Pericles* Leiſure to ſacrifice the moſt valuable Man that was ſtill left at *Athens* to his *Envy* and *Jealouſy*. He baniſhed *Thucydides*; and now, as he was no longer afraid of the Man, who in all Aſſemblies of the People, had conſtantly oppoſed him, he threw off the Mask of *Popularity*, gave way to his *natural Pride* and *Inſolence*, and aſſumed an unprecedented Power over the Commonwealth.

A NEW Quarrel ariſing between *Sparta* and *Athens*, the *Lacedæmonians* ſent an Army into *Attica*, under the Command of their King *Pliſtonax*. *Pericles*, who had already been beaten by the *Spartans*, durſt not engage them a ſecond Time. He reſolved to try if he could not carry his Point by *Corruption* as well in the *Field*, as he had often done at *Athens*.

THE King of *Sparta* was very young, and ſuffered himſelf to be wholly governed by one *Cleandridas* his Favourite. *Pericles* having *bribed* this Man, the King of *Sparta* was perſwaded to withdraw his Army out of the *Athenian* Territories. The *Lacedæmonians* were not uſed to ſee their Armies return home without fighting; they immediately depoſed * and baniſhed their King. They proceeded to no farther Extremities againſt

* It was uſual with the *Spartans* to *fine*, to *depoſe*, and ſometimes even *to put their Kings to Death*: I cannot but prefer our own Conſtitution in this Particular, by which the *Perſons* of our Kings are declared *Sacred*, and their *Miniſters* alone are made accountable for what is done to the *Prejudice of the Publick*.

againſt their King in Conſideration of his Youth; but his corrupt Miniſter *Cleandridas* was put to Death.

THEY now ſent out another Army under the Command of *Archidamus*, whom they had choſen for their King. *Pericles* could not corrupt this Prince, who had no favourite Miniſter. All he could get from him was *a diſhonourable Truce*, and to obtain this Favour, he was forced to ſubmit to the *ſcandalous Terms* of giving up ſeveral of the *Athenian* Territories to their Enemies, the *Lacedæmonians*.

PERICLES ſometime after this, upon laying his Accounts before the *Athenians* of the publick Money, which all paſſed through his Hands, put down in every Year an Article to this Effect: *For a certain neceſſary Affair Ten Talents*. By his Creatures and Dependants, he perſwaded the People to *paſs* this *Article* in his *Account*, without enquiring into the *Meaning* of it; and, perhaps, this is the firſt Inſtance to be found in Hiſtory of *Secret-ſervice Money*.

MANY People think that he put this Sum into his own Pocket: *Theophraſtus*, and other Authors ſay, that he privately ſent it every Year to ſome of the chief Men at *Sparta*, and by this Means prevented the *Lacedæmonians* from declaring War againſt the *Athenians*. If this be true, he was guilty of a Piece of Baſeneſs, which his Countrymen muſt have highly reſented, if they had but known it; ſince in fact, this was nothing leſs than rendering *Athens tributary* to *Sparta*. All he got by it, was to defer a War for a few Years, which at length fell much heavier upon the *Athenians*, than it could have done at *this Time*.

DURING the *Truce* with *Sparta*, the whole Revenue of the Commonwealth ran through the Hands of *Pericles*. To ſhew the People he did *ſomething* with it, he ſet about ſeveral publick Buildings, which were rather *Ornaments* to the *City*, than really *Neceſſary*. He ſquandered away a prodigious Sum upon theſe Buildings, and upon *Statues* and *Paintings* to adorn them. The *Athenians* in general were highly diſpleaſed

pleaſed at this Proceeding. Their Murmurs grew ſo loud at laſt, that *Pericles* found it neceſſary to call an *Aſſembly of the People*, and give them ſome Satisfaction. He asked them, If they thought he had laid out too much Money upon the *publick Buildings?* The *People* unanimouſly anſwered, *A great deal too much. Very well*, ſays *Pericles*, *I will therefore be at the Expence of all theſe Buildings: But then*, Gentlemen, *You muſt allow me to clap my own Name upon them, and to dedicate them my ſelf.*

THE *Athenians* in general were extreamly fond of fine Buildings. Theſe were truly *beautiful*; for *Pericles* had employed the moſt celebrated Workmen in all *Greece*. His ſudden and unexpected Propoſal piqued the *Pride* of the *Athenian* People. This Paſſion ran away with their *Diſcretion*: They cried out to him to finiſh the Buildings at the Expence of the Publick; and *Pericles* took care to *take them at their Word*. This *Stratagem* has been much admired by ſome ancient Authors, and the *Magnanimity* both of *Pericles* and the *Athenians*, has been highly commended. With

Submiſſion, I think this moſt impudent Propoſal was a plain Demonſtration of what immenſe Sums he had robbed the Publick; and I am ſurprized, that ſo diſcerning a People as the *Athenians* did not take it in *this Light*. It is certain that *Pericles* was not one of the *richeſt* Men in *Athens*, when he came into publick Buſineſs: And it may be proved from Hiſtory, that theſe Buildings had already coſt almoſt *Four Thouſand Talents*, a *prodigious Sum*, eſpecially in thoſe Days.

PERICLES having obtained his Truce from the *Lacedæmonians*, undertook that notable Expedition againſt *Samos*, upon which he ever afterwards ſo much valued himſelf. The *Cauſe* of his declaring War againſt the *Samians*, was the moſt *ſcandalous* that can be imagined. He fell upon that unhappy People purely at the Requeſt of *Aſpaſia*. This Woman, who was a *Mileſian*, had a good deal of *Wit*, joined to a moſt conſummate *Aſſurance*, and ſo *fluent a Way of Talking*, that even *Socrates* himſelf, and ſome of the wiſeſt Men in *Athens*, were now and then well enough pleaſed to hear her *prate*. She got her living by having conſtantly a

Parcel

Parcel of young Wenches about her, and keeping the moſt notorious Brothel in all the City. We may ſee by the laſt of *Theophraſtus*'s *Characters*, that this Trade was no leſs *ſcandalous* among the *Athenians*, than it is at preſent with us.

Pericles had kept company with *Aſpaſia* for ſome Years, and was thought, as I have already obſerved, to have *learnt* his *Eloquence* from her. At laſt, to pleaſe her, he put away his *own Wife*, a Lady of *Merit* and *Virtue*, and in the Sight of all *Athens* married this *profligate Strumpet*. The *Samians* were at War with the *Mileſians*, for the Maſtery of *Priene*, when *Aſpaſia* obliged *Pericles* to fall upon the *Samians*, in favour of her Countrymen. He put himſelf at the Head of the *Athenian* Army upon this ſhameful Expedition. The *Samians* made a brave Defence for ſome Time; but being already weakened by the *Mileſians*, and unable to reſiſt the moſt powerful Republick in all *Greece*, their City was at laſt taken. *Duris*, who was himſelf a *Samian*, and whom *Cicero* commends for a diligent Hiſtorian, ſays, that *Pericles* uſed

the

the unhappy *Samians* with the utmoſt Inhumanity; that he ordered great Numbers of them to be faſtened to Planks; where, after they had languiſhed for Ten Days together, he commanded them to be ſlain, and their dead Bodies to be flung out unburied into the Fields and Streets. This laſt Circumſtance was reckoned among the *Greeks* to be the utmoſt Degree of Cruelty.

UPON his Return to *Athens* from this notable Expedition, he publickly boaſted, (if we may believe *Ion*,) that he was a *better General* than *Agamemnon*, becauſe, forſooth, he had taken *Samos* in leſs than *Ten Years*. He got the *Athenian* Ladies to crown him publickly with Garlands, as they uſed to crown thoſe Champions, who won the Prizes at the Olympick Games. At this Ceremony, *Elpinice*, Siſter of the generous *Cimon*, whom we have already mentioned, had the Courage to mortify his *ridiculous Vanity*: Stepping up to him with a Garland in her Hand, as if ſhe had been going to place it on his Head, *Pericles*, ſays ſhe, *theſe notable Exploits of yours do moſt certainly deſerve all our Chaplets: You have*

ſpilt

ſpilt the Blood of the Athenians, *not like my Brother* Cimon, *in a War againſt the* Perſians *and* Phœnicians (our old *Enemies* and *Barbarians*) *but to ruin a* Grecian *City, our ancient Ally, and deſcended from us.* This Reproach was too *juſt* to admit of a ſolid Anſwer. *Pericles* made her no other Reply, than by repeating a Verſe out of *Archilocus*, the Senſe of which is,

You ſhould not dreſs and paint at theſe Years.

THIS was the moſt *brutiſh* and *unmannerly* Thing he could have ſaid to a Lady, who but a few Years before had been thought one of the fineſt Women in all *Greece*, and was the moſt celebrated *Toaſt* in *Athens*: It was almoſt calling her in direct Terms an *old Woman.*

THE *Ruin of Samos* was not the only Thing in which *Pericles* ſhewed how little he valued the *Lives* of his *Fellow-Citizens*, in Compariſon of the Intereſt of his Family, or his own mean Jealouſy and private Revenge: He preferred a Bill, and perſuaded the People of *Athens* to paſs it into a Law, that

that none ſhould be eſteemed true Citizens, but ſuch whoſe Parents were *both* of them *Athenians*. By Virtue of this Law, about *five thouſand* innocent Perſons, at once, not only loſt the *Freedom* of the City, but were ſold for *Slaves*; a Puniſhment more ſevere than *Death* itſelf. The only Deſign of *Pericles*, in getting this Law paſſed, was to ſatisfy his *Jealouſy* by the Ruin of that great General *Cimon*, and his Family. *Cimon*'s Mother was the Daughter of *Olorus*, King of *Thrace*; and he himſelf had married a Lady of *Clitorium*, by whom he had two Sons.

PERICLES had ſeveral Sons by his own Wife, an *Athenian* Lady, when he got this Law paſſed; but Providence having ſome Time after deprived him of thoſe Children, he brought in a Bill, and perſwaded the People to repeal that Law which he himſelf had been the Author of, (and by which ſo many innocent Perſons had ſuffered,) for no other Reaſon, but that he might inroll a baſtard Son, by his own Name, in the Regiſter of *Athenian* Citizens.

It hath already been obſerved, how after the Baniſhment of *Thucydides*, *Pericles* had ſubverted the *Athenian* Conſtitution; the Prætorial Power, which before was *annual*, he now exerciſed *conſtantly* and *alone*, and had brought it to that Height, that it was without Bounds. To avoid a War with the *Lacedæmonians*, he had given up Part of the *Athenian* Territories, and ſeen his Country *long inſulted* in the moſt *diſhonourable Manner*. At laſt, purely for his own *Intereſt* he engaged his Country in a *War* with as little Judgment as he had before prevented their reſenting the Injuries they receiv'd. All the publick Revenues had paſſed through his Hands for a conſiderable Time; and he had increas'd the Taxes to at leaſt one third more than *Ariſtides the Juſt* had ſettled them at. The People at laſt reſolved to make him give an Account what he had done with ſo great a Sum of publick Money. Perhaps, though no Hiſtory ſays ſo, they now began to reflect upon the modeſt Offer he had made them, to lay down about four thouſand Talents, at once, out of what he called his *own Money*. It was impoſſible for him to give a *fair* and

honeſt

honeſt Account how he had expended thoſe prodigious Sums he had received; and yet he found it abſolutely neceſſary to lay *ſomething* in the *Shape* of an Account before the People.

WHILE he was under this Perplexity, *Alcibiades*, who was his near *Relation*, and to whom he was *Guardian*, came one Day to his Houſe; but was told by his Servant, *That he could not poſſibly ſee his Maſter, who was buſy in making up his Accounts to lay before the People. Hark you, Friend*, (ſays this Urchin, who ſeemed born to do Miſchief,) *tell your Maſter from me, that I am ſorry to hear he is no better employed; he ought to be contriving how to give in no Accounts at all.* The Servant did as he was ordered, and delivered this graceleſs Meſſage to his Maſter. A wicked Mind is always ſuſceptible of wicked Advice; and *Socrates* uſed to ſay, that *Ill Counſel was very ſoon at its Journey's End. Pericles* immediately took the Hint his hopeful Pupil had given him: He threw aſide his Papers, and reſolved to find out ſome other *Buſineſs* for the *Athenians*, than to *look over his Accounts*. In a Word, he determined to

ſling every Thing into Confuſion, and rather ruin his Country, than ſuffer himſelf to be called to an Account for all the publick Money he had embezzled.

THE Method which firſt occurred to him, was, to light up a bloody and dangerous War againſt the *Lacedæmonians*; thoſe very People whom he had formerly feared to encounter, from whom he had bought a *diſhonourable Truce* and whoſe Armies, to the Scandal of the *Athenian* State, he had tamely ſuffered to over-run *Attica*.

THE *Lacedæmonians* at this Time were not in a Diſpoſition to *quarrel*. Their King *Archidamus* did all in his Power to prevent a Rupture, and ſent Three Ambaſſadors to *Athens* to this Purpoſe; but *Pericles*, who determined to ſet Fire to the War, to prevent an *Impeachment* againſt *himſelf*, was now the only *Athenian* who would not hear of *Peace*. Thus was the *Peloponneſian* War kindled, which ended in the Taking of *Athens*, the Deſtruction of their Commonwealth, and ſubjected that miſerable People

to

to the Power of *thirty Tyrants*, who were placed over them; and by whom the *divine Socrates* was put to Death, for enveighing againſt their *Cruelty* and *Oppreſſion*.

WHEN this War firſt broke out, the *Athenians* ſoon became ſenſible how neceſſary it is even for *States*, as well as *private Perſons*, to preſerve their *Reputation*. The many Inſults they had tamely ſuffered of late Years from the *Lacedæmonians*, had quite effaced the Memory of their *Victories* under the Conduct of the *illuſtrious Cimon*; and the *Græcian* Cities, generally ſpeaking, took Part with the *Spartans*, who had ſtill maintained the Reputation of their *Military Virtue*. *Pericles*, though he had been the ſole Author and Promoter of this War, durſt not look his Enemies in the Face: He kept his Army within the Walls of *Athens*; The Country People likewiſe ran thither for Protection; and ſuch a Multitude of Perſons cooped up together, produced that terrible *Plague*, of which *Thucydides* has given us ſo full a Deſcription, and which gave Occaſion to that excellent Poem compoſed by one of our

our own * Countrymen, and entitled, *The Plague of* Athens.

THE moſt mortifying Circumſtance in the Deſtruction of the *Athenian* Commonwealth, was, that they were vanquiſhed at *Sea* in that Battle which decided their *Fate*. They had been, till that Time, ever reckoned the *Maſters of the Sea*: The *Piræum*, which joined their City, was the moſt celebrated Harbour in all *Greece*; and at the Beginning of this War, they had a Fleet of no leſs than one hundred and fifty Ships.

SUCH were the Conſequences of *Pericles*'s Adminiſtration, who maintained himſelf in Power the *longeſt* of any *Stateſman* at *Athens*; and by the Help of an *immoderate Aſſurance*, and *a fluent Way of prating*, had *talked* himſelf up to the Head of Affairs, and deprived the Commonwealth of her moſt valuable Citizens.

THERE is one *Particular* in the Character of this Man, which, ſince I omitted to men-

 tion

* Dr. *Sprat*, Biſhop of *Rocheſter*.

tion in its proper Place, I ſhall take notice of here. I cannot find, that during the whole Time of his ſhameful Adminiſtration, in a City the moſt celebrated in the World for *Arts* and *Sciences*, he ever preferred, or did one generous Thing for a Man of *Parts* and *Learning*: There is the moſt *ſcandalous Inſtance* of his behaving in a contrary Manner, which can, perhaps, be met with in all Hiſtory.

IF he had any Learning, or any Thing elſe truly valuable in him, it is confeſſed that he owed it to his Tutor *Anaxagoras*.

THIS great Philoſopher, though born to a good Paternal Eſtate, ſuffered it to lie like a Common, to be grazed by his Neighbour's Cattle, and made no private Advantage of it. He applied himſelf wholly to his Studies; and we are told that the *Græcians* had ſo great an Opinion of his *Wiſdom*, that they commonly called him Νοῦς, that is, *Mind, Intelligence*, or *Underſtanding*.

HE

He is ſaid to have been the firſt of all the Philoſophers, who, inſtead of aſcribing the Formation of the World either to *Chance* or *Neceſſity*, undertook to demonſtrate, from the wonderful Beauty and Order of all its Parts, that the Diſpoſition of them muſt have been the Work of a *Wiſe* and *Intelligent* Being; and perhaps this *particular Tenet*, as well as his own *Wiſdom*, might acquire him the Sirname of Nũs.

Anaxagoras had not only inſtructed *Pericles* in Philoſophy, but had frequently aſſiſted him with his *Advice* in his greateſt Difficulties as a Counſellor of State. *Pericles*, to ſhew his *Gratitude*, while the Wealth of *Greece* ran every Year through his Hands, and while he daily laid out ſuch immenſe Sums upon *Pictures*, *Statues*, and *Buildings*, ſuffered this great Man to want even the *common Neceſſaries* of *Life*. The Philoſopher had a *Soul* too *big* to *ask*: He reſolved to *ſtarve himſelf*; and to this purpoſe lay down upon the Ground, and *covered his Head*, as it was cuſtomary with the

Ancients * to do, when ſome great *Misfortune* had made them weary of *Life*, and they had determined to *die*. This Piece of News was ſoon carried to *Pericles*. To prevent the Cenſure of the World, he immediately ran to his old Tutor: He pretended to lament over him in the moſt Paſſionate Manner, but to be chiefly concerned at his own looſing ſo wiſe and able a Counſellor. The Philoſopher hearing this, was no longer able to endure the Complaint of ſuch a Monſter of *Ingratitude* and *Hypocriſy*: He unmuffled himſelf; and diſcovering his meagre Face, *Pericles*, ſays he, *a Man who wants the Light of a Lamp, takes care, at leaſt, to ſupply it with Oil.* Intimating, in an handſome Manner, that if he would have had him live, he ought to have allowed him a proper Maintenance. He vouchſafed to ſay nothing more to his worthleſs Pupil.

SOCRATES

Nam male re geſtâ cum vellem mittere operto
Me Capite in Flumen ——— HOR.

——— *Caput glauco contexit amictu,*
Multa gemens. ——— VIRG.

SOCRATES, who was not only one of the *wiſeſt*, but perhaps the *beſt* of meer Men, that ever appeared in the World, was likewiſe Cotemporary with *Pericles*. *Socrates* had ſeveral very great Men for his Diſciples, among whom were *Plato* and * *Xenophon*. Yet I cannot find that our *worthleſs Stateſman*, with all his Pretenſions to *Eloquence*, ever took the leaſt Notice of any of them. He might poſſibly be afraid that ſuch Men, if he had converſed familiarly with them, would ſoon ſee through him; and yet I do not think that this is a ſufficient Explanation of his Conduct. I know not whether I have not hit upon the *true* Reaſon of it: I have already deſcribed *Pericles* to be a Man full of the moſt *mean* and *pitiful Jealouſies*. I have

* *Xenophon* was not only one of the greateſt Scholars, but one of the greateſt Generals of his Age. His *Cyropædia* is a convincing Proof of his Genius and Learning; and his Retreat from *Babylon* after the Death of *Cyrus*, at the Head of Ten thouſand *Greeks*, through ſo many vaſt Countries belonging to his Enemies, is the moſt celebrated Exploit of that kind in all Hiſtory. We are told, that *Mark Anthony*, in his Retreat out of *Parthia*, when he ſaw ſo many of his Men killed by the *Barbarians*, uſed to cry out, *Oh! the Ten Thouſand, the Ten Thouſand!* in Remembrance of this famous Retreat of *Xenophon*'s.

already obſerved, how ſtrongly his pernicious Meaſures were oppoſed by the *great* and *learned Thucydides*: I find beſides, that another *learned Man*, and *celebrated Author*, had a Right to at leaſt half the Reputation of the moſt glorious Campaign *Pericles* ever made; and that he was twice ſoundly beaten at Sea by an *eminent Philoſopher*.

PLUTARCH expreſly tells us, that the moſt ſucceſsful of all *Pericles*'s Expeditions, and which gave the *Athenians* moſt Satisfaction, was that in which he ſailed round the *Peloponneſus*. I cannot find that any conſiderable Battle was fought during this Expedition; however, the *Spartan* Territories were ſufficiently harraſſed, and a great Part of *Achaia* reduced. But then there is a certain Circumſtance, which, though *Plutarch* takes no notice of, we learn ſufficiently from other Authors, *viz.* That *Sophocles*, that celebrated Writer of Tragedies, (who overcame *Æſchilus* in a ſolemn Contention, and ſome of whoſe Pieces are come down to us,) was made General, and had an equal Command with *Pericles* in this Expedition, both over the Fleet, and the Land Forces which were

were on Board it. The *Athenian* Fleet divided when they came to *Peloponneſus*, and acted in two diſtinct Squadrons; *Sophocles* commanded one of theſe Squadrons, and *Pericles* the other; ſo that *Sophocles* had at leaſt a Right to one half of the Reputation which was acquired in this Fortunate Campaign.*

THE ſecond Fact, I mentioned, is related by *Ariſtotle*, who was *Plato*'s Scholar, and lived immediately after *Pericles*. *Ariſtotle* ſays, That *Pericles* was ſoundly beat in two ſeveral Engagements at Sea by *Meliſſus*, who was one of the greateſt Philoſophers in *Greece*, and whom the *Samians* had made their General. When *Pericles* was thus beaten, he had the ſole Command of the *Athenian* Fleet and Army: He was not then aſſiſted by the Conduct and Courage of the celebrated *Sophocles*.

* *Igitur Athenienſes adverſus tantam tempeſtatem belli, duos duces deligunt, Periclem ſpectatæ virtutis virum, & Sophoclem Scriptorem Tragœdiarum: qui diviſo exercitu, & Spartanorum agros vaſtaverunt, & multas Achaiæ civitates Athenienſium imperio adjecerunt.* JUST. *Cicero* likewiſe, and other Authors, take notice of *Sophocles*'s being General in this Expedition.

If we reflect upon the natural Temper of *Pericles*, full of the *meaneſt Jealouſy*, and then conſider the ſeveral Facts I have juſt mentioned, it will perhaps not appear ſo very ſtrange, that he ſhould have ſo ſtrong an Antipathy to Men of *Parts* and *Learning*.

It is time I ſhould ſhew in what Manner, even in the Height of his *arbitrary Adminiſtration*, and amidſt all his *Power* and *Greatneſs*, the *Athenian* Writers took the Liberty to ſpeak of him.

The Wits of *Athens*, in regard of the tyrannical Power he had aſſumed, commonly called him *Piſiſtratus*, which was the Name of a famous Tyrant who once reigned in *Athens*. They likewiſe branded his *Creatures* and *Tools* with the odious Title of the *Piſiſtratides*. A Comick Poet, called *Teleclides*, upbraids his Countrymen the *Athenians* in one of his Pieces, for *Tamely ſuffering one worthleſs Fellow to diſpoſe of all the publick Money; to affront ſuch of their Allies as he thought fit; to make Peace or War at his own Diſcretion*; and finally, *to*

have it in his Power to ruin the Commonwealth, in order to gratify his own private Revenge, or ſhameful Avarice. In another of his Plays he names him without the leaſt Ceremony, and ſays, that *At preſent he is hardly able to ſupport the Weight of his own* monſtrous Head, *and does not know which Way to turn himſelf, amidſt the Confuſion into which his Folly has brought the Affairs of the Commonwealth.*

Cratinus, another Writer, in his Play, called *The Chirons*, ſpeaking of *Pericles*, ſays, That Time *and* Faction *had begot this monſtrous Tyrant.* In his Play, called *Nemeſis*, he addreſſes himſelf to him, and cries in a bitter Sarcaſm; *Deliver us out of our preſent Confuſions, O thou that art bleſſed with a monſtrous Head!*

The ſame Author introduces him upon the Stage in his Play, called *The Thracian Women*, and makes another Perſon ſpeak of him to this Effect; *Here comes our Jobber-headed* Pericles: *His ill-ſhaped Noddle is at preſent big with a Plan for his Muſick-Room:*

Room: Help * Lucina, *that it may be ſafely, delivered of this notable Project, ſo much for the Service of the Commonwealth.*

ANOTHER Writer ſpeaking of him, ſays, *All the Confuſions we are at preſent in, are entirely owing to the over-grown Noddle of this prating empty Fellow* Pericles.

THE Reader, that he may take the full Force of theſe Jeſts, ought to be informed, that *Pericles* had an Head of an uncommon Shape, and bigger than moſt other Mens.

IN order to hide this *Deformity*, he made all his flattering Painters and Statuaries repreſent him with his Helmet on, in their *Pictures* and *Buſts*. The *Athenian* Wits obſerving his ridiculous *Tenderneſs* in this Point, fell upon him the more unmercifully.

THEY called him Σχινοκέφαλος, or *Squill-Pate*; and in moſt of thoſe Jeſts which they made

* *Lucina* was the Goddeſs to whom the Women in Child-bed addreſſed themſelves for an eaſy and happy Delivery. The Form of invocating this Deity was uſually in theſe Words; *Lucina fer opem! Help, O* Lucina!

made upon his Conduct and Politicks, and which are come down to us, there is ſome Alluſion to his *great Head*, which they often obſerve had but *little* in it: In theſe Jeſts, in the *Greek*, there is what the *French* call a *Jeu de Mots*, an Alluſion to the Word κεφαλὴ, or κάρη, *an Head*, which it is impoſſible to preſerve in any Tranſlation.

It would be too tedious to mention all the bitter Things that were ſaid of him by ſeveral *Athenian* Writers. The Comick Poets brought him upon the Stage in almoſt every Play; and made no Scruple to expoſe his ridiculous *Schemes* and *Politicks* in the Manner they deſerved. *Hermippus*, in a Copy of Lyrick Verſes, bitterly upbraids him for *Tying up the Hands of his Countrymen, and forcing them to ſit ſtill, while they were* inſulted *and* robbed *by* their *Neighbours*. He addreſſes himſelf to the Pacifick Stateſman after this Manner; *Why, O King of* * *Satyrs, art thou afraid to unſheath the Sword!*

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* *Hermippus* called him the *King of Satyrs*, from his *Luſt*: He is reported by the Help of his *Money*, and the *Virtuous Aſpaſia*, to have had ſome of the fineſt Women in *Athens*.

Sword! All thy Valour ſeems to lie in thy Tongue: To hear thee talk with ſo conſummate an Aſſurance, and ſo much Intrepidity, a Man would imagine thou hadſt as much Courage as * Teles *himſelf, whilſt, in Reality, thou trembleſt at the Sight of a naked Sword: Thy mean Soul ſhudders at the Thoughts of War, though the Valiant* † Cleon *endeavours daily to rouze thee up, and is impatient to be in Arms, and to revenge the Wrongs of his injured Country.*

PERICLES, however nettled, was forced to hear all theſe ſevere Truths; and though he had aboliſhed the Power of the *Areopagites*, the moſt venerable Council and Tribunal in the World, though he had *ſubverted the* Athenian *Conſtitution, and trampled upon their Liberties*, he never durſt proceed to the laſt Degree of Tyranny, and attempt the laying a Reſtraint upon their Pens. He was probably afraid they would never have endured to ſee themſelves made ſuch

* A Man famous for his perſonal Courage.

† This *Cleon* came at laſt to be General of the *Athenians*.

ſuch abſolute and compleat *Slaves* in the Eyes of all *Greece*; and therefore would not take from them this *Shadow* of their *ancient Liberty*, for fear of provoking them to the moſt *deſperate* and *violent* Meaſures.

Cleon and *Alcibiades* were afterwards, in the Height of their Power, treated in the ſame free Manner by the *Athenian* Wits and Writers. Their Vices and ill Conduct, as they related to the *Publick*, were expoſed on the *Publick Stage* by *Ariſtophanes*, and others.

If your Majeſty ſhould infer from what I have ſaid, that the *Athenians* were an unpolite ill-judging Audience, and that they encouraged the utmoſt Licentiouſneſs in their Dramatick Writers; I beg leave to tell your Majeſty two ſhort Stories, which may poſſibly alter your Opinion.

An *Athenian* Poet, drawing the Character of an avaricious and rapacious Man in one of his Plays, had made him ſay, that *He valued his Money more than his Country or his Friends.* The *Athenians* were ſo ſtruck with

with Horror at this Sentiment, that to ſhew their Diſpleaſure, the whole Audience immediately roſe up, and reſolved to leave the Theatre; when the Author of the Play, who was behind the Scenes, came out upon the Stage and told them, That *No Body could be more ſenſible than himſelf of the Vileneſs of that Sentiment, at which they had expreſſed their Diſlike; and that he only entreated they would ſtay to ſee that Villain thoroughly puniſhed, who was capable of uttering ſuch a Sentence.* The Audience were prevailed upon by this handſome Apology to take their Seats again; and ſaw, with great Satisfaction, full *Poetical Juſtice* executed upon a Wretch who had broached ſuch a Maxim, as, in the Opinion of this wiſe People, muſt be deſtructive to any Government.

I SHALL give one Inſtance more of the Taſte and Judgment of an *Athenian* Audience.

AT the firſt Repreſentation of one of *Æſchilus*'s Plays, the Theatre was ſo crowded, that an old Gentleman who came late,

could get no Place. He buſtled about for ſome Time in Search of one, to no Purpoſe, till at laſt he came to the moſt conſpicuous Part of the Theatre, where the *Lacedæmonian* Ambaſſadors ſat. The *Spartans* always paid the utmoſt Reſpect to old Men: The Ambaſſadors therefore, as ſoon as ever they ſaw this venerable *Athenian* coming towards them, roſe up, and ſeated him between them. The *Athenians*, though this Action ſeemed ſufficiently to reflect upon their own Behaviour, gave their Approbation of it in ſuch a Thunder of Applauſe, that the Actors upon the Stage were obliged to ſtop for ſeveral Minutes, before they could proceed in the Play.

If notwithſtanding what I ſaid, your Majeſty, and ſome of my Readers, ſhould think the *Athenians* in the Wrong, who, though they ſhewed their Diſlike of any Thing upon the Stage, which was deſtructive to *Virtue* and *Liberty*, would ſit with Pleaſure to hear the *Blunders* and *Vices* of their Stateſmen expoſed; I only beg leave to add, that I do firmly believe there were as *Wiſe*, as *Great*, and as *Learned* Men at *Athens*, as any

any to be found at preſent, within the good Cities of *London* and *Weſtminſter*.

HAVING ſhewn in what Manner the *Athenians* enjoyed the *Liberty of the* * *Preſs*; let us ſee upon what Foot it ſtood at *Rome*; and how far the *Romans* were allowed either to *ſpeak* or *write* their real Sentiments of *Men* and *Things*.

THE great *Cato*, who, moſt People ſeem to think had pretty juſt Notions about *Freedom* and *Liberty*, wrote a moſt ſevere Satire in *Iambick* Verſe againſt *Metellus Scipio*, upon the Account of a private Injury he received from him: We are told that *Cato*'s Verſes equalled even thoſe of † *Archilochus*.

CICERO

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* I hope I need not tell any learned Criticks, that I know when *Printing* was firſt *invented*, or uſed in *Europe*; notwithſtanding which, I preſume to call the Liberty of Men's ſpeaking, writing, and publiſhing their Thoughts, *The Liberty of the Preſs*.

† *Archilochus* firſt invented this *Iambick* Verſe, extreamly proper for Satire; and with which he made *Lycambes* hang himſelf: From whence *Ovid*, when he threatens his Enemy *Ibis*, that he will write againſt him in *Iambicks*, ſays,

Tincta Lycambæo ſanguine tela feram.

Cicero wrote an high Panegyrick upon *Cato*, under the Dictatorſhip of *Cæſar*: A Panegyrick upon *Cato*, was the ſevereſt Satire upon *Cæſar*, whoſe Meaſures *Cato* had conſtantly oppoſed. *Cæſar* took it in this Light: But though he was abſolute Maſter of *Rome*, reſented it no otherwiſe, than by writing a large and diſtinct Anſwer to it; which he began with telling his Readers, that He hoped they would not expect the ſame Accuracy of Stile from a Soldier, as from a Man who had made Eloquence his chief Study, and was ſo famous for excelling in it. This Apology was extreamly artful, though *Cæſar*, in Reality, had leſs Occaſion to make uſe of it, than any one Man in all *Rome*.

On the very Day of his Triumph, and as he was riding in State to the Capitol, his own Soldiers took the Liberty to ſing under his Noſe, *Romani, cavete uxores, mœchum calvum adducimus.* Romans, *take care of your Wives; we bring you home the bald Adulterer.* This was reproaching him, in the ſame Breath, with that Vice he was moſt

addicted to, and with a ſort of *Deformity* which he carefully endeavoured to conceal. 'Tis well known, that he received no Honour the Senate decreed him with more Pleaſure, than when they allowed him conſtantly to wear a Wreath of Laurel, which covered that *Baldneſs* his *Intenſe Thinking* had probably brought upon him, ſooner than it uſually came upon other Men.

AN Action of one of *Auguſtus*'s Soldiers, is a Proof of that ſturdy Liberty which the *Romans* kept up under every one of their Emperors, who was not a down-right *Tyrant*. *Auguſtus*, in one of his Camps, was terribly diſturbed every Night by the Noiſe of a Screech-Owl, that flew about his Tent. He ordered it to be publiſhed, that if any of the Soldiers could catch this troubleſome Creature, he ſhould be handſomely rewarded. A dexterous Fellow found out a Way to take the Owl, and carried it to the Emperor's Pavilion. It ſeems, the Reward ſent him was much leſs than he expected. The Fellow, without ſaying a Word, let his Owl looſe again; and the Emperor was entertained at Night, with his uſual Se-

renade.

renade. *Auguſtus* was ſo far from being angry at the Fellow's Bluntneſs, that he ordered him a good Sum of Money; and ever after, when he rewarded Mens Services, remembered he was Emperor of *Rome*.

SENECA wrote a very ſevere Satire againſt the Emperor *Claudius*, for having unjuſtly baniſhed him.

ONE of the beſt and greateſt of all the *Roman* Emperors * being informed, that a Satire was publiſhed againſt him, and perſuaded to puniſh the Author; *By no means*, (ſays he:) *If what the Gentleman has wrote is falſe and groundleſs, it will do me no harm; if it be true, I ſhall know how to amend my Errors by it.*

IN the latter Times of the *Roman* Empire, when Chriſtianity got Ground, the *Liberty of the Preſs* was carried to a greater Height than ever; An indiſcreet Zeal for Religion, made ſome Men of weak Heads abuſe their Emperors in the moſt groſs and ſcurrilous Terms, without either Wit, Truth, or Decency.

* *Marcus Antoninus.*

St. *Hilary*, of *Poictiers*, wrote againſt the Emperor *Conſtantius*, in ſuch Language, as many a Porter would ſcorn to make uſe of.

GREGORY Nazianzen treats the Emperor *Julian* in the ſame Manner. It appears from the beſt Authorities, that *Julian* was guilty of no notorious Crime, beſides his quitting the Chriſtian Religion, which he never ſincerely profeſs'd. This Emperor had vaſt natural Parts; was learned, valiant, generous and temperate; had an unwearied Application to Buſineſs, an abſolute Command over his Paſſions, a comely Perſon, and ſomething extreamly noble in his Air and Behaviour. *Gregory* wrote two Invectives againſt him, (which *Canæus* ſays, he publiſhed in the Emperor's Life Time,) and in which he endeavours to paint his Prince as a Monſter, both in *Body* and *Mind*. The good Man could not ſay his Emperor was either hump-back'd, or crook-legg'd, but he made a ſhift to find out that *Julian* was ever moving his Head, that his Eyes were wandering, his Looks furious, and the Air of his Face full of Inſolence: From which Marks

Gregory

Gregory ſays, that *As ſoon as ever he ſaw him*, (they ſtudied together at *Athens*,) *he was ſure he was the vileſt of Men, and would never come to any Good.* He then uſes his utmoſt Skill to expoſe and ridicule all his Prince's *Speeches* and *Writings*, (which by-the-by, moſt Men of Taſte have ſince admired;) and in a Word, ſticks at no ſort of Scurrility. The Emperor made no Reply to an infinite Number of Abuſes of this Kind, (which he met with almoſt daily from ſome other zealous Chriſtians, as well as from *Gregory*,) but with his own excellent *Pen*, and by a *mild* and *ſteady Government*. His great Soul ſcorned to have Recourſe to Cruelty or Violence; and by his acting in this Manner, he has given a moſt convincing Proof, how unjuſtly he was charged with every Fault, except his Apoſtacy. How far he was guilty on that Head, whether he acted upon worldly Motives, or really followed the Direction of his *Reaſon*, is what none but that ſupreme Being who knows all Things, and his own Conſcience, could fully determine. It is, I think, allowed by the greateſt Divines of all Perſuaſions, that *A Man is obliged to follow the Dictates, even of an erroneous Conſcience.*

I SHALL only obſerve, that the Behaviour of a *weak* and a *guilty* Prince, is moſt commonly extreamly different from the Emperor *Julian*'s. When *Luther* fell ſo ſmartly upon that *ſilly* Book which *Harry* the Eighth wrote againſt him, and when Cardinal *Pool* ſoon after expoſed the *Cruelties*, *Rapine*, and *Injuſtice* of this wicked King, in their *true* Colours, I am of Opinion, that either of theſe two Authors, would have paſſed his Time but very indifferently, if our *Engliſh Tyrant* could have laid his Hands upon him.

THOUGH I have ſhewn in what Manner the *Roman* Emperors were actually treated, I am far from juſtifying ſuch Behaviour in Subjects towards their Prince. The *Name* and *Perſon* of a Prince ought to be regarded as Things *ſacred* by all his Subjects. A *King* is of no *Party*. He is the *common Father* of all his People: It is his Duty, *Parcere Subjectis, & Debellare Superbos*. I am very well pleaſed with the Maxim in our *Engliſh* Law, That *The King himſelf can do no wrong*; but ſhould this Rule be extended

tended to his *Miniſters*, we might prate about *Freedom*, and brag of our *Liberties*; but there would not be in all *Europe*, a Nation of more *abject* and *ridiculous Slaves*.

It muſt be confeſſed, that the Emperor *Julian* ſhewed an uncommon Greatneſs of Mind, in pardoning the continued Inſolence and Scurrilities of thoſe Enthuſiaſts, who, perhaps, were in themſelves honeſt and good Men, and might fancy they were ſerving *God*, while they were abuſing their *Prince*. It is probable the Emperor looked upon their Proceedings with a generous Pity and Contempt, imagining very juſtly, that ſuch outragious Railings, could do his Character no Injury with Men of Senſe and Judgment. And here it cannot be improper to obſerve, that any Author who in his Writings has no manner of Regard to *Truth*, and breaks through the eſtabliſhed Rules of *Decency* and *good Manners*, will do himſelf much more harm than the Perſon, or Perſons, he writes againſt. A Reader muſt be extreamly dull, who is not able to diſtinguiſh *Truth* from *Paſſion*, and *Reaſon* from *Reſentment*.

I HAVE already declared my Opinion, that the *Names* and *Perſons* of Kings ought to be looked upon as Things *ſacred* by all their Subjects: Yet even Princes themſelves would do well to remember, that this profound *Reſpect* and *Veneration*, which is paid to their *Perſons* by all underſtanding Men, neither *can* nor *will* ſubſiſt after they are dead. It would be aboliſhing all Hiſtory at once, if the Characters and Actions of Princes, after their Deceaſe, were not to be fairly examined, and faithfully related. Even thoſe of their own Family, if they are Perſons of good Senſe, cannot take this Liberty amiſs in a Writer. Our late excellent Queen *Mary* gave a remarkable Inſtance of what I am ſaying.

THAT admirable Princeſs, was one Day asking a learned Prelate, *If he knew why King* James, *her Father, was ſo highly enraged againſt Monſieur* Jurieu? The Biſhop replied, That *He conceived it was for ſome Stories which Monſieur* Jurieu *had inſerted in his Writings about* Mary *Queen of* Scots; *and which caſt an high Reflection upon all*

who were deſcended from her. The Queen immediately replied, *It is Monſieur* Jurieu's *Buſineſs to ſupport the Cauſe he has undertaken, and to expoſe thoſe that perſecuted it: If what he ſays of* Mary *Queen of* Scots *is really true, Monſieur* Jurieu *is not to be blamed for making as much uſe of it as he can.* She immediately added, *If Princes will do ill Things, the World will take Revenge of their Memory, if they cannot reach their Perſons: This is the leaſt they muſt expect for their Inhumanity, and for making ſuch Multitudes of People miſerable while they live.*

WHAT this excellent Queen obſerved does indeed always happen: *Suetonius* wrote the Lives of the *Roman* Emperors, with the ſame Freedom they led them. Our *James* the Firſt lived ſurrounded with Sycophants, and a Set of worthleſs Creatures; and we now ſee with what *Contempt* and *Indignation*, every Man of Senſe or Reading mentions his *Name*. His murdering Sir *Walter Rawleigh*, (as great and univerſal a Genius, as not only *England*, but perhaps any other Nation ever produced) is juſtly looked upon as ſuch a Complication of *Baſeneſs*

and *Cruelty*, as can hardly be parallel'd. It were, indeed, to be wiſhed, that the Murder of this great Man (no leſs a Scandal to *England*, than that of *Socrates* to *Athens*) could be blotted out of the *Britiſh* Hiſtory. It were to be wiſhed his *Trial* was not ſtill extant, which no body can peruſe without Horror; and at which *Coke*, that *Oracle of the Law*, as ſome Men call him, gave the cleareſt Demonſtration of his being a moſt *abandoned Proſtitute*.

FROM what has been obſerved, it is very certain, that nothing could make Princes a ſufficient Amends for that Severity with which they are ſure to have their Actions canvaſſed after their Death, but the having it every Day in their Power, while they live, to do ſuch Actions as would render their Memories truly glorious and immortal.

I HAVE already taken notice, in my *Introduction*, that the *Chineſe* are allow'd to excel all other People in the Art of Government. In *China* the Emperor is abſolute: There are only two Things he is obliged to ſubmit to, and which the *Chineſe* think, if he

he has the leaſt grain of Virtue, Honour, or Generoſity, will be a ſufficient Check upon all his Actions. He is ſure to hear of his *Faults* while he is alive, and to have them recorded in Hiſtory after his Death.

I HAVE obſerved, that in *China* no Man is a *Gentleman* by his *Birth*, but that the Mandarines, or Gentlemen, become ſuch by their own *Parts* and *Learning*. Theſe Mandarines, by a fundamental Law of the *Chineſe* Empire, are allowed to tell the Emperor, in reſpectful, yet in plain Terms, whatever they think is amiſs in his Conduct; and we are aſſured, that whenever they think the *Honour* of their *Prince*, or the *Good* of their *Country*, makes it neceſſary, they never fail to make uſe of their Privilege. There was a remarkable Inſtance of this, in the Reign of one of their Emperors, who was a proud and obſtinate Man. This Emperor's Conduct, in a certain Particular, was directly contrary to the Precepts of the great *Confucius*. One of the wiſeſt and moſt learned of the Mandarines hereupon demanded an Audience; and having told his Prince what he conceived was wrong in his Conduct, he ſhewed him,

him, with great ſtrength of Reaſon, the ill Conſequences which would probably attend it. The Emperor, who was not of an Humour to think he could be in the Wrong, inſtead of reforming his own Conduct, ordered the Mandarine to be put to Death for his Inſolence. The next Day another Mandarine demanded an Audience; he made the ſame Remonſtrances his Predeceſſor had done, and met with the ſame Fate. Upon the third Day a third Mandarine went to the Emperor: To ſhew that he expected to die, but that he willingly devoted himſelf for the *good of his Country*, he ordered his Herſe to follow him in Mourning, and to wait at the Palace-Gate. He then went boldly up to the Emperor and told him, that *If he did not immediately reform his Conduct, his Reign would appear the moſt ſhameful to future Ages, of any yet recorded in the Chronicles of* China. The Emperor incenſed at this Behaviour, not only put him to Death, but ordered him to expire under the moſt exquiſite Tortures.

THE Mandarines upon this aſſembled in a Body: They came to a generous Reſolution,

Reſolution, that whatever was the Conſequence, they would not ſee their Prince perſiſt in a Conduct which would be a *Diſgrace* to himſelf, and was contrary to the *Maxims* and *Policy* of their Government. They determined by Lot, what Members of their Body ſhould go next, and wait upon the Emperor. Every Man as the Lot fell upon him readily went, and did his Duty. A great Number of them were put to Death; but at laſt, the Emperor's Obſtinacy was overcome. He not only reformed his Conduct, but ordered moſt magnificent Monuments, at a vaſt Expence, to be built over the Bodies of thoſe Mandarines whom he had put to Death. 'Tis true, he honoured their Memories; but all the Power he was poſſeſſed of could not reſtore Life to thoſe *faithful Subjects*, who had given ſo plain a Proof, that they preferred his *Honour*, and the *Good of their Country*, to every other Conſideration.

The Behaviour of the Mandarines upon this Occaſion was exactly conformable to the Precepts and Practice of the great *Confucius* himſelf; who never failed, as Opportunity offered,

fered, to tell Princes his *real* and *true Sentiments* of their Conduct and Government; of which I will give one Inſtance.

We are told, that when *Confucius* was a young Man, he was ſo ſeverely perſecuted by ſome ill People in Power, that he was obliged to leave his own Country. He came at laſt to the Court of a Prince, who was generally looked upon to be a *Man of great Capacity*. *Confucius* was received with open Arms: The King laid before this great Stateſman the whole Plan of his Government; not, perhaps, ſo much with a real Deſign to ask the Advice of *Confucius*, as to pleaſe his own Vanity, by having the Approbation of ſo wiſe and learned a Politician. Among other Things, he one Day took *Confucius* with him to Council, where a Point of Conſequence was to be determined. The King opened the Debate himſelf, with great Eloquence. He ſtated the Queſtion in a full and clear Light. Having mentioned the Conveniences and the Inconveniences which he apprehended were likely to ariſe by their determining of it either Way, he at laſt gave his own Judgment upon the Whole. He enforc'd it with ſeve-

ral Reaſons; and concluded with deſiring every Member of his Privy Council to ſpeak their Opinions with the *utmoſt Freedom* upon this important Occaſion.

When the King had done ſpeaking, ſeveral Members of the Council roſe up in their Turns, and made many grave and learned Speeches; in ſome of which they ſtrengthen'd his Majeſty's Opinion, by ſeveral Reaſons which had not occurred to himſelf; ſo that the Affair was ſettled with the unanimous Approbation of the whole Board. When this venerable Aſſembly was broke up, the King, taking *Confucius* into his Cloſet, conjured him to tell him how he liked his Method of debating Affairs of Conſequence in Council. *Sir*, ſays *Confucius*, *I cannot well judge of that, becauſe I have not yet been at a Council.* The King preſſed him to tell what he meant by talking in that Manner. *I have heard your Majeſty*, ſays *Confucius*, *ſhew a great deal of Wit and Eloquence; but you are very little acquainted with Mankind, if you can imagine that your Courtiers will not rather chuſe to ſpeak what they know is agreeable to you, than what they really think.*

If

If your Majeſty would have known the true Sentiments of your Council, you ought to have concealed your own. He then ſhewed the King that the Reſolution he had juſt before taken was wrong, and extreamly prejudicial to the Good of his Kingdom. He went ſtill farther; He demonſtrated to him, that ſeveral of his great Officers could have informed him of ſeveral *Matters of Fact*, which they choſe to ſay nothing of, after his Majeſty had given his Opinion. The King, though his *Vanity* was not a little mortified by this Diſcourſe, yet, as he was really a Man of a *fine Underſtanding*, and had no other Fault but *Vanity*, entertain'd an high Eſteem for *Confucius*. He now not only asked his Advice upon all Occaſions, but followed it too in good Earneſt; and, we are aſſured, rendered his Kingdom in a ſhort Time the *Envy* and *Dread* of all the neighbouring States.

THE *Chineſe* Emperors have ſtill another Check upon their Actions; which is looked upon to be of the *ſtrongeſt Kind*, if they have but the leaſt Senſe of *Honour* or *Reputation*. Thirty Mandarines are appointed to keep an exact and daily Account of all the Emperor's Actions.

Actions. Each of theſe Mandarines has a conſtant Acceſs to the Palace, and ſets down not only the Actions, but the very Words of the Emperor, with his own Reflections upon them, in looſe Pieces of Paper, which he thruſts almoſt every Day through a ſmall Crevice, into a large Iron Cheſt, which has thirty different Locks, and is ſet aſide for that Purpoſe. This Cheſt is never opened during the Reign of that Emperor whoſe Life it contains, nor while any of his Family ſit upon the Throne of *China*. When the Crown paſſes into another Family the Cheſt is opened, and all theſe private Memoirs, wrote by Men who did not communicate their Thoughts to one another, are delivered into the Hands of ſome Mandarine who is remarkable for a ſolid Judgment and a fine Stile. The Mandarine from theſe ſeveral Memoirs writes the Life of the deceaſed Emperor, *commends* or *cenſures* his Actions with the *utmoſt Freedom*; and his *Life* thus wrote, is added to the *Chronicles of* China. The *Chineſe* have not the leaſt Notion of *hereditary Right*. If the Emperor has ſeveral Sons, and finds the youngeſt of them all to have the *beſt Capacity*, he adopts him for

his Succeſſor; and we are aſſured, that his elder Brothers, who live like private Gentlemen, were never known to rebel againſt him. If an Emperor of *China* has no Son of a Capacity fit to govern ſo vaſt an Empire, he makes Choice of ſome other Perſon to ſucceed him; from a firm Belief, that he cannot do his own Children a greater Kindneſs, than to prevent their appearing in that high Station, which muſt render their *Defects* viſible to all the World; and that he ſhould be guilty of a Crime, the *Supreme God*, the Almighty *Cham Ti* would never forgive, if he permitted ſo many Millions of People to be made miſerable by the *Weakneſs* and *Incapacity* of one Man. By this Means the Empire of *China* has ſeldom continued long in the ſame Family; and this Principle of the *Chineſe* Emperors, is, perhaps, at leaſt equal to any Thing we find among the greateſt Patriots of *Greece* or *Rome*.

THE Lives of the *Chineſe* Emperors being compoſed from a great Number of Facts ſet down Day by Day, in the Order they happened, with Reflections upon each Fact, run pretty much after this Manner.

——— *On this Day, the Emperor concluded a Treaty with the King of* Niuche; *by Vertue of which, the Province of* China, *which Borders upon that Prince's Dominions, will enjoy for the future a conſtant and moſt advantageous* Trade.

——— *This Day he gave Audience to ſeveral Ambaſſadors. To the Propoſal made him by the Ambaſſadors from the Kingdom of* Tonqin, *he returned an Anſwer every way agreeable to his own Dignity, and which ſhewed he was perfectly a Maſter of this whole Affair; but when the Ambaſſador from the Emperor of* Muſcovy *was admitted, who was ſent to excuſe ſome Actions which had lately happened on the Banks of the River* Yamour, *the Northern Boundary of the Empire of* China, *our Emperor's* Paſſion *and* Reſentment *got the better of his* Reaſon. *He ſaid ſeveral* improper *Things, and gave a great deal of Pain to all his faithful Mandarines who were then preſent. Nothing can be ſaid in Excuſe of his Behaviour, but that he conceived his Subjects had been injured in their Properties,*

and were in ſome Danger of loſing thoſe two valuable Branches of their TRADE, *their* PEARL-FISHING, *and* SABLE-HUNTING *.

——— *This Day the Emperor publiſhed a moſt excellent Law, to regulate the Proceedings in ſeveral Courts of Juſtice; and to provide, that the Aſſeſſors of his Revenue might obſerve the utmoſt Impartiality, with regard to all his* † *Subjects. This Law rendered him extreamly dear to his People.*

——— *This*

* There were formerly ſome Diſputes between the Emperor of *China* and the *Czar* of *Muſcovy* upon this Affair; but upon a Treaty, the *Czar* agreed to demoliſh all his Forts upon the River *Yamour*; to yield up to the *Chineſe* the Right of *Pearl-fiſhing*, and *Sable-hunting* in the adjacent Country; that the River *Argun* ſhould be eſteemed for the future the Boundary of the *Chineſe* Empire, and the Town of *Argun*, the utmoſt Limits of his own Dominions on that Side.

† Every Subject in *China* has an Eſtate of Inheritance in his Lands, and does not hold them of any Superior Lord. The Emperor may levy what Taxes he thinks fit, to ſupply the Neceſſities of the Government; yet there is an ordinary Tax which is ſeldom exceeded, and does not amount to above a Tenth Part of the Profits of Mens Eſtates. The Emperor's yearly Revenue is computed to be about *Twenty-two Millions Engliſh* Money; a very ſmall Sum, if we conſider the Extent and Riches of this vaſt Empire: But the Emperor every Year exempts ſome Provinces from paying

——*This Day, and the Five following Days, the Emperor ſpent wholly among his Women; In all this Time he did not do one* great *or* generous *Action. When he appeared again in Publick, one of his Mandarines took the Liberty to repreſent to him, That though his private Pleaſures were very proper to unbend and refreſh his Mind, after the Fatigue of Buſineſs, yet if he ſpent ſo much Time upon them, his* own Reputation *muſt ſuffer as well as all thoſe People, whoſe Happineſs depended upon his Application to the Duties of his high Poſt. That a great Number of Petitions from his Subjects lay before him, which, by the* Conſtitution of the Empire, *he was obliged to* read **. The Em-*

paying any Taxes at all. A *Chineſe*, who has any Eſtate, knows what he is to pay, and is obliged under ſevere Penalties, to ſend or carry in the Emperor's Duties, without being called upon, to the *Treaſurer of the Province*; ſo that all the Expence of *Collectors*, *Receivers*, and a vaſt Number of other Officers, employed about the Royal Revenue in moſt *European* Nations, is entirely ſaved.

* We are aſſured by the Miſſionaries, that Petitions are daily preſented to the Emperor of *China*; and that by the *Conſtitution of the Empire*, he is obliged to *read* them; ſo that he is the *buſieſt*, as well as the *greateſt* Man, in all his Dominions.

peror was ſo ſtruck with this Remonſtrance, that he made a Vow, which he punctually kept, not to ſee one of his Favourite Miſtreſſes again, 'till he had read, *and done* Juſtice, *upon every Petition that lay before him.*

——— *This Day the Emperor ſpent in a ſelect Company of his moſt Learned Mandarines: Their whole Converſation ran upon the Preſent State of the Empire, and the Political Writings of* Confucius; *the Emperor ſhewed himſelf a perfect Maſter of thoſe Writings; and from ſomething which was* ſtarted *at this Converſation, a Reſolution was formed, which proved of infinite Advantage to the whole Empire of* China.

——— *This Day the Bell that demands Juſtice, was rung out by a Tradeſman in the City. The Man, according to* Cuſtom, *was immediately ſent for to the Palace, and had a* private Audience *of the Emperor. It appeared the next Day, that this poor Tradeſman had made his Complaint againſt* Lycungz, *one of the greateſt Mandarines in the Empire, for an horrid Piece of Injuſtice*

juſtice and Oppreſſion. Lycungz, *who was immenſely rich, and whoſe Conſcience accuſed him, ran directly to two Perſons, who he ſuſpected would be called upon as* Evidences, *and gave each of them a vaſt* Bribe: *Beſides this, the poor Tradeſman, who had never before ſpoke to an Emperor, told his Story very aukwardly; but the Emperor, with an admirable Sagacity, took a Method, which ſoon let him into the Truth of the whole Affair. The Tradeſman had a moſt ample Recompence for the Injuries he had ſuſtained, and the Mandarine was puniſhed in the Manner he deſerved.*

FOR the better underſtanding this *laſt Article*, it may be proper I ſhould acquaint your Majeſty, that in the Capital City of *China*, there is a *Bell* * hung in an open Place; and if the meaneſt Subject in the Empire conceives himſelf injured by a Man too great for him to contend with in the common Courts of Juſtice, he may at any Time go

* The Bells in *China* are of a Size which is hardly credible: Their Figure is almoſt a *Cylinder*; and we are aſſured, by ſome who have meaſured them, that there are at

and ring this Bell, or cauſe it to be rung; upon which he is immediately conducted by Officers, appointed for that Purpoſe, to the *Emperor himſelf*, to whom he tells his *Caſe*, and makes his *Complaint*.

I have ſhewn how far the *Liberty of the Preſs* was indulged among the *Athenians* and *Romans*, and that it is at this Day a moſt eſſential Part of the Conſtitution of *China*, and made uſe of as the moſt certain Check upon the Actions of the greateſt Monarch in the World. How far the Emperors of *China* indulge it themſelves, we may learn from hence, *viz.* That the reverend Fathers, the Miſſionaries, who are ſent into *China* from *Rome* and *France* to propagate the Goſpel, have full Leave given them to print and publiſh whatever Books they conceive moſt likely to *make Converts*; though all ſuch Books

at *Pekin* ſeven Bells, which were caſt about three hundred Years ſince, and weigh one hundred and twenty thouſand Pounds each. They are eleven Foot wide, forty Foot round, and twelve Foot high, beſides the Ear, which is at leaſt three Foot high; ſo that each of theſe Bells is above twice as heavy as that at *Erfort*, which *Kircher* affirms to be the biggeſt in the World. The *Chineſe* had *Bells*, and the *Uſe of the Compaſs*, as well as *Printing* and *Gun-Powder*, long before the *Europeans*.

Books are in direct Oppoſition to the Religion which has been profeſſed in *China* for ſome thouſands of Years. It is almoſt incredible to conceive what Pains the Miſſionaries have taken to make themſelves Maſters of the *Chineſe* Language and Learning, ſince they have obtained ſo generous a Permiſſion to exert all their Talents, and do their beſt. What Succeſs they have met with is not ſo certain: Their own Relations have been a little ſuſpected, and we have had different Accounts of this Affair. Some ſay that the Miſſionaries have really made a great Number of Proſelytes to Chriſtianity: Others aſſert, That the Fathers have met their Converts half Way; and that they themſelves in *China* profeſs a mixed Sort of Religion, partly *Chriſtian*, and partly *Chineſe*. This Charge againſt them has made ſome Noiſe, and paſſed under an Examination at * *Rome*.

It

* This Affair gave Occaſion to that famous Decree of the Pope's, which was publiſhed in the Year 1707. by Cardinal *De Tournon*, his Holineſs's Vicar in *China*, and by which I think it appears, that the reverend Fathers, the Jeſuits, had been pretty complaiſant to their *Chineſe* Converts; notwithſtanding which, I cannot find that any of the *Mandarines* were in the Number of their *Proſelytes*.

It is certain that the Emperors of *China*, who, as it has been obſerved, are Men of great Abilities and Learning, have condeſcended to hear with Candour and Patience whatever the reverend Fathers thought proper to urge in Favour of Chriſtianity; and that, though they have not been converted, they have given the moſt generous Marks of their Eſteem for the *perſonal Accompliſhments* and *good Qualities* of theſe learned Men.* They have cauſed themſelves to be inſtructed by them very exactly, and with a great deal of Pleaſure in the Science of Aſtronomy; in ſeveral Parts of which, by the Help of ſome late Diſcoveries, the *Europeans* excel the *Chineſe*.

LET us now ſee upon what Foot the *Liberty of the Preſs* has ſtood in *England*. I am ſorry I muſt ſay, that we ſhall find the moſt execrable Cruelties and Murders have been committed in ſome Reigns, for Books that have been *interpreted* into *Libels* againſt the

* Father *Adam*, *Verbieſt*, and *Garbillon*, Gentlemen of *good Senſe* and *great Learning*, were mighty Favourites at the Court of *China*.

the *Church*, or *Libels* againſt the *State*, and ſometimes even for Words ſpoke in private Converſation, or for profeſſing ſome particular Tenet or Opinion. Barbarities of this Kind may poſſibly ſeem agreeable enough to the Spirit of Popery, and the Doctrine of the Inquiſition; but we muſt own with Shame and Confuſion, that as ſoon as the Proteſtants got into Power, they began to exerciſe thoſe very Cruelties they had ſo loudly exclaimed againſt in the Roman Catholicks. While we are reading the Account of *Cranmer*'s Execution, our Pity towards him is a little abated, when we reflect, that he himſelf, but a few Years before, had murdered a poor *innocent* ſilly *Woman*, and a Foreigner who was remarkably *honeſt* and *devout*. The Archbiſhop cauſed theſe two unhappy Perſons to be burnt alive in *Smithfield*. There are many ſtill living, who remember when ſome of the nobleſt Blood in *England* was ſhed, for only writing a *ſpeculative* Diſcourſe upon Government. It is true, that after the Revolution, this Fact, committed with the utmoſt *Solemnity*, and under the *Mask* of *publick Juſtice*, was called by its *true* Name, and declared to be

an * *execrable Murder*, in which every Body obſerved that the *Judge* had acted a much more infamous Part than the *Hangman*. At length an honeſt and neceſſary Petition, preſented to a King of *England* by ſeven Biſhops, who deſerved that Title, came to be called a *Libel*; and the Nation ſaw with Horror, that ſome Perſons, who were obliged by a ſolemn Oath to defend the *Liberties of the People*, were very ready to have *interpreted* it into one. The Preſs was now reſtrained, and two or three wicked Miniſters were firmly reſolved, that their *ill-adviſed King*, and the *wretched Nation*, ſhould read nothing in Print, but weekly Panegyricks upon themſelves and their Proceedings. So bare-faced a *Tyranny* made ſome of the cooleſt and beſt Heads in *England* come into the *Revolution*, and concur in dethroning a Prince, to whom themſelves or their Families had great Obligations, and who, it muſt be confeſſed, had ſome *good Qualities*, which (if he had not been put upon theſe *cruel* and *arbitrary* Proceedings) ſeemed deſigned by Providence to have made his Reign glorious, and this Iſland *great* and

* *Algernoon Sidney*'s Attainder was reverſed after the Revolution.

and *happy*. But theſe were all effaced by his uſing us like *Slaves*; and many of his Subjects of the beſt Senſe, and the greateſt Capacities, conſpired againſt him, though they could not but foreſee many Inconveniencies that muſt happen from their calling in a Foreign Prince and what a *ſea* of *Blood*, and *immenſe Treaſures*, it would probably coſt their unhappy Country, to *ſupport* that *Revolution* they were then aiming at. Upon the Revolution, the *Reſtraint upon the Preſs* was taken off; but the *Liberty of the Preſs* was not provided for, in ſo effectual a Manner, as moſt People expected. I take the Reaſon to have been this: Our Deliverer, King *William*, had ſome Perſons about him, who were endeavouring to raiſe vaſt Fortunes at the Expence of this unhappy Nation. The *Liberty of the Preſs* is the moſt unlucky Scourge that hangs over the Heads of ſuch People: It is not their Intereſt to have the *Publick* put upon obſerving their *Conduct*; and they are conſtantly afraid, that the King their Maſter may come to know ſuch *Truths* from the Preſs, as few Courtiers would have either the *Honeſty*, or the *Courage* to tell him. I take this to have been the true Reaſon, why the *Liberty of*

the

the Preſs was not put upon ſo *open* and *generous* a Foot after the Revolution, as moſt Men thought it would have been, in a Nation that talked ſo much of *Freedom*, and which had juſt taken ſo *terrible* a *Leap*, in order to preſerve it. But though many wiſe Men think ſome ſort of Proceedings ſtill ſmell too ſtrongly of the *Star-Chamber*, though there have been ſome Caſes ſince the Revolution, which have made moſt thinking People ſhake their Heads; it muſt be confeſſed, that there have not been ſo many Murders and Robberies committed, under the Mask of Juſtice, as there were before: It muſt be allowed, that our Judges have not been ſo very ready to *ſtrain* and *miſinterpret* the *Law*, that they might reach the *Life* or *Eſtate* of any Man, whom a corrupt and wicked Miniſter ſhould happen to frown upon.

It is one of *Theophraſtus*'s Sayings, which is left upon Record; That *it is but a ſhort-lived Falſehood, which is raiſed by Envy and Defamation.* I muſt own, I have ever thought, with ſome of the beſt and greateſt Men, that any *Libel*, or Report, which is really

really *falſe* and *groundleſs*, muſt turn to the Advantage of that Perſon it was deſigned to hurt, and to the Confuſion of his Enemies, if he is but fairly permitted to defend himſelf. In the Law we frequently put fictitious Caſes: I ſhall beg leave to illuſtrate the Poſition I have laid down, by ſuppoſing two very ſtrong Caſes; one, in relation to a *private Man*; and the other, to a *firſt Miniſter*; though perhaps neither of theſe Caſes ever did, or ever may happen.

SUPPOSE a private Gentleman ſhould have ſomething to ſay to his King, or his Queen, which he conceived it was of the utmoſt Conſequence they ſhould know; ſuppoſe that at laſt, after a long, a moſt expenſive, and a moſt humble Application, he ſhould have the ſtrongeſt Reaſons to believe, that what he had to ſay would be graciouſly heard; though a certain Courtier (for *Reaſons* beſt known to *himſelf*) had uſed an hundred Tricks to prevent it. Suppoſe this ſame Courtier, when he ſaw all his little Arts defeated, ſhould at laſt have the *conſummate Aſſurance*, upon the very Day, this Gentleman expected his Audience, to raiſe a

Report,

Report, that the *poor Gentleman* was a *Lunatick*; and ſhould cauſe this to be aſſerted by his Tools, with ſo much *Confidence*, and ſeeming *Pity* for the unhappy Gentleman, at all the Publick Tables at Court, in ſeveral Aſſemblies, and laſt of all in Print, that moſt People at length ſhould firmly believe the Fact: It muſt be owned in this Caſe, that the poor Man would be in a deplorable Condition, eſpecially, if his private Fortune had been before torn in Pieces in an *extraordinary* Manner, and he had now little to ſubſiſt upon, beſides a *Profeſſion*, where few People chooſe to employ a *Madman*. There is no doubt, but as our Law ſtands, ſuch an unhappy Man might fill *Weſtminſter-Hall* with Actions againſt the *Tools* of the Courtier; and yet, if he conſulted me, I ſhould not adviſe him to apply to that moſt laudable Part of our Conſtitution the *Crown-Office*: I ſhould only counſel him to appear in Publick a little more than he uſed to do, and to depend upon it, that, as bad as the World is, Mankind would ſoon look both upon the *Courtier* and *himſelf* in a *proper* Light.

My

My next Caſe ſhall relate to a firſt Miniſter: Suppoſe in any *European* Nation, a Man of great *Integrity* and *Abilities*, who had *travelled* into other Kingdoms, made many excellent *Obſervations* upon their *Government* and *Trade*, and was a perfect *Maſter* of ſeveral *Languages*; I ſay, ſuppoſe ſuch a Man, for the Honour of his Prince, and as a Bleſſing to his Country, ſhould be placed in the Poſt of *Firſt Miniſter*; that as he was a perfect Judge of *Men*, and his own *Genius* was *univerſal*, he ſhould be content to take the Trouble of finding out proper Perſons for all Preferments, and of managing all Affairs, both Foreign and Domeſtick: I will ſuppoſe, that this accompliſhed Miniſter had made ſeveral Treaties highly to the *Honour* of his *King*; and by virtue of which, *Trade* and *Commerce* were put upon ſuch a Foot, that his *Country* was in a fair Way of acquiring a great Part of the Wealth of the World: It is not impoſſible but *Envy* and *Impudence* might attack ſuch a Miniſter; that ſome malicious People might pretend the Treaties he had made, were neither an *Honour* to his *Prince* or *Country*; that ſome impudent

impudent Wretches might aſſert, he neither underſtood Foreign Affairs, nor ever could, becauſe he was unable to converſe with Foreigners; and that he was ſo far from being a *Maſter of Languages*, that he could not even ſpeak *French*. This laſt Inſinuation would be extreamly Malicious; ſince *French* is a Language moſt *Gentlemen* ſpeak, in which the great Affairs of *Europe* are carried on; and ſince any body may gueſs, what ſorry Stuff *Converſation* muſt be, when 'tis managed by an *Interpreter*: Yet ſhould a great and an accompliſhed Miniſter be thus wickedly defamed by *Envy* and *Impudence*, I do ſtrongly affirm, that he need have no manner of Recourſe to *Proſecutions*, *Informations*, and *Acts of Power*: His *Treaties* would ſpeak for themſelves. While a *trading Nation* felt the Wealth of *Europe* daily flowing in upon them, with what Abhorrence and Deteſtation would all his Slanderers be looked upon! As to the laſt Piece of *Scandal*, his *Want of Languages*; if I was of his Privy-Council, he ſhould take no other Notice of it, than by making an Entertainment for Foreign Miniſters; at which, when he had talked with great *Fluency* to every Man in his *own*

Tongue, I durſt pawn my Life upon it, all his Enemies would be ſufficiently confounded.

I CANNOT indeed help thinking, that a Firſt Miniſter, or Man in great Power, muſt not only have the worſt of Cauſes, but muſt want common Policy before he is reduced to have Recourſe to *violent Methods*: In Diſputes relating to his Conduct, he has very often all the Evidence in his own Hands, and can at leaſt have Recourſe to Authentick Papers, much eaſier than his Adverſaries. It is in his Power, by a *noble* and *generous* Behaviour, either entirely to gain Men of Parts on his Side, or to make it ſcarce poſſible for them to be his inveterate Enemies. This is the Method which *Julius Cæſar* took with *Catullus*; *Charles* the Fifth with *Aretine*, and Cardinal *Mazarine* with *Quillet*. The late Earl of *Oxford* acted in the ſame Manner; and if ſome Men, who had fine Pens, had not had the utmoſt Zeal for the Houſe of *Hanover*, and been really afraid his Lordſhip was bringing in the *Pretender*, they could never have oppoſed the Meaſures of a Miniſter, who ſhewed ſo great a Regard for every

Man of a diſtinguiſhed Capacity. In what Manner he lived with thoſe two great Genius's and moſt able Men, Dr. *Swift* and Mr. *Prior*, the World well knows. It is true, theſe Gentlemen helped to ſupport his Meaſures; but I could give three ſuch Inſtances, which all fell within my own Knowledge, of a moſt noble and uncommon Generoſity in his Behaviour towards Mr. *Addiſon*, Sir *Richard Steel*, and Mr. *Congreve*, (Men who differed with him in Opinion, and always oppoſed his Meaſures,) as would infinitely ſurpriſe all People, who never yet heard thoſe Stories. This Miniſter was repreſented, every Week when he was Lord High-Treaſurer of *Great Britain*, under the Character of a *Mountebank*, or *Quack Doctor*, who ſold the People *Poiſon* for *Phyſick*; and yet I never heard that he brought one ſingle *Information* againſt the Printer or Author of thoſe Papers. His Lordſhip anſwered *Wit* with *Wit*, and *Argument* with *Argument*; and often in ſo ſtrong a Manner, that, to my *certain Knowledge*, thoſe Gentlemen who endeavoured to decry his Meaſures, were a good deal gravelled upon *ſome Heads*. The late Earl of

Oxford

Oxford is now no more: His *great Qualities* (and ſurely he had ſome) are no longer *terrible* to his Enemies. His *Failings* (what Man is without them!) give no *Uneaſineſs* to his Friends; but let the *Learned World* for ever mention a Man with all the Advantage conſiſtent with *Truth*, who had ſo great a Share of Learning himſelf, and was ſo noble a Patron of it in other Perſons.

Truth and *Juſtice* force me to ſay thus much of a Man, whoſe Meaſures, when he was in Power, I conſtantly oppoſed with thoſe little Talents Heaven has beſtowed upon me; and from whom I never *received* the leaſt *Favour*. Should I dare to aſſert he never *offered* me any, I ſhould baſely belye him, and might be contradicted by a Gentleman now living.

HAVING mentioned this great Man, I ſhall, with your Majeſty's Permiſſion, take a little Notice of his *Politicks*; becauſe they have ſo near a Relation to the Times we live in. I muſt own, that, during his Adminiſtration, I was made firmly to believe he was bringing in the *Pretender*: I have at preſent ſome Rea-

ſons to be, at leaſt, very *doubtful* upon that Head. I ever was, and ſtill am of Opinion, that it was not impoſſible for him to have made a better *Peace* than he did; yet ſurely all Men muſt allow, that the *Demolition of Dunkirk*, and the *Acquiſition of Gibraltar*, were two Points of infinite Advantage to *Great Britain*. I am ſorry to ſay I have lived to ſee the Time, in which they have been thought too advantageous for us to enjoy quietly, not only by our *Enemies*, but even by our *pretended Friends*. After the Death of the late Emperor, it would have been *Madneſs* for us to have endeavoured any longer to place the Crown of *Spain* upon the Head of his preſent Imperial Majeſty: If this Prince is dreadful now, what would he have been with the *Indies* in his Poſſeſſion? His own great Talents, back'd by a moſt able Miniſtry, might have made a more ſucceſsful Puſh for Univerſal Monarchy than his Predeceſſor * *Charles* V. Upon the Treaty of *Utrecht*, my Lord *Oxford*'s Enemies

* *Charles* V. was both *Emperor* and *King of Spain*; and every Body knows how much Blood his aiming at Univerſal Monarchy coſt *Europe*.

nies ſeemed to fear, that King *Philip*'s Renunciation of his Right to the Crown of *France* was not ſufficient: The late Lord *Oxford* openly declared, that he did not rely himſelf upon *Philip*'s Renunciation, but that ſuch Accidents muſt probably happen, as would create a *Miſunderſtanding* between *France* and *Spain*, and render it impoſſible for the two Crowns of thoſe Kingdoms to fall upon one Head; or, in other Words, that *The Treaty of Utrecht would execute itſelf*. I remember the Whigs all laughed at this Poſition; and, I muſt confeſs, I was in the Number of thoſe who thought it a very extraordinary one: Yet let us ſee what has really happened. The late Duke of *Orleans*, when Regent of *France*, found himſelf ſo ſtrongly oppoſed by the *Spaniſh Faction*, that he was obliged to court the *Alliance* (I had almoſt ſaid the *Protection*) of *Great Britain*. He was, perhaps, altering his Meaſures a little before he died; but Providence having taken him away at a moſt fortunate Time for this Iſland, the Breach between the *French* and *Spaniſh* Courts grew wider than ever. The Infanta, though ſhe had been ſo formally contracted to the *French* King,

though she had been received with so much Solemnity, and entertained so long in *France*, was now sent back into her own Country, to get a new Husband where she could find one. We are assured by our Political Writers of all Sides, that the Queen of *Spain* does not want Spirit, and has the utmost Influence upon the Councils of that Kingdom. The sending back her Daughter affected her in the most *tender* Points, as a *Woman*, a *Mother*, and a *Queen*. She is allow'd to have resented it accordingly; nay, what is more, the whole *Spanish* Nation, jealous of the Honour of their King, resented the Affront which they conceived was put upon his Family. *Spain* therefore at this Time looked out for a *new Ally*; for some *friendly State* who might *protect* her against *France*, if there should be Occasion for it; or assist her, at a *proper Season*, to *revenge* the Affront she imagined she had received. In this Juncture she cast her Eyes upon *England*, and would gladly have flung herself into our Arms. The Author of the Famous *Enquiry* (a Book allowed to be wrote by the *Direction*, and with the *Assistance* of the *Ministry*) ingenuously owns, that *Spain* at this Time offered us the

Medi-

Mediation, and intreated us to become *Umpires* between *herſelf* and *France*. Here then, in the Opinion of ſome, was that *great*, that *happy Criſis*, in which *England* might juſtly have cry'd out,

—— Quod optanti Divûm promittere nemo
Auderet, volvenda dies, en! attulit ultro.

Some Men are humbly of Opinion, that if we had acted in this *great Criſis*, as it is probable enough Queen *Elizabeth* would have done; if we had ſent a dexterous Miniſter to the *French* and *Spaniſh* Courts, who might at leaſt have kept *open*, if not a little *widened* the Breach between the two Crowns, while at the ſame Time, in the Quality of *Mediators*, we had favoured *Spain*; I ſay, ſome People are humbly of Opinion, that had *Great Britain* acted thus, ſhe muſt at this Time have been the real *favourite Nation* with *Spain*, have had all imaginable Indulgence in her *Trade to the Indies*, have been in Poſſeſſion of the moſt *valuable Commerce* in the World, and, properly ſpeaking, have held the *Ballance* of *Europe*.

O for-

O fortunati nimium, ſua ſi bona nórint,
Angligenæ! ——

I could never yet hear any Reaſon given for our not accepting the *Mediation* offered us by *Spain*, but that it would not have been agreeable to ſome Engagements we were under to *France*. This was indeed, in a *modiſh Phraſe*, to *carry our Fidelity to a Nicety*, I had almoſt ſaid, to a *Romantick Nicety*. Thus much I will venture to aſſert, that if we are ſo very *nice* in obſerving all Articles of Agreement with our *Good Friends* and *Allies*, if no Proſpect of *Advantage* can tempt us to ſtain our *unblemiſhed Honour*, or break through an haſty Engagement, we do certainly deſerve to be treated in the ſame Manner by our Friends, who doubtleſs will *fly* to our Aſſiſtance, ſhould we ever happen to be inſulted by our Enemies; and yet I do not remember, that when *Spain*, upon our ſlighting her Friendſhip, had united herſelf to another Power, and actually beſieged *Gibraltar*, I ſay, I do not remember that in this Day of our *Diſtreſs*, any of our Allies made a Diverſion with

their

their Land Forces in our Favour, or ſent a ſingle Ship to our Aſſiſtance. I have ſaid thus much to ſhew, that neither our *Reputation*, nor our *Affairs*, were by any Means in a *deſpicable* Condition, after the *Peace* made by the late Lord *Oxford*; upon whom I cannot help making two farther Obſervations. He *formed* and *eſtabliſhed* the *South-Sea Company*, which, though it has been *ſince* made an *Inſtrument* to perpetrate the greateſt Villanies, was, perhaps, as great a *National Benefit* in its firſt Formation, and might have been made to ſerve as *Noble Ends*, as any one Thing that has been ſet on foot by any *Engliſh* Miniſter in this Age. My next Obſervation is of a kind, that had *Plutarch* been to write the Life of this Noble Lord, that Hiſtorian would have thought this *one* Obſervation contain'd in itſelf, the higheſt *Panegyrick* upon a Man who had paſſed through ſo many great Poſts. It is this: The late Earl of *Oxford*, though he had been ſeveral Times *Speaker of the Houſe of Commons*; though he had been *Secretary of State*, and *Lord Treaſurer*; though he had formed a Company which made Government-Securities that were at 40 *per Cent.*

Diſcount ſell at *Par*; after all this, *Died poor.*

IT is true, that his Son is in Poſſeſſion of a noble Eſtate: He married a Lady, who, perhaps, was the greateſt Fortune of any *Subject* in *Europe*; and as, beſides her vaſt Fortune, ſhe brought to his Arms a moſt beautiful *Perſon*, animated by a *Mind*, in which every *Noble Quality* is highly *conſpicuous*, his Lordſhip ſeems, at firſt Sight, to be as fair a Mark for *Envy*, as any one Man in *Great Britain*; yet before that *Hag* faſtens her Teeth upon him, I would beg her to remember, that his Eſtate did not ariſe from the *Blood* and *Ruin* of his Fellow-Subjects; that it was acquired by a Method which any Gentleman in *England* might, at leaſt, have attempted, and was apparently owing to his own *Perſonal Merit.*

I HAVE made a Digreſſion, for ſome Reaſons your Majeſty may eaſily gueſs, upon the late Lord *Oxford*'s Politicks; though I firſt only mentioned him upon the Account of his Behaviour to Men of Genius and Letters. He was ſeconded in this Part of his Con-

duct by another Gentleman then in the Miniſtry, with whom Mr. ADDISON being one Day invited to dine, could not help ſaying to a Friend, for whom he had no Secrets, That *He was heartily ſorry his Principles forced him to oppoſe one of the greateſt and moſt accompliſhed Men he had ever ſeen; and in whoſe Converſation he could have thought himſelf ſo truly happy.* This Gentleman has of late (I don't know why) been a good deal talked of; and a certain *Hero* has with great Intrepidity attacked a Man who has both his Hands tied behind him. The very Enemies of this Gentleman are forced to allow him a vaſt Capacity; but then they add, that he has a conſtant Eye upon his *own Intereſt*. Be it ſo: Is it impoſſible to make it his *Intereſt* to employ thoſe great Talents Nature has given him in the real Service of his Country? or at leaſt not to keep him diſtinguiſhed in ſo *particular* a Manner from the reſt of his Fellow-Subjects, as muſt be a little grating to a Man of any Spirit; eſpecially if this be done, as his Friends ſeem to inſinuate, in Breach of a *formal Agreement*? I have heard it *ſtrongly affirmed*, though never *fully proved*, that

he

he has betrayed the Pretender. I can say nothing to this Fact; yet if it be true, I can never believe he is now endeavouring to make a Perſon our *King*, under whoſe Reign, he himſelf, in all Probability, would be the *firſt* Man in *England* that loſt his Head. An *open Enemy* may much ſooner hope for Pardon, than a *falſe Friend*: To be betray'd by a Perſon whom he has greatly truſted, is one of the laſt Crimes that a Prince of common Senſe would ever forgive.

THE late Lord *Godolphin*, Lord *Sommers*, and Lord *Halifax*, were every one of them very great Encouragers of Men of *Parts* and *Learning*: The laſt was ſo remarkable upon this Account, that it made him very juſtly be ſtiled, by way of Diſtinction, the *Mæcenas* of the preſent Age.

THERE cannot, perhaps, be a ſtronger Inſtance of the kind Manner in which this noble Lord treated every Man who had even the ſmalleſt Pretenſions to a Genius, than his taking into the Number of his Acquaintance an Humble Servant of your Majeſty's, I mean one Mr. *Budgell*. I am pretty well aſſured that

your

your Majeſty knows he honoured this Gentleman with his Confidence. Your Majeſty I believe has heard of a *certain Baronet*, who moſt ſhamefully abuſed that Confidence the late Lord *Halifax* generouſly repoſed in him: I never yet imitated his Example; and hope I ſhall not be charged with doing ſo at preſent, though I venture to tell your Majeſty *one Story* of that great Man.

Mr. Addison and I, had the Honour to accompany his Lordſhip when he went down to *Greenwich* to wait upon the late King. A little before we went, he took us into his Library, and with an Air that ſpoke the infinite Satisfaction of his Mind, expreſſed himſelf, as nearly as I can remember, in theſe very Words. "Well, *Gentlemen*, we have at length "gained a compleat Victory; The *Hanover* "Succeſſion takes place, the King is land-"ed, and we ſhall ſoon have the Pleaſure "to kiſs his Hand: You are ſo much my "Friends, that I muſt tell you plainly I "expect to have the *White-Staff*; and I "have been long conſidering, and am come to "a Reſolution how to behave: I came into "the World with little or no Fortune; e-

"very

" very Man will try to make his private " Circumſtances *Eaſy*; I thank God I have " made mine ſo: I have got more Money " than it is perhaps proper every body " ſhould know; and I am come to a full Re- " ſolution to ſet up my *Reſt*, as to that " Point, where I am. I have been in my " Time in a good deal of hot Water, and as " deeply engaged in Parties as moſt Men. " To ſay the Truth, I have done a good " many Things in the *Spirit of Party*, " which, when I reflect upon ſeriouſly, I am " heartily aſhamed of; I reſolve, by the Help " of God, to make King *George* the Firſt not " the *Head of a Party*, but the *King* of a " glorious *united Nation*. To be ſure, a " great many People muſt be removed from " their Poſts: The Tories themſelves can't " expect it ſhould be otherwiſe; and 'twould " be the higheſt Ingratitude not to reward " ſeveral Gentlemen, who have born the " *Heat of the Day*, and run all Hazards for " the ſake of the Houſe of *Hanover*: Yet " at the ſame Time, if his Majeſty will take " my Advice, there ſhall be no *Cruelties*, no " *Barbarities* committed: Every worthleſs " Fellow that has called himſelf a *Whig*, got

" drunk,

" drunk, and bawled at an Election, ſhall not " diſplace a Man of ten Times his own Me- " rit, only becauſe he is a *reputed Tory*. I " think I know that Party: Some of them did " mean the Pretender; but yet there are " others among them that are as worthy Men " as ever lived. *It is Time the Nation* " *ſhould be united:* We ſhall then indeed be " a *formidable* People. I hope this glorious " Work has been reſerved by Providence for " the Reign of his Preſent Majeſty. I have " told you already, that I do not propoſe to " lay up a Farthing out of the Profits of my " Poſt: I deſign to live in ſuch a Manner, " as I hope ſhall be no Diſhonour to my Ma- " ſter; and I will, if poſſible, put an End to the " ſcandalous Practice of buying Places. I " am firmly reſolved to recommend no Man " for a *Poſt in the Government*, but ſuch " an one as I have reaſon to believe a *Man* " *of Merit*, and who will be a *Credit* to his " *Country* and his *King*. As for you, *Ad-* " *diſon*, as ſoon as I have got the *Staff* " my ſelf, I intend to recommend you to " his Majeſty, for one of his Secretaries of " State.

Mr. ADDISON, and I believe very ſincerely, told his Lordſhip, that he did not aim at ſo high a Poſt; and deſired him to remember, that he was not a *Speaker* in the *Houſe of Commons*. Lord *Halifax* briskly replied, *Come, prithee* Addiſon, *no unſeaſonable Modeſty: I made thee* Secretary *to the* Regency *with this very View: Thou haſt now the beſt Right of any Man in* England *to be Secretary of State; Nay, 'twill be a ſort of* diſplacing *thee, not to make thee ſo. If thou couldſt but get over that* ſilly Sheepiſhneſs *of thine, that makes thee ſit in the* Houſe, *and hear a Fellow* prate *for half an Hour together, who has not a tenth Part of thy good Senſe, I ſhould be glad to ſee it; but ſince I believe that's impoſſible, we muſt contrive as well as we can. Thy* Pen *has already been an* Honour *to thy* Country, *and, I dare ſay, will be a* Credit *to thy* King.

WITH theſe Sentiments Lord *Halifax* waited upon his late Majeſty at *Greenwich*; where he ſoon found that he had been a little too *ſanguine*. It is no great Secret, that during the ſhort Stay his Majeſty made at the *Hague*,

Hague, he received other Impreſſions than thoſe he had when he left *Hanover*. He was told by ſome Perſons, that *If he made a Lord Treaſurer, he would make a greater Man than himſelf.* The Merit of making the *Barrier Treaty* (a Treaty which had been condemned in Parliament, and which ſome good Whigs thought a very extraordinary one) had been ſo pompouſly diſplayed, that when his Majeſty landed, a noble Lord, who lately retired from Buſineſs, had the beſt Intereſt in him of any *Engliſhman*. Meaſures were taken very different from thoſe which the late Lord *Halifax* thought would have been moſt for the Service of his King and his Country. He had never that Credit with his Royal Maſter which his Services had made him conceive, at leaſt, that he really merited; and all his Friends know that he had determined to reſign his Poſt in the Treaſury a little before his Death. Some People are of Opinion, that had thoſe moderate Meaſures been purſued, to which my Lord *Halifax* was inclined, and in which the late Mr. *Addiſon* entirely agreed with him, we ſhould not have ſeen ſo many *horrid Executions*, and *Scaffolds* ſtained with *Blood*. I ſhall not pretend to determine that

Point: Yet thus much I will venture to aſſert, That if any Miniſter can be wicked enough to foment, and keep up *Parties* and *Diviſions* in a Nation, for no other Reaſon, but that his *own Conduct* may not be examined, or that he may have an Opportunity of raiſing a vaſt Fortune from *Pardons* and *Confiſcations*; ſuch a Miniſter would be the ſevereſt Scourge with which Heaven in its Wrath could poſſibly inflict a miſerable People; and that ſhould it at laſt think their *Sins*, however *great*, had been ſufficiently puniſhed, ſhould it ſuffer them to *open their Eyes*, and ſee by what *Engines*, and with what *Deſigns* they had been made to *worry* and *deſtroy* one another, they muſt fall with uncommon Fury upon the *wicked Cauſe* of all their *Miſeries*. I ſhall apply this *general Poſition* thus far to my own Countrymen in *particular*: I hope no *Arts* will ever prevail upon us, to conſider our ſelves ſo much as *Whigs* and *Tories*, till we are brought intirely to *forget* what it *chiefly* concerns us to *remember*, namely, *That we are all Engliſhmen*.

As I am ſenſible how glad ſome People would be to put an ill Conſtruction upon my Words, I muſt declare, That nothing in the preceding Paragraphs is meant as a *Reflection* upon his late Majeſty: That *amiable Prince* had, without Diſpute, a Soul above *Pride*, and full of *Humanity*. It was *his* great Misfortune, as well as *ours*, that he did not ſpeak our Language; and that beſides this great Impediment, ſome about him endeavoured, as much as poſſible, to prevent his being *acquainted* with his *Subjects*: Nor can there be a greater Inſtance, how far a Good-natured Prince may be influenced to do hard Things, than his late Majeſty's frowning upon a *Son*, who was the *Ornament* and *Support* of his Throne; a Fact I ſhould not mention, if it was not too notoriouſly known to eſcape being recorded in *Hiſtory*. As to the late Lord *Halifax*, I *loved* him when *living*; I ſtill *honour* and *reſpect* his Memory; and hope, that though I have related his Sentiments in the ſame *frank Manner* he ſpoke them to two Perſons in whom he confided, the Story is not much to his Diſadvantage

I HAVE flung into the Appendix, a ſhort Sketch of this great Man's *Character*, (extracted from a Pamphlet publiſhed ſome Years ſince;) in which I hope my Enemies will hardly dare to ſay I flattered him, ſince I drew it after his *Death*, and when I was very well aſſured it could not turn to my *Advantage* *.

I MAY ſeem to have digreſſed a little from the Subject I was upon, *viz. The Liberty of the Preſs*; yet from what I have ſaid it may be obſerved, that the *great Men* of all *Parties* ſince the Revolution, *Whigs* and *Tories*, have left us this *ineſtimable* Branch of our *Liberties*; and that while their *Actions* have been ſuch as would bear being *defended*, and they have treated Men of Parts with that *Humanity* which is juſtly due to them, they have not been afraid of the *Liberty of the Preſs*.

I SHALL not deny, but that ſhould ſome Miniſter, for our Sins, be placed over us, who

* See APPENDIX, Page xvii.

who was wicked enough to ſtick at nothing to aggrandize himſelf and his Family; and at the ſame Time weak enough to oppreſs and provoke Men of Senſe and Genius; if while he is profuſe in his Rewards to thoſe who talk ſuch Stuff before a ſelect Aſſembly, as their Audience are often ſick with hearing, he makes no Scruple to injure thoſe who can ſpeak to a whole Nation, and engage their Attention; I ſay, I ſhall not deny, but that ſuch a *Miniſter*, with ſuch a *Conduct*, might have great Reaſon to dread and apprehend the *Liberty of the Preſs*. He might very juſtly fear that his Picture would be drawn in Colours more laſting than Sir *Godfrey Kneller*'s, be delivered down to Poſterity in its full Deformity, and, perhaps, with ſome of its worſt Features a little aggravated. I believe I may very ſafely affirm, that a Man of a liberal Education, and a noble Genius, had much rather *commend* than *cenſure*; that he has naturally an Averſion to Satire; and never uſes it, but either when he is obliged to do ſo in his own juſt Defence, or when he conceives the Objects of his Satires are altogether incorrigible by milder Methods.

Cuncta prius tentanda; ſed immedicabile vulnus
Enſe reſcindendum eſt. ——

WHEN the Cauſe of his Country, or his own perſonal Injuries call loudly upon him, a Man of Parts may lawfully uſe that Weapon which *God* and *Nature* has put into his Hands; and a late celebrated Author has obſerved in his Characteriſticks, That *in a Country where there is any* Freedom, *Writers of real Ability and Merit can do themſelves Juſtice whenever they are injured, and are ready furniſhed with Means ſufficient to make themſelves conſidered by the Men in higheſt Power.*

IT is not impoſſible but your Majeſty may at preſent be ſo much in Love with *Nobility*, as to think no Doctrine *orthodox*, but what comes from the Pen of a *Perſon of Quality*. If this be the Caſe, it is proper I ſhould let you know, that the Writer I laſt quoted is the late Earl of *Shaftesbury*. I find what this *noble Author* ſays in one of his Eſſays, is ſo much to my preſent Pur-

poſe, that I ſhall quote ſome Part of it, and venture to recommend it, not only to your Majeſty's Conſideration, but to the Conſideration of all *Grandees* and *Potentates* in general, for whoſe *Uſe* and *Benefit* it evidently was deſigned.

"NOBLES and *Princes* muſt remember, "that their *Fame* is in the Hands of *Pen-* "*men*; and that the greateſt Actions loſe "their Force and periſh, in the Cuſtody of "unable and mean Writers. Let a Nation "remain ever ſo rude or barbarous, it muſt "have its *Poets*, *Hiſtoriographers*, and "*Antiquaries* of ſome kind or other, whoſe "Buſineſs it will be to recount its remark- "able Tranſactions, and record the Atchieve- "ments of its *Civil* and *Military* Heroes. "And though *the Military Kind* may hap- "pen to be the fartheſt removed from any "Acquaintance with *Letters*, or the *Muſes*, "they are yet, in Reality, the moſt intereſt- "ed in the Cauſe and Party of theſe *Re-* "*membrancers*. The greateſt Share of "Fame and Admiration falls naturally on "the *armed* Worthies. The Great in Coun- "cil are ſecond in the Muſes Favour. But

"if

" if worthy poetick *Genius's* are not found,
" nor *able Penmen* raiſed, to rehearſe the
" Lives, and celebrate the high Actions of
" Great Men, they muſt be traduced by ſuch
" *Recorders* as Chance preſents. We have
" few *Modern Heroes*, who, like *Xenophon*
" or *Cæſar*, can write their *own Commenta-*
" *ries*. And the raw *Memoir-Writings*,
" and unformed Pieces of *Modern Stateſ-*
" *men*, full of their intereſted and private
" Views, will, in another Age, be of little
" Service to ſupport their Memory, or Name,
" ſince already the World begins to ſicken
" with the Kind. 'Tis the learned, the able,
" and diſintereſted *Hiſtorian* who takes place
" at laſt. And when the *ſignal Poet*, or
" *Herald of Fame* is once heard, the infe-
" rior Trumpets ſink in Silence and Obli-
" vion.

" But ſuppoſing it were poſſible for the
" *Hero*, or *Stateſman*, to be abſolutely un-
" concerned for his *Memory*, or what came
" after him; yet for the preſent merely, and
" during his own Time, it muſt be of Impor-
" tance to him to ſtand fair with the Men of
" *Letters* and *Ingenuity*, and to have the Cha-

" racter and Repute of being favourable to
" their Art. Be the illuſtrious Perſon ever
" ſo high or awful in his Station, he muſt
" have Deſcriptions made of him, in *Verſe*
" and *Proſe*, under feigned or real Appel-
" lations. If he be omitted in ſound *Ode*, or
" lofty *Epick*, he muſt be ſung at leaſt in
" *Doggrel* and *plain Ballad*. The People
" will needs have his *Effigies*, tho' they ſee
" his *Perſon* ever ſo rarely: And if he re-
" fuſes to ſit to the good Painter, there are
" others, who, to oblige the Publick, will
" take the Deſign in hand. We ſhall take
" up with what preſents; and, rather than
" be without the *illuſtrious Phyſiognomy* of
" our *Great Man*, ſhall be contented to ſee
" him portraitured by the Artiſt who ſerves
" to illuſtrate Prodigies in *Fairs*, and adorn
" heroick *Sign-Poſts*. The ill Paint of this
" kind cannot, it's true, diſgrace his Excel-
" lency; whoſe Privilege it is, in common
" with the Royal Iſſue, to be raiſed to this
" Degree of Honour, and to invite the Paſ-
" ſenger or Traveller by his *Signal Repre-*
" *ſentative*. 'Tis ſuppoſed in this Caſe,
" that there are better Pictures current of the
" Hero; and that ſuch as theſe, are no true

" or

" or favourable Repreſentations: But in " another ſort of Limning, there is great " Danger leſt the Hand ſhould diſgrace " the Subject. Vile *Encomiums* and wretch- " ed *Panegyricks* are the worſt of *Sa-* " *tires*; and when *ſordid* and *low Genius's* " make their Court ſucceſsfully in one Way, " the *generous* and *able* are apteſt to revenge " it in another.

" ALL Things conſidered, as to the Intereſt " of our *Potentates* and *Grandees*, they ap- " pear to have only *this Choice* leſt 'em, either " wholly, if poſſible, to *ſuppreſs Letters*, or " give a helping Hand towards their Support. " Wherever the *Author-Practice* and *Liber-* " *ty of the Pen* has in the *leaſt* prevailed, the " Governors of the State muſt be either con- " ſiderable *Gainers* or *Sufferers* by its Means; " ſo that 'twould become them either by " a right *Turkiſh Policy* to ſtrike directly " at the *Profeſſion*, and *overthrow* the very " *Art* and *Myſtery* itſelf, or with Alacrity " to ſupport and encourage it in the right " Manner, by a *generous* and *impartial* Re- " gard to *Merit*. To act *narrowly*, or by " *Halves*; or with *Indifference* and *Coolneſs*;

" or

" or *fantaſtically*, and by *Humour* merely,
" will ſcarce be found to turn to their Ac-
" count. They muſt do *Juſtice*, that *Juſtice*
" may be done them in Return. 'Twill be
" in vain for our *Alexanders* to give Or-
" ders, that none beſides a *Liſippus* ſhould
" make their Statue; nor any beſides an
" *Apelles* ſhould draw their Picture. In-
" ſolent Intruders will do themſelves the
" Honour to practiſe on the *Features* of theſe
" *Heroes*; and a vile *Chærilus*, after all,
" ſhall, with their *own Conſent*, perhaps,
" ſupply the room of a *deſerving* and *noble*
" Artiſt.

" In a Government where the *People* are
" *Sharers in Power*, but no *Diſtributers*
" or *Diſpenſers* of Rewards, they expect it
" of their *Princes* and *Great Men*, that they
" ſhould ſupply the *generous Part*, and be-
" ſtow *Honour* and *Advantage* on thoſe from
" whom the *Nation* it ſelf may receive *Ho-*
" *nour* and *Advantage*: 'Tis expected, that
" they who are high and eminent in the
" *State*, ſhould not only provide for its ne-
" ceſſary Safety and Subſiſtence, but omit
" nothing which may contribute to its *Dig-*

" *nity*

" *nity* and *Honour*. The *Arts* and *Sciences* " muſt not be left *Patroneſs*. The Pub- " lick itſelf will join with the *good Wits* " and *Judges*, in the Reſentment of ſuch a " Neglect. Tis no ſmall Advantage, even in " *an abſolute Government*, for a *Miniſtry* " to have *Wit* on their Side, and engage " *Men of Merit* in this kind, to be their *Well-* " *Wiſhers* and *Friends*: And in thoſe *States* " where ambitious Leaders often contend for " the ſupreme Authority, 'tis a conſiderable " Advantage to the *ill Cauſe* of ſuch *Pre-* " *tenders*, when they can obtain a Name and " Intereſt with the *Men of Letters*. The " good Emperor *Trajan*, though himſelf no " mighty Scholar, had his Due, as well as " an *Auguſtus*; and was as highly celebra- " ted for his *Munificence*, and *juſt Encou-* " *ragement* of every *Art* and *Virtue*. And " *Cæſar*, who could *write* ſo well himſelf, " and maintained his Cauſe by *Wit*, as well " as by *Arms*, knew experimentally what " it was to have even a *Catullus* his Enemy; " and though *laſhed* ſo often in in his *Lam-* " *poons*, continued to *forgive* and *court* him. " The *Traytor* knew the Importance of this " *Mildneſs*. May none who have the ſame

" Deſigns

" Deſigns, underſtand ſo well the Advan-
" tages of ſuch a Conduct! I would have
" required only this *one Defect* in *Cæſar*'s
" *Generoſity*, to have been ſecure of his ne-
" ver riſing to Greatneſs, or *enſlaving* his na-
" tive Country: Let him have ſhewn a
" *Ruggedneſs* and *Auſterity* towards *free*
" *Genius's*, or a *Neglect* or *Contempt* to-
" wards Men of *Wit*; let him have truſted
" to his *Arms*, and declared againſt *Arts*
" and *Letters*; and he would have proved a
" ſecond *Marius*, or a *Cataline* of meaner
" Fame and Character.

" 'Tis, I know, the Imagination of ſome
" who are called *Great Men*, that in regard
" of their high Stations, they may be eſteem-
" ed to pay a ſufficient Tribute to *Letters*,
" and diſcharge themſelves, as to their own
" Part in particular, if they chuſe indiffe-
" rently *any Subject* for their Bounty, and
" are pleaſed to confer their Favours either
" on ſome one Pretender to Art, or promiſ-
" cuouſly to ſuch of the Tribe of Writers,
" whoſe chief Ability has lain in making
" their Court well, and obtaining to be in-
" troduced to their Acquaintance. This

" they

" they think ſufficient to inſtal them *Pa-*
" *trons of Wit*, and Maſters of the literate
" Order. But this Method will, of any other,
" the *leaſt* ſerve their Intereſt or Deſign.
" *The Ill-placing of Rewards, is a double In-*
" *jury to Merit, and in every Cauſe or In-*
" *tereſt paſſes for worſe than mere* Indiffe-
" rence *or* Neutrality. There can be no Ex-
" cuſe for making an ill *Choice*. Merit in
" every kind is eaſily diſcovered, when
" ſought: The *Publick* itſelf fails not to
" give ſufficient Indication, and points out
" thoſe Genius's, who want only *Countenance*
" and *Encouragement* to become conſiderable.
" *An ingenious Man never ſtarves unknown;*
" and *Great Men* muſt *wink hard*, or 'twould
" be impoſſible for them to miſs ſuch advan-
" tageous Opportunities of ſhewing their
" *Generoſity*, and acquiring the univerſal Eſ-
" teem, Acknowledgments, and good Wiſhes
" of the *ingenious* and *learned* Part of Man-
" kind."

THESE are the Sentiments of the late Earl of *Shaftesbury*; whoſe Breaſt was warmed with the juſteſt Notions of *Liberty*, *Honour*, and *Humanity*; and whoſe Loſs would have been

been ſcarce ſupportable to thoſe who *perſonally* knew him, if he had not left a *Son* behind him, who ſeems to inherit not only his *Eſtate*, but his *Virtues*.

My Lord *Shaftesbury* is of Opinion, that A Nation can hardly be *enſlaved*, while Men of *Parts* and *Learning* defend her *Liberties* and *Intereſt*; and that even *Cæſar* himſelf, with all his great Qualities, would not have been able to *ſubvert* the *Roman* Conſtitution, if he had not with infinite *Addreſs*, and by a moſt uncommon *Generoſity*, engaged the *Men of Wit* to be of his *Party*. I hope for the ſake of *Liberty*, this noble Author's Obſervation is *true*: The World has not at preſent a Multitude of *Cæſars*; and, as bad as the Age is, I myſelf have known one or two Inſtances, where Men of diſtinguiſhed *Parts* and *Learning*, have refuſed all Offers of *private* Advantage to themſelves, when they have imagined their receiving them would have been inconſiſtent with the *Good* of their *Country*. The noble Author laſt quoted is likewiſe of Opinion, that it would be highly for the Intereſt of ſuch *Grandees*, and *Governors of the State*, as would fain be

Tyrants, and have not got the Men of Parts on their Side, to imitate the *Turkiſh Policy*; To take away the *Liberty of the Pen*, to ſuppreſs *Letters* entirely, and overthrow the very *Art* and *Myſtery* of *Learning*. I fully agree with his Lordſhip upon this Head; and as ſhocking as this *Scheme of Politicks* may ſeem, which his Lordſhip aſſerts would be for the *Intereſt* of a certain Sort of *Potentates* and *Grandees*, it is nothing more than what two famous *Tyrants* uſed their utmoſt Endeavours to put in Execution; I mean *Caligula*, and an Emperor who reigned in *China* about two thouſand Years ſince. It ſeems neither of theſe two worthy Gentlemen cared to have his *Virtues* and *Exploits* recorded in *Hiſtory*; or *compared* with thoſe of ſome *other Emperors*: They therefore burnt all the *Books* and *Libraries* they could lay their Hands upon, and made it *penal* for any Man to be a *Writer*: Learning, however, had the good Fortune to ſurvive both of them, and Hiſtory has taken her full Revenge upon them: She has given us their Pictures in ſuch Colours, that their Names and Memories are deteſted by all Men.

SHOULD

Should any Minſter ariſe in this Iſland, who ſhould offer to make the leaſt Attempt upon the *Liberty of the Preſs*, I hope, from what has been ſaid, my Countrymen will eaſily gueſs what it is he is aiming at: And here I muſt obſerve, that ſhould ſuch a Miniſter carry on ſuch expenſive Proſecutions, at the Publick Charge, againſt any Writer he did not like, as a Man of a moderate Fortune was not able to defend himſelf againſt, ſuch a Proceeding would be almoſt the ſame Thing, as taking away the *Liberty of the Preſs* by an Act of Parliament. I muſt likewiſe take Notice of that *Doctrine of Inuendoes*, which ſome People have endeavoured to make paſs for *Orthodox:* If I was bid to define it, I know not how to do it better, than by declaring, that it ſeems to me to be *A very extraordinary Liberty which one Man aſſumes, of declaring what another Man meant.* Mens *Actions* are undoubtedly puniſhable by *human Laws;* but their *Meanings* and *Intentions* ſeem moſt proper to be determined before a much higher Tribunal, than any eſtabliſhed in *Weſtminſter-Hall;* I mean, before that great Tribunal, where in

due Time the *Secrets* of all Hearts will be laid *open*. I hope, therefore, I ſhall never live to ſee an *Engliſhman innuendo'd* out of his *Life*, his *Liberty*, or his *Fortune*: If there was but a very little Improvement made upon this *Doctrine of Innuendo's*, and one Man ſhould take upon him to judge when another muſt ſpeak *ironically*, it is the Opinion of ſome, that almoſt every Author in *England*, who has wrote a Dedication to a Great Man, might be brought within the Statute of *Scandalum Magnatum*; A Statute which was doubtleſs *nicely* calculated to preſerve the *Liberties* of a *free People*.

LIBERTY is a Lady of exquiſite Beauty: One of our beſt Poets falls into a ſort of Rapture at her very Name.

O LIBERTY! *thou Goddeſs heavenly bright,*
Profuſe of Bliſs, and pregnant with Delight!
Eternal Pleaſures in thy Preſence reign,
And ſmiling Plenty leads thy wanton Train;
Eas'd of her Load, Subjection grows more light,
And Poverty looks chearful in thy Sight;

Thou

Thou mak'ſt the gloomy Face of Nature gay,
Giv'ſt Beauty to the Sun, and Pleaſure to the Day.
ADDISON.

But then this ſame *Lady*, like other *great Beauties*, is extremely apprehenſive of having any *Attempt* made upon her. Should any *deſperate Ruſſian* but offer to clap a *Gag* in her *Mouth*, ſhe would certainly conclude, (as moſt of her Sex would in the ſame Circumſtances,) that ſhe was firſt to be *raviſhed*, and then *murdered*.

THE *Romans* were ſo extreamly jealous of their *Liberty*, and knew ſo well how apt Mens Heads are to be turned by *Power* and *Flattery*, that they took Care to give their greateſt Heroes a little *Mortification*, even in the Midſt of their moſt ſolemn Triumphs. If we may gueſs from ſome Deſcriptions which are left us of a *Roman* Triumph, it was certainly one of the moſt glorious Sights in the World. The vaſt Quantity of rich Spoils which were uſually carried along upon this Occaſion, The Shouts and Songs of a victorious Army crowned with Laurel, and a Multitude of Captives which cloſed the

Shew; all added the utmoſt Luſtre to the Solemnity: In the Midſt of theſe rode the Victor himſelf in his Triumphal Chariot, while all the Streets and Buildings in *Rome*, from the *Gate* at which he entered, quite up to the *Capitol*, were filled with a prodigious Number of his Fellow-Citizens, who, as he paſſed by them, ſhowered down Millions of Bleſſings upon the Man who had done ſuch ſignal Services for his Country. The *Romans* allowed all this as a Reward to *Merit*, and for the *Dignity* of their Commonwealth; but for fear the Conqueror ſhould grow too *conceited* with ſo many Acclamations, and Shouts of Applauſe, they obliged him to let a *Common Slave* ride with him in his Triumphal Chariot.

——— *Et ſibi Conſul*
Ne placeat, curru Servus portatur eodem.
Juv.

The Senate themſelves took care to ſhew their Diſlike of any Man who gave the leaſt Sign of an uncommon *Inſolence* or *Vanity*; of which, I beg Leave to give your Majeſty a very remarkable Inſtance.

MARIUS

MARIUS, was without Diſpute, a good Soldier, and had done his Country ſome Service but made it too ſoon appear, that he intended nothing more than to ſatisfy his own *Avarice* and *Ambition*: In a Word, that he was cruel, ungrateful, vain, and inſolent. When the Solemnity of his Triumph over *Jugurtha* was ended, he called the Senate together, and had the *conſummate Aſſurance* to enter that illuſtrious Aſſembly in his *Triumphal Robe*. This *vain Fellow* was weak enough to imagine, that while he was thus diſtinguiſhed in his *Dreſs* from every other Senator, his *Speeches* would have a more than uſual *Weight*, and that he might govern the Senate as he pleaſed. He found himſelf terribly miſtaken; and that the Eyes of a *Roman Senate* were not to be dazzled by an *embroidered Gown*: All the Aſſembly looked upon the *uncommmon Appearance* of this *inſolent Plebeian*, with the utmoſt Contempt and Indignation. *Marius*, though remarkable for a moſt *profligate Aſſurance*, could not bear the Eyes of a *Roman Senate*, whoſe Looks ſufficiently informed him what they thought of him. He found it extremely proper to

Retire, to put off his *Embroidered Gown*, and return habited like other Senators of his own Rank. The *Vanity* of his *Attempt* was not, however, forgot: It diſcovered ſuch an uncommon Stock of *Pride* and *Inſolence*, that many obſerving Men were the leſs ſurprized, when, a few Years after, they ſaw the Streets of *Rome* wet with the *Blood* of her *beſt Citizens*, who were ſacrificed to the *Jealouſy* and *Avarice* of this *wicked* and *rapacious* Man.

THE greateſt Check we have in *Great Britain*, upon the Actions of ſuch Men as may think themſelves above the Reach of the Law, is the *Liberty of the Preſs*: We have enjoyed this Mark of *Freedom* pretty quietly ever *ſince* the *Revolution*. If we have ſeen any Men in Power ſince that Time, do ſuch Things as they did not care the Publick ſhould be put upon obſerving, What would they have done, had the *Liberty of the Preſs* been taken away!

I MUST own, I am under the leſs Apprehenſions of our loſing this ineſtimable Branch of our Liberty, becauſe, I find, that all Men,

though of different Parties and Opinions, who have any Senſe of *Shame* or *Liberty* left, are of the *ſame Opinion*, upon this Important Subject.

I CANNOT omit in this Place doing a Piece of Juſtice to a Reverend Prelate, who has been frequently accuſed, of late, of having acted directly contrary to thoſe Principles he *once* profeſſed. I have neither *Time*, nor *Inclination* to examine whether this Charge be, or be not *true* in Fact; or if it be true, whether what his Lordſhip has done, has proceeded from a Deſire to get a better Biſhoprick, or from a real Error in his Judgment; or, laſtly, from his having received great perſonal Favours from a certain Gentleman: Theſe have ſometimes ſo ſtrongly affected a *grateful Mind*, that they have made very valuable Men do Things which neither their Friends, nor themſelves, once imagined they could have been capable of: But without entering into any of theſe Enquiries, what I would here take notice of, is a Declaration in Print which his Lordſhip has lately made to this Effect, *viz. That he ſhall ever be for maintaining the* LIBERTY

OF THE PRESS, *ſacred and inviolable, even though he was ſure every Week of being expoſed to the Publick, with all the Wit and Malice his Enemies are Maſters of.* This handſome Declaration, I hope, his greateſt Enemies will have the Ingennity to own, is exactly conformable to thoſe Principles he formerly profeſſed. It muſt, I think be allowed, that few Men in *England* have made a larger Uſe of the *Liberty of the Preſs*, than his Lordſhip has done, who has publickly maintained ſeveral Points in Oppoſition to the Senſe of the *Convocation*, and to ſome of the *greateſt* and moſt *learned* Divines of our eſtabliſhed Church: After this, I muſt own, that could I but ſuſpect his Lordſhip had any Hand in a Deſign either to *abridge*, or *take away* this Branch of our Liberties, I ſhould look upon him as one of the moſt notorious and deſpicable *Hypocrites*, that ever appeared in any Age. I will go ſtill farther; Should this invaluable Branch of the *Britiſh* Liberties ever happen to be attacked, if his Lordſhip did not employ all his *Abilities* and *Intereſt* in the Defence of it; if he did not *write, ſpeak*, and *ſolicite, in good Earneſt*, againſt any *Bill* which ſtruck, though never

ſo

ſo *remotely*, at the *Liberty of the Preſs*; I ſhould from thenceforward readily believe the worſt *Stories* his greateſt Enemies report of him. But till I have Reaſon to doubt his Lordſhip's *Sincerity* in *this* Particular, I muſt beg ſome Gentlemen's Pardon, for whom I have the utmoſt Reſpect, if I ſuſpend my Belief of *ſome Things*; or ſhould even ſuffer it to lean that Way, where *Good Nature* and *Charity* ſeem to ſolicite it.

I DO likewiſe own to your Majeſty, that I cannot poſſibly believe your Majeſty's *Hero* will aim at aboliſhing the *Liberty of the Preſs*; becauſe *No Body* ever made a *greater* Uſe of it than *himſelf*. When he was a *private Gentleman*, and out of Power, he is allowed by his Friends to have wrote a Pamphlet, which he dedicated to the late Earl of *Oxford*, then *Lord Treaſurer*, and in which he arraigns the whole *Conduct* and *Meaſures* of that noble Lord. But he does not ſtop here: He declares, in Effect, that the Parliament of *Great Britain* were at that Time a *Set* of *Corrupt Men*, who would do any Thing they were *bid*, and adhere to his *Lordſhip* and their *Monoſyllables* againſt the loudeſt

loudeſt Dictates, either of *Juſtice*, or their own *Conſciences*.

I NEVER yet heard any body doubt, but that your Hero was likewiſe the Author of a certain Pamphlet, entitled, *The Caſe of R. W. Eſq*; Your Majeſty muſt know, that this *R. W. Eſq*; was at that Time a *private Gentleman*, who had *formerly* been in a publick Poſt, and was expelled the Houſe of Commons for taking more Money in that Poſt, than they conceived he ought to have done. If this Gentleman was really ſo *innocent*, as he is repreſented to be in the Pamphlet I have mentioned, the *Britiſh* Houſe of Commons were moſt certainly guilty of a flagrant *Act of Cruelty and Injuſtice*; which the Author of this Pamphlet does not at all ſcruple very ſtrongly to inſinuate. I believe no body will venture to aſſert, that it is not a much higher Piece of Aſſurance, and much more criminal, (if any Thing of this kind is ſo,) to cenſure the Proceedings of that Auguſt Aſſembly, who repreſent the *Britiſh* Nation, than to fall upon any particular Miniſter. I cannot therefore poſſibly think, that a Man, who has taken ſuch extraordinary

traordinary Liberties in Print, as I have mentioned, can ever have the *Aſſurance* to ſtrike at the *Liberty of the Preſs:* And upon the whole, I do entirely agree with your Majeſty, that the Report of his having any ſuch Intention, muſt certainly be a moſt *Infamous Forgery*. However, what I have wrote upon this important Subject, may poſſibly be of Uſe one Day or other, though it is altogether *unneceſſary* at *this Time.*

I AM likewiſe of Opinion with your Majeſty, that the Report of your Hero's being about to procure an *Act of Indempnity* muſt be an *infamous Forgery;* And I am of this Opinion for this Reaſon: If he is really *innocent*, he does not want ſuch an Act. I will go ſtill farther; I hope my Countrymen will never loſe that Character they have long had in the World, of being a *generous* and a *good-natured* People: If after all the Clamour that has been raiſed upon your Majeſty's *Hero*, there ſhould nothing more appear againſt him than a few *Errors in Judgment*, or *Slips of Memory*, his Enemies will be ſufficiently covered with *Confuſion*; ſince, I believe and hope, that there

is

is not a Man in *England*, who has any *Generoſity*, that would not take his Part: But if, on the other hand, ſuch Crimes ſhould *ſtart* into *Day-Light*, as could only be produced by a *Wicked Mind*; If it ſhould be plainly proved, that he has ſacrificed all other Conſiderations to *two Paſſions*; he cannot be ſo *weak* as to imagine, that an Act obtained in the *Fulneſs* of his *Power*, would *ſcreen* him from the *juſt Reſentments* of an *injured Nation*.

YOUR Majeſty is pleas'd to obſerve, "That the two *infamous Forgeries above* "*mentioned, continued their Day; but be-* "*ing now no more*, Euſtace Budgell *Eſq*; "*is pitched upon to ſupply their Room, and* "*furniſh out freſh Calumny.*"

I FIND in this Part of your Majeſty's Letter, I am growing a Perſon of ſome *Importance*; and that your Majeſty condeſcends to treat me accordingly: In the Beginning of your Letter I was Mr. *Euſtace Budgell*; but at preſent, being pitched upon to *ſupply the Room* of *two Infamous Forgeries*, I am *Euſtace Budgell* Eſq; I do aſſure your Ma-

jeſty, that I am perfectly indifferent, as to what your Majeſty ſhall pleaſe to call me; and yet, let me tell your Majeſty, that by the Law of *England*, I have as much Right to the Title of *Eſquire*, as ever your Majeſty had to the *Crown of Sparta*.

YOUR Majeſty, ſpeaking of your humble Servant, is pleaſed to add immediately after the Words I laſt quoted;

" *And did his* Ability *but equal the* In-
" clination *he has diſcovered of diſcharging*
" *his Truſt, to the Satisfaction of his Em-*
" *ployers, they would by this* Choice *have*
" *given us the* beſt Teſtimony *they ever*
" *produced of a* good Judgment."

I AM in ſome little Doubt, whether your Majeſty did not intend this laſt Sentence as a *Compliment* to me. It was the Advice of a very wiſe Man, *Whatever thou doſt, do it with all thy Heart.* The ſhort Character *Cæſar* gave of *Brutus*, was, *Quicquid vult, valde vult*; and every Body knows that *Cæſar* loved *Brutus*, as well as any one Man in all *Rome*. I am, for ought I know, in a fair Way of becoming

becoming your Majeſty's *Chief Favourite*: Your Majeſty ſeems to be ſatisfy'd, that my *Intentions* are good, and to apprehend that I am thoroughly in *earneſt*: Whatever, therefore, my Succeſs may be, I am well aſſured, that ſo gracious a Prince as your Majeſty, will readily accept of the *Will* for the *Deed*.

I AM come to the laſt Paragraph of your Majeſty's Letter, which runs thus:

" *To conclude*; *Mr.* Budgell *has ſhewn* " *the moſt* conſummate Aſſurance, *to ſay* " *no worſe of it; and come into all the* " Baſeneſs *long practiſed by our* publick De- " famers, *in hopes, like them, to fix a* Re- " proach *without* Proof; *and ſuch Conduct* " *muſt cauſe the* Abhorrence *of every honeſt* " *Mind. He may complain*; *but it ought to* " *be without Regard, till his Cauſe of Com-* " *plaint is known to be juſt; and this would* " *greatly diſappoint his Intentions. In a* " *Word, he has levelled his Venom at a* noble " Perſon, *who, conſcious of his own Integrity,* " *has hitherto triumphed over Malice, and* " *the moſt powerful Oppoſition. He has paſ-* " *ſed the moſt* publick Examinations, *and had*

" *his*

" *his* whole Conduct *approved after the*
" ſtricteſt Scrutinies: *His Actions have all*
" *born that Teſt in Time, which are a ſuffi-*
" *cient Aſſurance of their finding the fulleſt*
" *Approbation from Poſterity: What then*
" *is it poſſible ſuch a Gentleman ſhould ap-*
" *prehend from the unjuſtifiable Outrage of*
" *ſo* deſpicable *a* Tool *as Mr.* Budgell ?

I am, Sir,

May 26. Your Humble Servant,
1730.

CLEOMENES.

Your Majeſty, in the Beginning of this Paragraph, is very angry with me for having ſhewn, what your Majeſty is pleaſed to call *a moſt conſummate Aſſurance*. I hope your Majeſty does not apprehend, that I am incroaching upon the Province of a particular Friend of your Majeſty's, or aiming to deal in a *Commodity*, which he has determined to *ingroſs* for his *own proper Uſe*. I ſhall tell your Majeſty, with great Freedom, my real Sentiments upon this Head. I am firmly perſuaded, that the World would be much happier than it is at preſent, if while

there are ſome Men who ſtick at nothing, and have *a moſt conſummate Aſſurance*, Men of *Worth* and *Honour* were not too often oppreſſed with a certain *Timidity* and *faulty Baſhfulneſs*, which prevents them from performing their *Duty*, and doing what they really owe to *God*, their *King*, their *Country*, and *themſelves*. The *French* call this ſort of *Shame*, very juſtly, *Une mauvaiſe honte*; nor do I remember to have met with any Expreſſion, which exactly anſwers to this, and is commonly uſed in any other Language. It is this *blameable*, or ill ſort of *Shame*, (that makes Men too ſolicitous about *Forms* and Trifles, and often prevents their doing their *Duty*,) which all *wiſe Men* have endeavoured to *conquer*.

We are told, That *Cato* thought the *Cuſtoms* and *Manners* of the *Romans* ſo corrupted, and a Reformation in them ſo neceſſary, that he ſometimes acted in a different Manner from other People: That he would often appear in the Streets without either his Shoes or Coat; not from a Principle of *Vanity*, or a ſilly Affectation of being ſingular; but becauſe he maintained, that *A wiſe Man ought only*

only to bluſh at what was vicious, and really ſhameful in itſelf, and ought to deſpiſe all other Sorts of Diſgrace.

Lycurgus was ſo much of *Cato*'s Opinion, that he ordered the Maids of *Sparta*, at ſome ſolemn Feaſts and Sacrifices, to dance *ſtark-naked*, and ſing certain Songs, while the *King*, the *Senate*, all the *Men*, and eſpecially the *Batchelors*, ſtood round them in a Ring. *Lycurgus* had two Deſigns in making the *Spartan* Virgins appear thus naked in Publick: One was, that he might take away ſome Part of that too great and *acquired* Female *Baſhfulneſs*, which he thought their Education in other Countries added to what was *natural*. His other Deſign was to incite *Love* and *Deſire* in the *Men*. We are told, accordingly, that a good many *Marriages* were uſually made ſoon after theſe *ſolemn Feaſts*; from whence ſome People have inferred, That while the *young Ladies* were dancing naked, the *Men* had the *conſummate Aſſurance* to keep their Eyes open.* If

* However odd this Inſtitution of *Lycurgus*'s may appear to ſome of my Readers, *Plato* (called by the primitive

your Majeſty had not quite loſt your *Memory*, you could doubtleſs have ſet us right in this Particular.

As to the *conſummate Aſſurance*, with which your Majeſty is pleaſed to charge me; if your Majeſty means by it, that I did what I thought I owed to my *King*, my *Country*, and *myſelf*, without *Fear* or *Trembling*, I plead *guilty* to the Indictment: But if your Majeſty means any Thing more than this, I am not conſcious how I have deſerved the Reflection.

As to your Majeſty's Aſſertions in this Paragraph, "That *I come into all the Baſe-*
"*neſs long practiſed by publick Defamers,*
"*in Hopes, like them, to fix a Reproach*
"*without Proof:*" And that "*Such Conduct*
"*muſt*

primitive Chriſtians, the *Divine Plato*) highly approves of it. In his own *Commonwealth*, he is for having the Women learn ſome Exerciſes, at which they were to appear *naked*; and declares, That while they are covered with the Robe of *true Modeſty*, and aſhamed to commit a *baſe* or a *wicked* Action, they need not bluſh at any Thing elſe. In the Chriſtian Account of the Creation, we are told, That *Eve* was *naked* while ſhe was *innocent*; and that *Shame* was the Effect of *Sin*.

" *muſt cauſe the Abhorrence of every honeſt* " *Mind*;" I am in Hopes I have ſaid ſo much already to both theſe Points in my *Introduction*, and particularly in the *State of my Caſe*, that I need not ſay any Thing more to them here.

YOUR Majeſty proceeds next to a *Panegyrick* upon the *Hero* of your Epiſtle: You are pleaſed to tell the World, " That *I have* " *levelled my Venom at a* NOBLE PERSON, " *who, conſcious of his own* Integrity, *has hi-* " *therto triumphed over Malice, and the moſt* " *powerful* Oppoſition: That *This noble Per-* " *ſon has paſſed the moſt publick Examina-* " *tions, and had his* whole Conduct *approved* " *after the ſtricteſt Scrutinies:* That *His Ac-* " *tions have all born that Teſt in Time, which* " *are a ſufficient Aſſurance of their finding* " *the fulleſt Approbation from Poſterity.*" Far be it from me, to deny one Syllable of all this, or to doubt the Truth of your Majeſty's Encomiums upon this *Noble Perſon.* I beg Leave to add one Circumſtance, which may poſſibly give them the more *Weight*; namely, that I do firmly believe no Man living is ſo well acquainted with all the Virtues of

this Noble Perſon, as your Majeſty. I admire your Majeſty's happy Talent at Panegyrick; yet if ſo mean a Man as myſelf may preſume to give his Opinion of the Writings of a Monarch, I do think there is ſomething ſtill wanting in your Majeſty's Panegyrick upon your Hero. It is confeſſed on all Hands, that he has ſome Enemies; and I am afraid, theſe wicked People will be apt to apply to your Majeſty, and your Panegyrick, that old muſty Maxim among the Logicians, *Doloſus verſatur in Generalibus*; that is, *A Man who is on the wrong Side of the Queſtion, and would impoſe upon his Readers, always deals in Generals*; that they will pretend a *General Panegyrick* is no Manner of Anſwer to a Multitude of *particular Charges*. I confeſs, therefore, I could have wiſhed that your Majeſty had condeſcended to anſwer ſome of the Particulars, of which theſe wicked People accuſe your Hero. That your Majeſty may do this, when you next appear in Print, I beg Leave to mention ſome of thoſe *Infamous Forgeries* and *Groundleſs Scandals*, with which they have attempted to blacken his Character. I ſhall collect theſe for

your

your Majeſty's Service, out of their own *Writings*, and chiefly out of the weekly Lucubrations of that Impudent Fellow the *Craftſman*.

The Enemies of your Majeſty's Hero, pretend, in the firſt Place, to aſſert, That *He is full of the meaneſt, the pooreſt Jealouſy, that every Man was, who pretended to be thought a great Man:* That it has been his *principal Study* and *Endeavour*, to keep every Man out of publick Buſineſs, whom he could but *ſuſpect* of any Thing more than a very *vulgar Capacity:* They are ſo malicious, as to come to *Particulars* upon this Head: They *name* ſome of the *beſt* and *greateſt* Men in *England*, to whom, they pretend, that, upon ſeveral Occaſions, your Majeſty's Hero has done very *ill Offices:* They ask with a malicious Snear, *Whether theſe Men are Jacobites?* or, *Whether it is not notorious to all the World, that they have employed both their Fortunes and Abilities in the Service of the Houſe of* Hanover? And laſtly, *What Crime they are guilty of, beſides their having greater natural Parts, and more Learning, than we uſually ſee in*

Men born to ample Fortunes? I have heard the Enemies of your Majeſty's Hero inſinuate, that The Arrival of the late Mr. *Law* * in *Eng-*

* Having mentioned the late Mr. *Law*, I cannot help ſaying, that I believe That Gentleman had juſter and clearer Notions of *Trade*, of *Money*, and of *Credit*, than any one Perſon now living; and that there was ſomething as great in that Scheme which he ſet on foot in *France*, (where he was not ſuffered to conduct it his *own* Way,) as ever entered into the Heart of Man. Upon his firſt Arrival in *England*, and when the Clamour of the World ran higheſt againſt him, I ventured to write a ſhort Thing in his Defence; which made ſome *Noiſe*; and which I have inſerted in the Appendix, as it gives an Account of a moſt *remarkable* Affair; and, I flatter myſelf, ſhews ſome very *Material Differences* between the Plan of the *Miſſiſſippi* in *France*, and our ridiculous *South-Sea Buſineſs*. I did not think proper to ſet my *Name* to this *Pamphlet* at the Time it was publiſhed; but being aſſured by ſeveral Perſons, that Mr. *Law* had expreſſed an uncommon Curioſity to know the Author of it, I was at laſt introduced to him by a Gentleman of great Capacity, and a noble Fortune, who is now in the Houſe of Commons. From that Day I had the Honour of his Acquaintance: He even condeſcended, now and then, to call at my Houſe, and to ſpend ſome Hours with me, *tête à tête*. I have ſome Reaſons to think, that if the late Duke of *Orleans* had lived, Mr. *Law* would have been once more at the Head of Affairs in *France*: I believe the very Time was ſettled for his going thither. Notwithſtanding which, he received the News of the Regent's Death with that *ſteady Temper of Mind* he had before ſhewn in all *Fortunes*; though by this Accident he loſt all Hopes of returning to *France*, and of receiving a large Sum of Money, which he conceived was juſtly due to him, and would have made his

England, gave him ſome terrible *Pangs*; and that it was a good while before that Great Man could get an Opportunity of talking to the late King, though he had ſomething to ſay to him which very well deſerved his Royal Attention. When they have had the Aſſurance to talk in this Manner, they add, That though they ſhould allow your Hero has a little more in him than ſome about him, they only grant, that *A One-ey'd Man, is a King among the Blind.* In a word, they pretend to ſay, That this *mean Jealouſy* (a Paſſion which always ſuppoſes great *Defects* in a Perſon haunted with it) is the *Maſter-Key* to the whole Conduct of your

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his private Circumſtances entirely *eaſy*. They were not ſo when he was in *England*: Though there was a Time, when this extraordinary Man might every Day have put whatever Sum of Money he had pleaſed, into his own Pocket, he never made that Uſe of the Opportunity, which ſome *Stateſmen*, I have heard of, would *infallibly* have done. I am humbly of Opinion, that the Death of the late Duke of *Orleans*, was a moſt fortunate Circumſtance for this poor Iſland, having ſome Grounds to *fear*, that if the late Mr. *Law* had been placed once again at the Head of the Finances in *France*, he had formed a Plan, which would have made that Nation *Miſtreſs of Europe*, and have utterly deſtroy'd the *Britiſh Commerce*. The Pamphlet I have mentioned begins, Page xx. of the *Appendix*.

your Hero, and will ſerve to explain *ſeveral Things*, which no Man living could otherwiſe account for.

I THINK your Majeſty may very eaſily confute this *Piece of Scandal*. Though *England* has not, perhaps, at preſent a greater Number of good Heads than it ever contained before at one Time; yet I will not think ſo very meanly of my Country, as to ſuppoſe there are not *ſome Men* in it, who know what *Grievances* their Fellow-Subjects chiefly complain of, and could find out the moſt *proper* Methods to give them *Eaſe*, without incroaching upon the *Rights* of the Crown: That there are not others who underſtand our *Trade*, and know how to inlarge ſeveral *Branches* of it: And, laſtly, That there are not others who are capable of repreſenting the *Perſon* of our *Great King* in Foreign Courts, after ſuch a Manner as may be no *Diſgrace* to him: Of convincing the Miniſters they treat with, that they are not to be over-reached and deluded either in *publick Treaties*, or *private Converſations*; and of making ſuch *Diſcoveries* in *another* Country, as may be of uſe to their *own*, when-

whenever they return to it. In a word, as much as *Vice* and *Corruption* have weakened our *Bodies*, and depraved our *Minds*, I do firmly believe that we have ſtill among us many Men of great *Parts*, great *Learning*, and whoſe Hearts are really *warm* in the *Intereſt* of their Country. Theſe are the Perſons whom every *wiſe* and *able* Politician takes care to *find out*; and to fix in ſuch Poſts, as may render their different Talents moſt ſerviceable to the Publick. Your Majeſty, therefore, has nothing more to do, in order to confute the Piece of *Calumny* laſt mentioned, but to give us a *Liſt* of Men of *Parts*, *Learning*, and *Integrity*, who have been preferred, and brought into Buſineſs by your Hero. I am ſenſible, ſo long a *Liſt of Names* would interrupt the Thread of your Majeſty's Diſcourſe; however, you may add it at the End, by *Way of Appendix*.

The Enemies of your Majeſty's Hero pretend, That the Condition of our Affairs at preſent, is the *natural Conſequence* of this his *mean Jealouſy*, and of his having kept Men of the *greateſt Abilities* out of *publick Buſineſs*: But in this Aſſertion, their

Malice has evidently got the better of their *Diſcretion*, and given your Majeſty a moſt lucky Advantage over them. As little as I know of Politicks, I will engage to demonſtrate, that no *Common Genius's*, no *Vulgar Capacities*, could have put our Affairs in that *happy* Situation they are at preſent.

ANOTHER wicked Inſinuation of your Hero's Enemies, is, That there never was in any Nation a Man more generally *hated* and *abhorred:* That There is hardly a ſingle Perſon to be found, who will ſpeak well of him, beſides his *own Relations*, and ſuch Men, whoſe particular *Circumſtances* and *Situation* make them fear his *Frowns*. I confeſs, I could wiſh you would take a little Pains, to ſhew that this *Inſinuation* is entirely groundleſs; becauſe, I muſt own, that could I believe it *true*, as great a Reſpect as I have for your Majeſty, I ſhould make ſome Scruple to take your Majeſty's *ſingle Word*, againſt the *united Voice* and *Out-cries* of a *brave*, *a generous*, and a *good-natur'd People*; Of a People ſo far from complaining without Reaſon, that a Gentleman in *Ireland*, famous for making ſeveral ſhrewd Ob-

ſervations, uſed to ſay, that *The Engliſh Nation could not* See, *but that they could* Feel. He uſed to illuſtrate this Poſition, by comparing them to a *Blind-Horſe* full of *Mettle*; and to obſerve that this *generous Animal* may be ſpurred on till his Head comes ſouſe againſt a Wall; but that then the *Smart* and *Pain* of the Blow, and his *Indignation* at being thus uſed, makes him lay about him in ſuch a Manner, that he ſeldom fails to *fling his Rider.*

Another Reflection of your Hero's Enemies, is, That he never yet was the Author of any *one* Thing, that was for the real *Service* and *Advantage* of his *Country.* I ſhould not think your Majeſty need ſay any Thing in Contradiction to ſo *apparent* a Miſtake, if that inſolent Creature, the *Craftſman*, had not again and again repeated this very Aſſertion, and defied all Mankind to prove it *falſe* by *one ſingle Inſtance.*

Another Thing, which the Enemies of your Hero have had the Wickedneſs to inſinuate, is, That the *Immenſe Wealth* he has got, could hardly ariſe from the *Legal Pro-*

fits

fits of his *Poſt*. I have ſeen a Calculation in plain Figures, which they have been malicious enough to make, in order to prove what they inſinuate; and which, if it will be of any Service to your Majeſty, I believe I could procure for you; but I take this to be ſo *evident a Piece of Scandal*, that your Majeſty will eaſily confute it, without any Man's Aſſiſtance.

ANOTHER of their *Infamous Forgeries*, is, That your Hero is a little too kind to his Relations; that even a *Welſh Couſin* of his own ſhall be preferred to a Man of the *beſt Senſe* and *greateſt Integrity*. I have heard ſome of them cry out, in a malicious ſort of a Way, *O glorious Day! When* I--c le H--p *was a Min——r of St--e, and Sir* Thomas Hanmer *had not a Seat in the Houſe of Commons!* I don't know very well what they meant by this Exclamation; but ſince I have reported the Fact, I dare ſay your Majeſty will find out their *Meaning*, and make them ſufficiently aſhamed of it.

LASTLY, They have had the conſummate Aſſurance to attack the very *Eloquence* of your

your Hero. That impudent Fellow, the *Craftſman*, pretended the other Day, that he had found a *Pillar* among the Rubbiſh at *Whitehall*, which was formerly erected to the *Infamy* of Cardinal *Wolſey*. Some People fancy, that he went no farther for his Pillar than to his own Study. He told us there was an Inſcription upon this ſame Pillar, which he printed in one of his Papers. This Inſcription, taking Notice of the Cardinal's *Way of ſpeaking*, ſays, That he was *Orator Volubilis, haud facundus*. I muſt own, I think the *Latin* of this pretended Inſcription was *Claſſical* enough; and I believe, whoever compoſed it, when he wrote the Words I have quoted, had his Eyes upon that Paſſage in *Tacitus*; where that Author, ſpeaking of a certain Man, ſays, That he was *Loquax magis, quam facundus: Rather a Prating Fellow, than truly Eloquent*. *Danvers*, for fear every Body ſhould not underſtand his *Latin Inſcription*, muſt needs tranſlate it into *Engliſh Verſe*; and when he came to the Words I have mentioned, was wicked enough to Paraphraſe upon them in the following Manner.

HIS *poor, fallacious, tinſel Eloquence,*
Tickles the Ear, *but never informs the* Senſe;
While every Plauſible Harangue *affords,*
A ſpecious, empty, puzzling Flow of Words.

If your Majeſty thinks, that *Danvers* had the Malice to aim at depreciating your *Hero*'s Eloquence, while he pretended to deſcribe the *Cardinal*'s, I make no manner of Doubt, but that you will eaſily prove, That the *Eloquence* of the firſt, inſtead of being only *wordy, briſk,* and *plauſible,* is *ſtrong, nervous,* and *maſculine.*

I HAVE mentioned ſome of thoſe *groundleſs Scandals,* which the Enemies of your Majeſty's Hero have been *weak* enough to invent; and have even preſumed to ſuggeſt to your Majeſty, in what Manner they ought to be anſwered. I do not doubt, but one *Touch* of your Majeſty's *Pen,* will make them all fly and diſappear, like *Clouds* before the *Sun;* and I do aſſure your Majeſty, that there is not a Man in *England,* who will more heartily congratulate you upon your *Victory,* than my ſelf.

YOUR

YOUR Majeſty may pleaſe to obſerve, that throughout my whole Letter, I have vindicated your *Hero* in his *publick Character:* I have agreed with your Majeſty, that the Reports, of his having a Deſign upon the *Liberty of the Preſs*, and that he was endeavouring to *ſcreen* himſelf by an *Act of Indempnity*, can be no other than *Infamous Forgeries*; If I have mentioned ſome other *Scandals*, which have been invented by the *Wickedneſs* and *Malice* of his Enemies, it is only that I may give your Majeſty an Opportunity of confuting them.

BUT if, after all I have ſaid in his Defence, your Majeſty ſhould wonder what is my particular Quarrel to him, I ſhall anſwer your Majeſty with the ſame Frankneſs and Ingenuity, with which I have hitherto acted.

I DO think, that notwithſtanding all his *Virtues*, he has treated me with an uncommon Degree of *Cruelty* and *Ingratitude*. I am, however, very ſenſible, how apt People are to be *partial* in their own Caſes. If

 therefore,

therefore, upon a *fair* Hearing, any one Man of *Senſe* and *Honour*, of his own Acquaintance, will juſtify his Behaviour towards me, I am ready to ask his Pardon for what I have ſaid, in the moſt publick and ſubmiſſive Manner: Nor is this the firſt Time I have made him this Offer. I am, however, very ſenſible that the Deſtruction of *one* Man, who, perhaps, was *never* very valuable, but who is *now* broke and diſpirited by a conſtant Courſe of Perſecution for *nine* Years together; I ſay, I am very ſenſible, that the Deſtruction of ſuch a Man, is not of Conſequence enough to the Publick to intereſt it in his Behalf: And I do aſſure your Majeſty, that however ſeverely your Hero may have treated me, yet, if I was ſure his *Schemes* and *Deſigns* were for the Service of his Country, and the *real* Intereſt of that Illuſtrious Family now upon the Throne, I would, with my laſt Breath, moſt heartily wiſh him Succeſs in his Undertakings. I will venture to aſſert, that a very large Share of my Thoughts, ſince I was capable of thinking to any Purpoſe, have been employed in the Service of the Houſe of *Hanover*. Your Majeſty is pleaſed to aſſert, that

I

I ſeem to *found* all my *Pretenſions* upon a *ſmall Entertainment* which I prepared for my Prince in his Way to *New-Market*, and upon a *Poem* which I publiſhed ſoon after, and dedicated it to his Royal Conſort. I wiſh your Majeſty had told the Publick to *what* I have made any *Pretenſions*: I am ſure, I never yet asked, either my King, or my Queen for *Money*, a *Place*, or a *Penſion*. I own, I do think that I have ſome ſmall Pretenſions to my Sovereign's good Opinion of my *Loyalty* and *Zeal* for his *Family*; and that theſe Pretenſions have a much *better Foundation*, than any your Majeſty has thought fit to take notice of. The *ridiculous Light* your Majeſty has endeavoured to place me in, will, I hope, plead my Excuſe for ſaying ſomething, which I ſhould never otherwiſe have ſaid.

My Behaviour, when the *Proteſtant Succeſſion* was by many People thought *doubtful*, having been truly repreſented to the late King, I was, ſoon after his Majeſty's Arrival, ſent into *Ireland* in ſeveral conſiderable Employments. I acted there as *Secretary of State*, *Secretary of War*, and *Clerk of*

the Council, when the *Pretender* landed in *Scotland*.

My undertaking a neceſſary Buſineſs, *foreign* to my *Province*, and which was of no *Advantage* to me, together with ſome *particular Circumſtances* which happened in that *Great Criſis*, and *Hurry of Affairs*, obliged me for many Weeks together to ſit up conſtantly *three Nights* in *every Week*. It is true, the *Fees* of my Office would have made me ſome Amends for this exceſſive Fatigue: But I imagined that in this *great Criſis*, when the *Engliſh Conſtitution* was in danger, every Man was obliged to ſhew the utmoſt *Zeal* for his *King* and his *Country*; I therefore gave away all my *legal Fees* upon one of the moſt *conſiderable* Branches of my Office, and *returned* their *Money* to ſuch Counties as would ſend it up to me. The Government themſelves, at laſt, who ſaw with how much *Zeal* I acted, offered me an handſome *Reward* out of the *Treaſury*. I was more than once preſſed to take it; but would never except of what, I humbly conceive, I might have received with *Honour*. I never aimed at *immenſe Wealth*; my *Fortune* was

at

at *that Time* as large as I deſired to ſee it; and I had, perhaps, as little Reaſon to fear a Gaol, as ſome of your Majeſty's Friends. What I have here mentioned, is a *plain Fact*. Your Hero *knows* it to be *true*: But if he thinks proper to deny it, a whole *Nation* are my *Witneſſes*. When your Majeſty ſhall condeſcend to lay before the Publick one *ſingle Inſtance*, in which your Hero, or any *one* of his *Family*, has acted with the *like diſintereſted Zeal* in the Service of his *Prince* and *Country*, I have then a good deal *more* to ſay to you. Till then, this may, perhaps, ſuffice; ſince I humbly conceive, that if I had made any *Pretenſions*, this *alone* would have been another Sort of *Foundation* for them, than my offering a *Glaſs of Wine* to my Prince, as he paſſed before my Door; or my making two or three *tolerable Verſes*. I cannot help telling your Majeſty, that your *Speculations* upon theſe two laſt Topicks, are extreamly *mean* and *pityful*; ſo very *mean*, that I can truly affirm, they never once entered into my Head.

I HAVE heard, indeed, that the preſent Queen of *Great Britain* is a *Patroneſs* of

polite *Arts* and *Sciences*; of which She has very lately given a remarkable Inſtance. Her *Bounty* has corrected the Errors of Fortune: She has taken a Man out of extream Poverty, whoſe *Soul*, it is pretty plain, was infinitely *above* his unhappy Circumſtances. If he has but one half of that *Honeſty* and *Capacity*, which his Compoſitions ſpeak, I have known Men undertake to manage the *Intereſts of a Kingdom*, with a much leſs Share of either. I will venture to ſay, that this Inſtance of her Majeſty's Bounty will be no Diſgrace to her, though it ſhould be recorded in Hiſtory; nor do I think the Precedent extreamly *dangerous*, being firmly perſwaded, that if her Majeſty ſhould determine to give *thirty Pounds per Annum* to every *Threſher* in her Dominions, who could do what Mr. *Duck* has done, the Revenue of the Crown would be very little impaired by ſuch a Reſolution. I am firmly perſwaded, that the Nation would not be at all diſſatisfied, though Mr. *Duck*'s *ſmall Penſion* was paid him out of the *publick Money*. I believe, indeed, they are no mighty Friends to *Penſions* in *general*; and that they have ſeen in *former Reigns*, with no little *Uneaſineſs*, not only

thirty

thirty Pounds, but *three thouſand Pounds per Annum* of their Money given to a *worthleſs Wretch*, to ſupport his *Pride* and *Luxury*: But what has infinitely added to their *Uneaſineſs*, has been their obſerving, that this *Creature*, in Requital for a Penſion paid out of the *Purſes* and *Labour* of his Fellow-Subjects, had promiſed to do whatever a wicked Miniſter bid him, and to employ all his little *Credit* and *Capacity* to ruin the Liberties and Conſtitution of his Country.

I DO aſſure your Majeſty, that I never yet asked, or thought of receiving a *Penſion*; but I do moſt ſtedfaſtly believe, that *Excellent Princeſs*, who now wears the *Britiſh Crown*, would think it, at leaſt, as proper to be *Juſt* as *Generous*; and that while with a Royal and Bountiful Hand, She is giving one poor *deſerving* Man ſo much Reaſon to Bleſs her, ſhe would not, if ſhe knew it, ſuffer even *me*, as *worthleſs*, as *deſpicable* as I am, to periſh in a Gaol, for want of being paid a *ſmall Arrear*; to which, I think, I have as much *Right*, as any Man in *England* has to his *Eſtate*.

IT is not long ſince we were informed from the *Publick Papers* of another Action of Her Majeſty's, truly worthy a *Great Queen*: We were told, that ſhe had ſent *Fifty Pounds* to a *Daughter* of *Milton*'s; and I cannot help obſerving, that this Action was the *more* generous, as it is well known, that *Milton* employed his *Great Talents* to the Deſtruction of one of her Royal Predeceſſors. I have already taken notice, that *Cromwell*, as well as Queen *Elizabeth*, took care to employ the *ableſt* Men in *England*. He made *Milton* his *Secretary*, for ſuch of his Diſpatches as were to be wrote in *Latin*: I have ſeen ſome Letters to ſovereign Princes, drawn up by this *Great Man*, in which the *Senſe* was ſo *ſtrong*, and the *Stile* ſo truly *Roman*, as could ſcarce fail to give any Aſſembly, before whom they were read, a great Idea of the *Wiſdom* and *Genius* of the *Engliſh Nation*. I am ſorry to ſay, for the Honour of my Country, that I have ſeen ſome Diſpatches, *ſince* the *Days* of *Oliver Cromwell*, which were neither *Senſe* nor *Latin*; and which evidently proved, that the Perſon who drew them up, did not under-

ſtand the true Force and Meaning of thoſe *Words* he uſed.

CROMWELL was a *good-natured* and *generous* Maſter to an *able* Servant. *Milton*'s Poſt gave him conſtant Acceſs to the *Protector*; and I think it can hardly be doubted, but that if this great Man (whoſe Genius was little inferior to *Homer*'s) had been intent upon *getting Money*, he might have made a *large Fortune*. He might, doubtleſs, have had a *Share* of the *Church-Lands* and *confiſcated Eſtates*; but while he was wholly intent upon what he thought his *Duty*, and the *Service of his Country*, he took ſo little Care to heap up *Money*, that I am aſſured his only Daughter (whom he had taught to read *Greek* to him, though ſhe did not underſtand it) would have wanted Neceſſaries before ſhe died, if Mr. *Addiſon* had not collected one hundred Guineas for her among his particular Friends; and if the Queen had not lately ſent her Fifty Pounds. I never yet asked, and I believe ſhall never ask for *Bounty-Money* from the Crown; but I do moſt firmly believe that the ſame good Queen who ſent Fifty Pounds to a *Daughter*

of

of *Milton's*, would not ſuffer the *neareſt Male-Relation* of the late Mr. ADDISON to *ſtarve in a Goal*, for want of what is moſt *juſtly due to him from the Crown*. Having mentioned my deceaſed *Friend* and *Relation*, the late Mr. ADDISON, I cannot forbear ſaying, that I am fully perſwaded both the *preſent Age*, and all *Poſterity*, will allow him to have been, at leaſt, as *great* and as *good* a Man, as your Majeſty's Hero. It is ſomething more difficult for a Man to make a *whole Nation* chearfully lay out their *Money* to know his *Sentiments*, than to talk before *five hundred* People in a *Place*, where they are *obliged* to hear what is ſaid, if they do not ſtop their Ears. Mr. ADDISON's Political Writings, in the Opinion of all Mankind, contributed not a little to endear the *Proteſtant Succeſſion* to his Fellow-Subjects. I believe it is hardly yet forgot what a *Spirit of Liberty* his *Tragedy* of *Cato* rouzed up in the *People*; and that an *able* and *dextrous* Stateſman * then in Power, (whatever was his private Opinion,) thought it a wiſer Way to ſwim with the Stream,

* The late Lord *B——ke*.

Stream, than oppoſe the Torrent: He went himſelf to the Theatre, ſat in the moſt conſpicuous Part of it, joined with the People in their Applauſes; and when the Play was done, clapping *fifty Guineas* into *Booth*'s Hand, told him, with an *Air* which more than *doubled* the *Favour*, That He *muſt deſire him to accept of that ſmall Preſent, for dying ſo nobly in the Cauſe of Liberty.* In a word, I do firmly believe that your Majeſty's *Hero* never yet did one *tenth* Part of that *real Service* for the *Houſe of Hanover*, as the late Mr. Addison. I would not be thought to mean this as a *Reflection*: Heaven itſelf does not require more of any Man, than his *Abilities* enable him to perform.

This is not a Place to examine whether I ever did your Hero any *particular Services*; or he ever made me any *particular Promiſes.* I was never yet weak enough to imagine, that a *Modern Politician* was obliged by his *Word*, or the common Rules of *Juſtice* and *Gratitude.* I was born to an *Eſtate*, which placed me above *Want*: I was bred to a *Profeſſion*, in which, I hope, I could have got at leaſt a *Livelihood*: But

if

If my *Paternal Eſtate* has been ſtruck at by *Extraordinary Methods*; If I have been diſcountenanced in the Exerciſe of my *Profeſſion*; If with an *Inhumanity* rarely practiſed towards the moſt *notorious Traitor*, the *ſacred Name* of a *King*, deteſting *Cruelties*, has been made uſe of to prevent *Great Mens* doing me Kindneſſes which they intended, but which I never *ſolicited*, or even *expected*; If this ſhould happen to be the Caſe, *Theſe are Circumſtances which* (let me tell your Majeſty in your *own Words*) *will juſtify an open Oppoſition*. If I can be made ſenſible, that I have done your Majeſty's Hero any Injury, or have been miſinformed in any *one Particular*, (which I will not affirm is *abſolutely* impoſſible,) there is no Reparation, upon Earth, in my Power to make, which I ſhall not moſt readily make him. In this Caſe, there ſhall be no Occaſion for any *Acts of Power* or *Extraordinary Management* in *Weſtminſter-Hall*. I believe I ſhould be as *ſevere* to *myſelf*, as ever he could be to me. But, if on the other hand, your Majeſty has inſpired him with ſome of thoſe arbitrary Principles upon which you acted, when you was *King of Sparta*, and which made you *aſſaſſi-*

nate

nate or *baniſh* every Man you did not like.* If his Head is ſo entirely turned with *Pride* and *Power*, as to imagine himſelf above giving any *Reaſon* for his Proceedings to Men whoſe *Aſſiſtance* he once *courted*, I am of Opinion he will yet find *Spirit* enough left among his Fellow-Subjects, to give him ſome little Uneaſineſs: I myſelf can inform him of one *poor Gentleman*, who, though at preſent he lies in a Gaol, yet, while he has any Breath left in his poor Carcaſe, will never *ſilently* ſubmit to ſo *open*, ſo *bare-faced* a *Tyranny*. I have read an Account of the Proceedings of the *Spaniſh Inquiſition*, and I obſerve,

* *Cleomenes* reſolving to be abſolute, upon his Return to *Sparta*, at the Head of the Mercenaries, from an Expedition againſt the *Achæans*, ſent one *Euryclidas* before him to the *Suſſitium*, or *Eating-Place* of the *Ephori*. *Euryclidas* pretended he had a Meſſage from the King, relating to the Army; but while he was delivering this pretended Meſſage, a ſmall Party of *Samothracians*, that followed him, ruſhed in, and ſlew the *Ephori*. *Cleomenes* baniſhing ſome other *Spartans*, aſſumed the whole Power over the Commonwealth; but his having *murdered* the *Ephori* in this *infamous Manner*; and it being likewiſe ſtrongly ſuſpected, that he had cauſed *Archidamas* to be *aſſaſſinated*, made him ſo much deteſted by ſome of his Subjects, that (though he had an *unbounded Generoſity* and great *military Skill*) it is thought he was betrayed in the Battle againſt *Antigonus*; nor can I find, that after the Death of that Prince, the *Lacedemonians* ever deſired *Cleomenes* ſhould return to *Sparta*.

obſerve, that whenever that moſt *merciful Tribunal* clap an unhappy Wretch upon the *Rack*, he has always the *Liberty* of *Groaning* as loud as he has a mind to.

YOUR Majeſty is pleaſed to conclude your Letter with a Queſtion: After having finiſhed your Panegyrick upon your *Hero*, you are pleaſed to ask;

"*What then is it poſſible ſuch a Gentle-*
"*man ſhould apprehend from ſo deſpicable*
"*a Tool as Mr.* Budgell?"

To this *Queſtion* I ſhall return a direct *Anſwer*. Your Majeſty asks, *What it is poſſible your* Hero *ſhould apprehend from ſo deſpicable a Tool as Mr.* Budgell? I anſwer, If he is *Innocent*, NOTHING; If he is *Guilty*, EVERY THING. We have, Thanks be to God, a King and Queen upon the Throne, who are Lovers of *Juſtice*, and abhor *Cruelties*. 'Tis true, the Age we live in,' is *baſe* and *degenerate* enough; yet, perhaps, *plain Truths* and *Matters of Fact*, may carry ſome little *Weight* with them, though they ſhould happen

happen to fall from the *Mouth*, or the *Pen*, even of *ſo deſpicable a Tool as Mr.* Budgell.

I am,

Your Majeſty's moſt Obliged,

And moſt Obedient Humble Servant.

Novem. 6.
1730.



POST-

POSTSCRIPT.

SOME of my Readers may poſſibly expect, that I ſhould give a particular Anſwer to all thoſe *kind Titles*, your Majeſty has been pleaſed to confer upon me in your Royal Epiſtle: Such as an *Ape*, a *Fool*, a *Coxcomb*, an *Impoſtor*, a *Buffoon*, an *Implement of Scandal*, a *Man below all Notice*, a *baſe Defamer*, *&c.* But as theſe *Arguments* are couched in a *Stile*, which becomes no Man but a *Monarch*, and in which I never yet wrote, I have nothing at all to ſay to *this Part* of your Majeſty's *Letter*.

FINIS.

THE APPENDIX.

A

STATE

Of one of the

Author's CASES

Before the

House of LORDS,

Which is

Mentioned and Referred to

In

The Thirty-fourth PAGE

OF THE

INTRODUCTION.

Note, This CASE is now reprinted verbatim, as it was formerly given into the moſt Honourable Houſe of Lords.

Printed in the Year 1733.

A

STATE

Of one of the

Author's CASES

Before the

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Which is

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IN

The Thirty-fourth PAGE

OF THE

INTRODUCTION.

Note, This CASE is now reprinted *verbatim*, as it was formerly given into the moſt Honourable Houſe of Lords.

Printed in the Year 1731.

BUDGELL and **PAZEY**,

Plaintiffs in Error.

PIERS or **HOLLIS**,

Defendant in Error.

The Caſe *of the Plaintiffs in Error.*

Which, if an Order of the Houſe of Lords *ſtands unaltered, will be heard at the Bar of the ſaid Houſe, on the* 16*th of* May; *on which Day the Errors on* three other Writs of Error *are alſo ordered to be argued.*

BUDGELL and PAZEY,

Plaintiffs in Error.

PIERS or HOLLIS,

Defendant in Error.

When thoſe very Laws *which were deſigned to* ſecure *the* Property of the Subject, *are made the Inſtruments to* deſtroy *it; and when an* innocent Man, *who deſires to be* quiet, *and would do any thing that is reaſonable to purchaſe* Peace, *ſhall have a* Multitude of Actions *brought againſt him, with* no other Intent, *than a* plain *and* evident Deſign *to* ruin *him: As this may* one Day *be the Caſe of any private Gentleman in* England, *who ſhall have a* Rich *and* Powerful Man *his* Enemy, *it may require a more than ordinary Attention.*

The following CASE *is moſt humbly preſumed to be* extreamly remarkable *and* uncommon.

MR. *Budgell*, ſome Years ſince, bought the Reverſion of an Eſtate of one

Mr. *John Piers*, after the Life of his Mother: This Eſtate is held under St. *John*'s *College* in *Cambridge*, and lies in the Manor of *Thorrington* in *Eſſex*; the Cuſtom of which Manor is *Burrough Engliſh*. Mr. *Budgell*'s Title to the ſaid Eſtate is thus: *John Piers* the Father bought the Eſtate, which is Copyhold of Inheritance, and was ſurrendered to the Uſe of the ſaid *John Piers* and his Wife, and the longeſt Liver of them, and afterwards to the Heirs of the ſaid *Piers* for ever. He died, leaving four Sons, *viz.* *John*, *William*, *Edward*, and *Laud*; ſo that the Reverſion of the ſaid Eſtate became veſted in the youngeſt Son *Laud*, after the Death of his Mother; and he dying inteſtate before his Mother, the Reverſion of the ſaid Eſtate fell to his Heir at Law, *viz.* his elder Brother *John Piers*, from whom Mr. *Budgell* purchas'd. Notwithſtanding this, *William Piers*, the ſecond Brother, who was neither his Father's, or his Mother's youngeſt Son at the Time of their Death, went down to *Cambridge*, upon his Mother's Death, and, by the Advice of ſome People, got himſelf admitted by the College, and perſwaded *Robert Pazey*, a poor ignorant

Man, to attorn Tenant to him; which, nevertheleſs, *Pazey*, having ſome Doubts, refuſed to do, till *Piers* gave him a Bond to indempnify him for paying his Rent.

Mr. *Budgell*, who had purchaſed the Eſtate for a valuable Conſideration, offered, for a long Time, to refer the Matter to any Council learned in the Law; which being refuſed, and Mr. *Budgell* being aſſured by all the Council he conſulted, that his Title was good, he laid the ſame, at laſt, before *St. John's College*; who being likewiſe aſſured by their Council, that the Eſtate was Mr. *Budgell's*, admitted him to it; and *Pazey* likewiſe attorned Tenant to him, by ſigning a Writing drawn up and witneſſed by the Steward of the College.

Note, Mr. *William Piers* married a Wife, who had been Woman to an Aunt of Mr. *Budgell's*, and purchaſed an Annuity from him of 10 *l. per Annum* for her Life; which Mr. *Budgell* conſtantly paid, till her Husband got into Poſſeſſion of the *Thorrington* Eſtate, as aforeſaid; but then Mr. *Budgell* was adviſed

viſed to ſtop the ſaid Annuity as a ſmall Repriſal; but he never once denied that it was due, and conſtantly offered Mr. *Piers*'s Attorney (by whom Mr. *Piers*, who is a very antient Clergyman, declared he was entirely directed) to allow it out of thoſe Rents Mr. *Piers* had received at *Thorrington*; or elſe deſired, if he thought his Client was intitled to the *Thorrington* Eſtate, he would fairly try that Title. The Attorney would do neither; and inſtead of bringing an Ejectment for the *Thorrington* Eſtate, which was the only Matter in Queſtion, he brings an Ejectment againſt an Eſtate of Mr. *Budgell*'s in *Devonſhire*, of 30 *l. per Ann.* which was bound for the Payment of the abovesaid Annuity. Mr. *Budgell* could make no Defence againſt this Claim, for he never denied that the Annuity was due; ſo that the Attorney got a Judgment, and he, or his Client, is now in the actual Poſſeſſion of an Eſtate of 30 *l. per Annum* in Land, for an Annuity of only 10 *l. per Annum* during the Life of an old Woman,

who

who is above Threeſcore: Yet not content with this, *they have brought another Action againſt Mr.* Budgell *for* 200 l. *upon a Bond, which he gave only as a Collateral Security for the Payment of the ſaid Annuity;* and Mr. *Budgell* having no other Relief but in Equity, againſt this cruel and moſt unjuſt Proceeding, they have got a Judgment upon the ſaid Bond.

When the Attorney had done all this, being apprehenſive that *Robert Pazey* might ſeek to be indempnified for the Money he had paid in his own Wrong, the ſaid Attorney goes down to *Thorrington* in *Eſſex*, and there perſuading the poor Man, *Pazey*, to let him ſee his Bond of Indempnification, he claps the Bond in his Pocket, and rides away with it. When he had thus taken away the poor Tenant's Bond, he brings an Ejectment againſt him, to which Mr. *Budgell*, the Landlord, made himſelf a Party; Mr. *Budgell* could not but think himſelf ſure of his Cauſe, ſince not only his own Council, *viz.* Mr. Serjeant *Bains*, and Mr. Serjeant *Darnell*, but even thoſe his Adverſary had conſulted, declared

Mr.

Mr. *Budgell*'s Title was good. The Attorney, however, brought on the Cauſe at *Chelmſford*; but inſtead of entering at all into the Merits of his Client's pretended Title, which would have ended all Controverſies, (but which he knew was not good,) he produced a Leaſe for three Years, which was expired, but which *Pazey* had been ignorantly brought to take from Mr. *Piers*, and which Mr. *Budgell* had never heard of before. This Leaſe being an *Eſtopel* at Law againſt *Pazey*, the Tenant in Poſſeſſion, the Attorney got a Verdict: He had taken care to bring his Action upon an Original out of the *King's-Bench*, ſo that Mr. *Budgell* could not prevent having his Eſtate immediately entered upon, and ruined, by any other Way than being at the *great Expence* of bringing a Writ of Error in the *Houſe of Lords*, which he hath done accordingly, and muſt likewiſe apply to *Chancery* this next Term, for an Injunction to ſtop theſe unparallel'd Proceedings, and to oblige Mr. *Piers* to try the true Iſſue. Mr. *Piers*'s Attorney, ſince the Verdict at *Chelmsford*, has alſo ſent down and arreſted the Tenant *Pazey*, a poor ignorant Man, for 150 *l.* which he pretends is due to his Client for

for Rent, although the Title is not yet tried, and although he had taken the ſaid *Pazey*'s Bond from him, by which he might be indempnified for the Money he hath already paid. The Bailiffs, for Want of Bail, kept the Man ſeveral Days in Cuſtody, and uſed him in a moſt barbarous Manner; and ſeveral other People ſeeing he was arreſted, demanded their little Debts alſo of him; ſo that the poor Man and his Family are undone.

The only real Controverſy between Mr. *Budgell* and Mr. *Piers*, is about the *Thorrington* Eſtate, which might have been ended at once, either by *referring it to Council*, or fairly trying the Title; but inſtead of that, Mr. *Piers*'s Attorney has made *four ſeveral Law-Suits of it*, and forced Mr. *Budgell beſides* into the *Houſe of Lords*, and into *Chancery*.

The whole Eſtate is but fifty Pounds *per Annum*; and as it muſt be kept fenced againſt the Sea with a good Wall, does not, ſome Years, produce *any Thing clear*; ſo that *much more Money has been already ſpent in* Law *than the Eſtate is worth*.

It is plain the *whole Deſign* of theſe Proceedings is to raiſe up as many *Law-Suits* as poſſible, to ruin Mr. *Budgell*: The poor Tenant is already ruined; and Mr. *Piers* himſelf would at length be ruined, if theſe Things were carried on at his Expence: But he is an ancient Country Clergyman, who declares he knows nothing of the Law, but leaves all to the Management of his Attorney, who, there are good Reaſons to believe, was encouraged and ſupported by *a greater Man* than Mr. *Piers*, to carry on theſe Proceedings, in order to ruin Mr. *Budgell*.

Mr. *Budgell* would have got an Injunction from *Chancery* laſt Term (which is his only and proper Remedy;) but was diſappointed of it by a Miſtake of his Sollicitor's, and Mr. *Piers*'s living above an hundred Miles off, ſo that the *Subpœna* could not be ſerved in Time.

His Adverſaries are puſhing on the Writ of Error, which he has been obliged to bring as aforeſaid in the *Houſe of Lords*, becauſe they know he muſt have an Injunction from *Chancery* in a few Days, which will effectually ſtop all their Proceedings.

If Mr. *Budgell* had brought his Writ of Error to prevent the Payment of a *juſt Debt*, he ſhould not have thought he deſerved *any Favour*; but being obliged to bring his Writ of Error by the *unjuſt Proceedings* before mentioned, he humbly hopes, the moſt Honourable *Houſe of Lords* will not ſhew his Adverſaries ſo much Favour as to grant them a By-Day; nor try this Writ of Error on the ſame Day with three others, which it is humbly conceived were appointed to be heard all together, upon a Suppoſition that they were only brought (as they often are) to *delay Juſtice*.

He is well aſſured that moſt Honourable Houſe, which is the *Dernier Reſort* of Juſtice, will ſhew no Manner of Countenance to ſuch *Acts of Oppreſſion*, as are perhaps *without a Precedent*; and he and his Tenant having actually filed their Bill in *Chancery*, before this next Term, and got a *Subpœna* returnable the firſt Day of it, are ſure of obtaining an Injunction againſt their Adverſaries, if they are not indulged by the Houſe, with having the Errors argued on a By-Day.

WHEREFORE the Plaintiffs humbly hope, That the Defendant in Error ſhall have no ſuch Favour ſhewed him; and that this Cauſe ſhall not be brought on before others which were ſet down, and therefore may regularly be heard before it.

I DO hereby certify, both as a *Gentleman*, and a *Barriſter at Law*, that the above is a true State of my Caſe, and that I deſire *no other Favour* from my *cruel Adverſaries*, but that they will either *fairly try their Title to the Eſtate*, or *refer the ſame to any indifferent Council learned in the Law.*

May 4. 1728. E. BUDGELL.

Note, The Reader cannot but obſerve, that the Proceedings above mention'd are ſo complicated, and of ſuch a Nature, that no other Council but myſelf could ſet their Hands to all the ſeveral Facts.

THE

THE CHARACTER

Of the Late

Earl of HALIFAX,

Mentioned and Referred to in the foregoing

Letter to CLEOMENES.

THE CHARACTER*

Of the Late

Earl of *HALIFAX.*

IT was a lucky Accident for his Country, that the late Earl of *Halifax* was a ſingle Man, and had no *numerous Family*, to be *enriched* at the *Expence* of the *Publick*. When he had made his

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* This Character is taken out of a Pamphlet wrote by the Author in the Year 1721. and entitled, *A Letter to a Friend in the Country, occaſioned by a Report, That there is a Deſign ſtill forming by the late* Directors *of the* South-Sea Company, *their* Agents *and* Aſſociates, *to iſſue the Receipts of the Third and Fourth Subſcriptions at* 1000 per Cent. *and to extort about* Ten Millions *more from the miſerable People of* Great Britain. *With ſome Obſervations on the preſent State of Affairs at* Home *and* Abroad. It is poſſible that this Character of the late Lord *Halifax*, with what is farther ſaid of him by the Author before his *Tranſlation* of the *Characters of Theophraſtus*, may give Poſterity a pretty good Idea of that Great Man.

his own Fortune *eaſy*, which the *beſt* of Stateſmen will do, his *only remaining Ambition* was, to do ſomething worthy a Patriot, worthy of himſelf, and that might tranſmit his Memory with Honour to Poſterity. No Man had ever greater *Parliamentary* Qualities, or was more happy at explaining (what he thoroughly underſtood) every Thing relating to our *Publick Funds*, &c. But then his Capacity was not *confined* here: He had a moſt exact Knowledge of *ancient* and *modern Hiſtory*, which as it gives a Man the Experience of *paſt* Ages, is, perhaps, the moſt certain Aſſiſtance human Wiſdom can have, in order to form a right Judgment of Things *preſent*. As he was truly a *Great Man*, and a ſuperior Genius, he was ſo far from being *jealous* or *afraid* of others, who might have ſome ſmall Share of thoſe *Talents* he ſo eminently poſſeſſed, that *theſe* were the Men he made it his Study to *find out*, and to *employ* in the Service of the Publick, as their ſeveral Capacities made them moſt uſeful. He underſtood perfectly well the *true* Intereſt of *Great Britain*, with relation to *Foreign* States; and was ſo curious in every Thing that regarded *Trade* and *Commerce*, that he had

had made a Collection of every *Arrêt* that had been publiſhed in *France* or *Holland* for ſome Years paſt upon that Subject. He died when his Heart was *big* with Deſigns for the Honour and Advantage of his Country; and was taken from us at *a Time*, when we had moſt of all Occaſion for his *great Abilities*.

A

LETTER

TO

Mr. *LAW*,

UPON HIS

Arrival in *Great Britain.*

The SEVENTH EDITION.

A

LETTER

TO

Mr. *LAW*,

Mentioned and Referred to in the foregoing LETTER to *Cleomenes*.

SIR,

IF the Method to acquire Fame, is to be the Author of the greateſt and moſt ſurprizing Events; or if thoſe Perſons naturally draw the Eyes and Attention of Mankind upon them, who have felt the utmoſt Viciſſitudes of Fortune, there is not at preſent in any known Part of the World ſo eminent a Man as your ſelf. It is yet little more than a Twelvemonth ſince you were the greateſt and moſt glorious Subject in *Europe*, beloved and ſup-

ported by a Wiſe and Powerful Prince, courted and careſſed by all the Nobility of *France*, and almoſt worſhipped and adored by the Common People. You are at preſent forced to fly from the Reſentments of thoſe very People, who have more than once attempted your Life; and, after a long Exile, are at Length come back again to *Great Britain*. If her former unkind Uſage has not altogether effaced thoſe tender Sentiments every great and good Man feels for that Place to which he owed his Birth and Education, you cannot poſſibly be unaffected with the preſent deplorable State of your native Country. You will find our Trade loſt, our Credit ruined, our Money in the Hands of the baſeſt Men among us, and the Innocent and Deluded ſtill groaning under the Oppreſſions of the Wicked and the Inſatiable: You will find, that our Deſtruction was brought upon us by a Set of Wretches, who have committed much higher Crimes than your greateſt Adverſaries ever accuſed you of, without being poſſeſſed of any one of thoſe great and generous Qualities your moſt inveterate Enemies are forced to allow you: That theſe contemptible Fellows

lows have ruined us without ſo much as the Pretence to any rational Scheme, or one tolerable Deſign for enlarging Trade and Commerce: That the only Handle they had Senſe enough to lay hold on to perpetrate their Villany, was that Spirit your Syſtem and Succeſs in *France* had infuſed into People here; ſo that, indeed, however diſtant it might be from your Intentions, you may in one Senſe be termed the Author of our Miſfortunes. You are not, therefore, to be ſurprized, if the Undiſtinguiſhing and Unfortunate among us look upon you as the immediate Cauſe of their Calamities and Ruin. Amidſt theſe Prejudices and Paſſions of the Vulgar, a Pen never yet proſtituted to Flattery endeavours to do ſome Juſtice to your extraordinary Talents; and 'tis hoped you will excuſe this Letter, wrote with a *Liberty* of which we in this Iſland have ſtill ſome Footſteps remaining, though you have met with ſo little of it in Foreign Countries.

Every Man who has juſt Notions of Credit, Trade, and Money, muſt allow that the firſt Principles on which your great Scheme was founded, are moſt of them un-

deniable; but it is pretty well known, that the *Avarice* of ſome with whom you were forced to comply, and the *Envy* of others who knew the only Way to overthrow the whole Structure, was to make it too large for its Foundation, obliged you, if not to *do*, at leaſt to *ſuffer* what was equally againſt both your *Judgment* and *Inclination*. To expect, after this, that you ſhould be anſwerable for all the Conſequences, was as fooliſh and unreaſonable, as if a Merchant ſhould ſue the Shipwright who firſt built and launched his Veſſel, for the Damages ſhe afterwards ſuſtained in being run upon a Rock by unskilful Pilots.

What was the Deſtruction both of the *Miſſiſſippi* and *South-Sea* Stock, was their riſing to ſuch a monſtrous Height; and it is as certain that you foreſaw the Conſequence, and endeavoured to have ſtopped the Riſe of the former, as it is notorious that our Set of thoughtleſs and inſatiable Managers did every Thing in their Power to encourage that of the latter. This is demonſtrable from one plain Matter of Fact. The *Miſſiſſippi* Stock was a long while together at above

1800

1800 *Livres per Cent.* and ſold for ſome Time at 2050 *Livres per Cent.* Notwithſtanding which, inſtead of encouraging the People to believe it really worth what their Madneſs had mounted it to, you took in but three Subſcriptions at 1000 *Livres per Cent.* and bound your ſelf down to take in no more; that is, in other Words, you never pretended to declare, by the Price at which you ſet your higheſt Subſcriptions, that the Stock was really worth half as much as it actually ſold for.

On the contrary, our *South-Sea* Stock never actually ſold for 1000 *l. per Cent.* ready Money. Notwithſtanding which, our honeſt and wiſe Directors, to perſwade People they did not know the Value of it, took in two vaſt Subſcriptions at 1000 *l. per Cent.* each, and had deſign'd to open a fifth at 1200 *l.*

However, therefore, the preſent Prejudices and Paſſions of the Weak and Undiſcerning may confound Men and Things together, without ever giving themſelves the Trouble to make a juſt Compariſon, Poſte-

rity will do you Juſtice, and make a vaſt Difference between your wretched Imitators, and the great Original they endeavoured to copy after.

WHEN ſome future Hiſtorian, with a Genius equal to the Work he undertakes, ſhall in ſome diſtant Age ariſe in *France*, and ſhall give an Account of all the Prodigies that happened in this wonderful *Æra*, which from henceforth will be the moſt remarkable of any in the Annals of his Conntry; when he ſhall have judiciouſly collected, and coolly examined the ſeveral Accounts tranſmitted to him, it is more than probable he will expreſs himſelf pretty much to the following Purpoſe.

"FRANCE was now groaning under
"the vaſt Debts contracted during the
"Wars of *Lewis the Great*. The Regent,
"while he was purſuing with an inflexible
"Juſtice thoſe Men who had pillaged the
"Publick, had created himſelf many Ene-
"mies; and that unhappy Affair of the
"*Conſtitution*, which we have before men-
"tion'd, had ſown Jealouſies and Diviſions

over

" over all the Kingdom. In this Juncture " of Affairs, Mr. *Law* firſt appeared at " Court, and quickly drew the Attention " not only of *France*, but of all *Europe*, on " himſelf alone.

" THIS Gentleman, deſcended from an an- " cient Family in *Great Britain*, was oblig'd " to fly from his native Country, where he " had been unfortunately ſucceſsful in a " Duel: His Talents and Genius, which lay " particularly in Figures, gave him a ſupe- " rior and very uncommon Skill in thoſe " Games, which, though they depend chief- " ly on Calculation, are uſed by People of " Quality wholly ignorant of it. He had " viſited moſt of the Courts in *Europe*, made " his Obſervations on their ſeveral Forms of " Government, and in particular upon every " Thing relating to the Management of their " Finances. His Perſon and Addreſs were " graceful and eaſy; his Way of Thinking " ſtrong and nervous; he ſpoke our Tongue " perfectly well, and is ſaid to have had a " peculiar Happineſs in conveying his own " Notions in their full Strength to thoſe " with whom he converſed. In an Audience

" which

" which he obtain'd of the Regent, he aſſu-
" red him, That if *France* would exert all
" that Force Nature had happily furniſhed
" her with, ſhe might ſtill retrieve her loſt
" Power and Credit; that the Debts ſhe
" groaned under might be paid off, and the
" Revenue put under new Regulations, e-
" qually advantageous to the Prince and
" People. The Duke Regent reliſh'd his
" Propoſals and Reaſons ſo well, that he
" encourag'd him to execute the mighty Plan
" he had formed, and aſſur'd him of the
" Royal Protection and Aſſiſtance.

" The firſt Step Mr. *Law* took, was, by
" a voluntary Subſcription of himſelf and his
" Friends, to eſtabliſh a Bank, which recei-
" ved and paid conſiderable Sums for the
" Government; lent Money at three *per*
" *Cent.* diſcounted Bills, and iſſued a great
" Number of Notes payable at Demand. As
" theſe Notes were anſwer'd with the utmoſt
" Exactneſs, the Publick found them ſo
" much more convenient than Silver, that
" they ſoon came to be 4 or 5 *per Cent.*
" better than *Specie*; and the Credit of the
" Bank roſe ſo faſt, as not only allarm'd the
" Jealouſy

" Jealouſy of the *Dutch*, but made them " reſolved to blow it up. To this end, ha- " ving collected a great Number of Notes, " they made a Demand upon it in one Day " of above *Twenty-five Millions*. Mr. *Law*, " without ſhewing any Marks of Surpriſe, " immediately order'd the Payment of this " vaſt Sum all in Piſtoles; but when he " had done ſo, procured an *Arrêt* to be " iſſued the Day following, by which the " Piſtole was reduced from *ſixteen* to *fifteen* " *Livres*. All Men were ſurpriſed to ſee " this *Plot* ſo dexterouſly turn'd upon the " malicious Contrivers of it; and the Deſign " that was laid to overthrow the Credit of " the *Bank* and its *Director*, gained the " the higheſt Reputation to both.

" About the ſame Time, Mr. *Law*, who " only intended his Bank for the Foundation " of ſomething much greater than it ſelf, " declared his Deſign of planting a Colony " in *North America*, in that Country through " which the River *Miſſiſſippi* runs, and from " whence the Company he then formed took " its Name: This vaſt Tract of Land, as is " now well known, extends it ſelf from the

" Bay

" Bay of *Mexico*, quite round the *Engliſh*
" Plantations, to our Settlement at *Canada*.

" THE State-Bills, Loans, and other pub-
" lick Paper Securities, for which People
" had been prevailed, during the late Wars,
" to part with their Money, were at this
" Time ſo ſunk in their Credit, that we are
" aſſured they were from 57 to 65 *per Cent.*
" Diſcount; yet ſcarce had Mr. *Law* decla-
" red, that he would admit them to be ſub-
" ſcribed at *par* into the Stock of his new
" Company, when ſo great was the Repu-
" tation he had now gained, and ſo well
" did his vaſt Deſigns ſuit with the warm
" and enterprizing Genius of this Nation,
" that theſe ſeveral Sorts of Publick Secu-
" rities grew, in an Inſtant, to be twenty,
" and even thirty *per Cent.* above *par*.

" THE *Miſſiſſippi Company*, as it was then
" called, and under which Name it is even
" in this Age ſo often mentioned, had pretty
" early taken upon them the Publick *Coin-*
" *age* and *Farm of Tobacco*: The *Eaſt-*
" *India Company* was ſoon after incorporated
" with them; and now the Credit of the
" United

" United Companies daily increaſing unde
" the Direction of the moſt daring Genius
" that ever appeared in *France*, they took
" upon them the entire Management of the
" Royal Revenue: In conſideration of which
" they not only raiſed the General Farms
" *four Millions* a Year, but, to the Terror
" and infinite Aſtoniſhment of all our Neigh-
" bours, took the whole Debt of the Crown
" upon themſelves, amounting at that Time
" to no leſs than *fifteen hundred Millions.*

" THE Stock of the *Miſſiſſippi* Company,
" inſtead of ſinking under this prodigious
" Load, ſtill roſe higher and higher every
" Day; and the Man who animated and
" conducted this whole Scheme was, with
" an univerſal Approbation, made Comp-
" troller-General of the Finances. It is
" agreed by all the Writers of thoſe Days,
" that amidſt the moſt numerous Levées and
" greateſt Applauſe that ever attended any
" Miniſter, he never once appeared either
" elevated or ſurpriſed; and that though he
" was daily forming ſome new and great De-
" ſign, he diſpatched the ordinary Buſineſs
" of his Poſt with an inimitable Readineſs.

" The Management of all the Revenues " in *France* was now in his Hands; when, " inſtead of exacting the ſeveral Duties " with the ſame Severity the Farmers had " done before him, he took away the *Toll-* " *Bars* at the Entrance of *Paris*, and abo- " liſhed all thoſe heavy Taxes with which " the Poor were chiefly affected, ſuch as the " Duties upon Fleſh, Fiſh, Fruit, Wine, and " Fuel; in conſequence of which, an infinite " Number of Collectors and Toll-gatherers " were diſcharged as uſeleſs. Theſe Actions " render'd him extreamly dear to the Com- " mon People, who publickly called him " the *Saviour of France*. He proceeded " to form ſtill greater Deſigns, to ſet up ſe- " veral new Manufactories in the Kingdom; " and is reported to have had Thoughts of " making a new Canal for Ships of Burthen " from the *Loyer* to the *Seine*; to have " deſigned *Roan* for the chief Magazine of " all *France*, and to have built a *new City* " on the other Side of the *Seine*, over- " againſt the *Old*. His prodigious Reputa- " tion, and the Fame of theſe Things, gave " no ſmall Alarm to all our Neighbours, " who regarded the riſing Greatneſs of this

" King-

" Kingdom with the utmoſt Jealouſy. It " is reported, that no leſs than half a Mil- " lion of People, including Strangers from " the remoteſt Parts of *Europe*, flocked to " *Paris*, to become Adventurers in a Com- " pany, which ſeemed determined to en- " groſs the Riches of the World. This raiſed " the Stock to ſo prodigious an Height, that " though the Capital was augmented by new " Subſcriptions to *three hundred Millions*, " it ſold at length at *two thouſand and fifty* " *per Cent.* ſo that thoſe who originally ſub- " ſcribed a State Bill of *one hundred Livres*, " which they bought for *thirty-five* or *forty*, " became clear Gainers of above *two thou-* " *ſand Livres.* We ſhould not venture to " relate this Fact, which ſeems ſo highly in- " credible *now*, was it not confirmed by " all the Hiſtorians of that Age, and appa- " rent from ſeveral Books of Entries, which " are to be ſeen in our Publick Offices even " at this Day.

" It is affirmed by many, that the *Comp-* " *troller-General* was ſenſible this exceſ- " ſive Riſe of the Stock would prove the " Deſtruction of all his Deſigns; but that

" he was not ſuffered by ſome, who had an " Influence at Court (and who perhaps in " Secret envied him) to put a timely Check " to it. The Event juſtified his Apprehen- " ſions. The firſt Adventurers began now " to think of what they called in thoſe " Days *Reallizing*, that is, of converting " their prodigious Gains into *Specie*. This " brought ſuch a Demand upon the *Bank*, " as it was impoſſible to anſwer; to ſtop " which, the Government was obliged to " have Recourſe to ſeveral extraordinary " Methods: But as *Force* and *Credit* are in- " conſiſtent in their Nature, the Remedy " proved worſe than the Diſeaſe, and over- " threw at once the whole Structure. The " Principles which that great Genius, who " firſt erected it, ſeems chiefly to have acted " upon, and which it is ſaid he frequently " uſed to aſſert in his particular Converſa- " tions, were theſe, that *The Power and* " *Wealth of a Nation conſiſted in Numbers* " *of People;* that *The Number of a People* " *depended on Trade;* and that *Trade de-* " *pended on Money:* That *Credit was equal* " *to Money;* that *Though among Bankers and* " *Private Traders Credit, well managed, is* " *worth*

" *worth* Ten *times their Capital Stock, yet*
" *that the Credit of a Royal Bank, ſupport-*
" *ed by the whole Species of a Kingdom*
" *formed into one Great Trading Company,*
" *has innumerable Advantages over the for-*
" *mer, and may conſequently be extended*
" *much farther;* that *Paper might ſupply*
" *the Place of Silver, and was even better*
" *qualified to be uſed as Money, as it might*
" *be made more eaſy for Delivery, of the*
" *ſame Value in all Places, kept or divided*
" *without Loſs or Expence, capable of a*
" *Stamp, and leſs liable to be counterfeited;*
" and laſtly, that France, *if ſhe would exert*
" *her whole Strength, and make uſe of all*
" *the Advantages Providence had beſtowed*
" *upon her, might certainly become the moſt*
" *powerful Kingdom in the World.*

" Whether, or no, there is not ſomething
" in theſe Maxims more beautiful in *Specu-*
" *lation*, than reducible to *Practice*; or
" whether it were impoſſible for the moſt ex-
" tenſive Genius to carry on ſo many great
" Deſigns at once; or laſtly, whether, as
" moſt affirm, his Plan was broke in upon,
" and ruined by the Envy and Ignorance of

" other People, we ſhall not pretend to de-
" termine at this Diſtance of Time. One
" Thing is certain, that ſo ſpecious was his
" Syſtem, that, even after it had failed here,
" it was ſet up and carried on in *England*
" and *Holland*: But as the Managers had
" neither the Strength to conduct, nor the
" Skill to fit and accommodate it to the dif-
" ferent Conſtitutions of thoſe Countries,
" it fell in Pieces ſooner there, and proved
" much more fatal than with us. The Diſ-
" ſolution of this vaſt Machine put all *France*
" in Confuſion: Thouſands of Families
" were naturally involved in the Ruin of it;
" and the People, who always love or hate
" in Extreams, made ſeveral Attempts on
" the very Life of that Man, whom they
" had a little before adored as the *good Ge-*
" *nius of France.* It is agreed by all the
" Writers of thoſe Times, that the *Comptrol-*
" *ler-General*, as he had never been elevated
" with the Applauſe, was now firm and in-
" trepid amidſt the Clamours and Threats of
" a whole Nation; and that he daily applied
" himſelf with the utmoſt Diligence to have
" once again mended and ſet on foot his vaſt
" Plan. The Duke Regent, who knew bet-

" ter

" ter than any Man what Meaſures the " *Comptroller-General* had *adviſed* or *op-* " *poſed*, and who conſequently was the *beſt*, " and indeed the *only* Judge of his true " Demerits, with a Reſolution worthy the " Imitation of all Princes who would be " well ſerved, protected his Miniſter from " the Fury of the Populace. He placed a " Guard about his Perſon; and when the " Tide at laſt ran too violent againſt him, " to be any longer ſtemmed, gave him pro- " per Paſſes, and permitted him to leave " *France*. Mr. *Law* retired firſt to *Flan-* " *ders*, from thence to *Venice*, *Hambourg*, " and *Copenhagen*, and, laſt of all, to his na- " tive Country *Great Britain*, where * * *

ſcarce probable, that your extenſive Genius ſhould lie altogether idle and unactive; yet ſhould you offer any Thing here, you are to expect it will be oppoſed by *Prejudice* on one hand, and a much more dangerous Enemy on the other, namely, The *Envy* of thoſe who have paſſed among us, for ſome Time, for *Men of Buſineſs*, meerly from a *ſuperficial* Way of *prating* on thoſe Subjects you are ſo truly a Maſter of. It is evident, that under whatever Government you ſhall chuſe to live, you are capable of being a moſt *uſeful* or *hurtful* Subject. That you may prove the *former* to *Great Britain*, if you intend to reſide among us, is the hearty Wiſh of,

London, *Nov.* 11. 1721.

SIR, &c.

A LETTER TO THE *CRAFTSMAN* FROM EUSTACE BUDGELL *Esq*;

Occaſioned by his late Preſenting an

Humble Complaint to His MAJESTY

Againſt the Right Honourable

Sir ROBERT WALPOLE.

The NINTH EDITION.

With a *POSTSCRIPT*.

N. B. The Publiſhers have alſo added to this Edition Mr. *Budgell*'s Speech to His Majeſty, on *April* 21. which was never *before* printed from a *true Copy*.

Printed in the Year 1731.

Advertiſement.

THE following *Letter to the Craftſman* being ſo often Mentioned and Referred to, both in the *Introduction* and the *Letter* to *Cleomenes*, it was thought proper to inſert it in this Appendix.

A

LETTER

TO THE

CRAFTSMAN

FROM

EUSTACE BUDGELL *Eſq;*

Mr. *Danvers*,

I AM obliged in Gratitude to return you my moſt humble and hearty Thanks for taking notice of my *Affair* in a Paragraph of your Paper of the 2d Inſtant; by which I hope you have, in ſome Meaſure, convinced the Publick, how very falſe and wicked thoſe Accounts were, which were given in the *St. James's Evening-Poſt*, and ſeveral *other News-Papers*, of what paſſed at the King's Levée on the 21ſt of the laſt Month, when I preſented to his Majeſty on humble Complaint

plaint againſt Sir *Robert Walpole*. You have often expreſſed (I hope very ſincerely) a *noble Indignation* againſt all *Oppreſſors*, and a *generous Concern* for the *Oppreſſed*. I beg Leave to add, that you are perhaps *more* obliged, even in *Point of Honour*, than you at *preſent* imagine, to prevent my being publickly abuſed and injured by ſo unfair a Weapon as *downright Falſhood*.

To *explain* what I *mean*, I muſt remind you, that about the Beginning of *June*, 1728. I publiſhed a ſmall Poem upon *His Majeſty's Journey to* CAMBRIDGE *and* NEWMARKET, to which I was induced by no other Motives than a moſt ſincere Veneration for his Majeſty's *Great* and *Royal Virtues*, and a Deſign to make my Fellow-Subjects ſenſible (as far as in me lay) how happy they were in having ſuch a Prince. The Publick was pleaſed to receive this little Piece with a good deal of Indulgence: They were, perhaps, prejudiced in its Favour by ſome Obſervations you were pleaſed to make upon it in your Paper of the 8th of *June*, 1728. in which there is the following Article.

From

From my own Chambers.

" I HAVE often wondered, that our *Bri-*
" *tiſh Poetry* ſhould be at ſo low an Ebb,
" under the Adminiſtration of GENTLEMEN,
" who have diſtinguiſhed themſelves in no-
" thing more remarkably than their Encou-
" ragement of *Arts* and *polite Learning*.
" Yet this is ſo notoriouſly true, that a Man
" who reads over the late Compoſitions of
" ſome *eminent* Hands, cannot help pitying
" the Caſe of their *Patrons*, who have been
" ſo *liberal* to the *Muſes* to ſo *little* Purpoſe.
" It is indeed unaccountable, how Men of
" the *leaſt* Genius, can perform ſo wretched-
" ly on ſo *glorious* a Subject. All their Pro-
" ductions are either *cold* and *ſpiritleſs*, or
" *forced*, *fuſtian*, and *incomprehenſible*. They
" want even the common Knack of *Verſifica-*
" *tion*; and as to *Perſpicuity* and *Eaſe*,
" (which are the *chief* Beauties of Writing,)
" they ſeem to have no *Notion* of them. Their
" *Panegyricks* are meer Rhapſodies of *com-*
" *mon-place Stuff*, applied to every Man a-
" like, who happens to be in *Power* or *Fa-*

" *vour*,

" *vour*, without *Delicacy*, *Judgment*, or " *Diſtinction.*

" As this is the Method of Writing now " in Vogue, I was, I confeſs, not a little " pleaſed with the Peruſal of a ſhort *Poem*, " juſt publiſhed, in a quite different Strain, " occaſioned by his Majeſty's late Journey " to *Cambridge* and *Newmarket*, and writ- " ten by EUSTACE BUDGELL Eſq; a Gentle- " man who hath, long ago, obliged the " Town with ſeveral *polite Pieces*, in Verſe " and Proſe, which were univerſally ad- " mired at the Time when they were pub- " liſhed, and procured Him the Charac- " ter of one of the *fineſt Writers* of the " Age.

" HIS *Dedication* to the QUEEN, pre- " fixed to this Poem, ſeems to anſwer the " *true* Deſign of ſuch Addreſſes, as it is " built on Topicks, for which *only* the " greateſt Princeſs upon Earth *ought* to be " commended. He celebrates Her, not for " being a *Queen*, but for being a *good Queen*; " not for the meer Poſſeſſion of a *Crown*, " but for thoſe *Qualities* which deſerve and

" adorn it; for her *conjugal Virtues*, her " *Taſte of Letters*, and Regard for *Merit*, " which ſhine ſo eminently in her preſent " Majeſty; and the *two laſt*, as Mr. *Budgell* " juſtly obſerves, made the Reign of her " *great Predeceſſor*, Queen ELIZABETH, ſo " *truly* glorious.

" THERE is one Paſſage in this Dedication " ſo very remarkable, that I cannot help " tranſcribing it.

" ISABELLA, *of* Caſtile, *with equal* Wit " *and* Reaſon, *uſed to tell her Royal Con-* " *ſort*, Ferdinand *the* Catholick, *that in a* " *Court there ought to be* NO OTHER FAVO- " RITES, *than the* QUEEN *Favourite to the* " KING, *and the* KING *Favourite to the* " QUEEN.

" IN the *Poem* itſelf, the ſeveral Inci- " dents, which aroſe from his Majeſty's late " Journey to *Cambridge* and *Newmarket*, " are beautifully touched. The Thoughts " are *natural*, the Compliments *well-turned*, " the Verſification *eaſy*, and the Expreſſion " *maſculine*.

THE Deſcription of his Majeſty's Re-
" ception and Behaviour in the *Senate-Houſe*
" at *Cambridge*, is, in my Opinion, very
" juſt and poetical."

BUT now, aſſembl'd with his learned Seers,
Such is his Love of Arts, *the King appears.*
In graceful Order all around him ſtand
The Letter'd Youth, the Hopes of Britain's *Land,*
Taught here with Vice to wage ſucceſsful War,
To grace the Senate, Pulpit, *and the* Bar:
Well pleas'd their flowing Habits to behold,
Their learned Rites and Forms ordain'd of old,
O'er all the Dome he caſts his raviſh'd Eyes,
And feels new Pleaſures in his Breaſt ariſe;
Whilſt every Rank with rival Powers contend,
Which moſt the royal Virtues ſhall commend;
His god-like Acts alternate they rehearſe,
In ſtrong Orations ſome, and ſome in ſmoother
Verſe.

MEAN while great BRUNSWICK, *nodding*
from his Throne,
Confirms their *Rights, and yet aſſerts his* own;
By his creating *Voice, propitious, wiſe,*
Phyſicians, Lawyers, *and* Divines, *ariſe;*

Ev'n

Ev'n here the regal Grandeur he maintains,
And in the Council of the Muſes *reigns.*

" But what I am moſt of all pleaſed with " in this *Poem*, is that artful Tranſition, " which the Author makes from his De- " ſcription of the Horſe-Races at *New-* " *Market*, to that glorious Action at Ou- " denard, in which his Majeſty gave ſuch " ſignal Proofs of his *perſonal Courage* and " *Bravery.*"

ON this diſtinguiſh'd Day, the noble Breed
Seem'd to exert a more than uſual Speed,
As if, by Inſtinct, each contending Horſe
Knew that Britannia's *King beheld the Courſe.*

AND yet, O Prince, *with far ſuperior Grace,*
Might the proud Species boaſt their generous Race.
Did they but know, on Oudenarda's *Plain,*
How greatly one illuſtrious Steed *was ſlain,*
Well pleas'd his *Life in Battle to reſign,*
Pierc'd with the fatal Ball, which threaten'd Thine.

ON that important Day, well known to Fame,
And made immortal by thy glorious Name,

When, like a Tempeſt, in Europa's *Right,*
Thy martial Genius urg'd Thee to the Fight,
Where'er the Fury of the Battle rag'd,
Where'er the Thickeſt of her Foes engag'd,
There waſt thou ſeen, too prodigal of Life,
While thy raſh Valour turn'd the doubtful Strife.

THE Gauls *retreating, yet aſham'd to ſee*
The Fortune of the Day o'er-rul'd by Thee,
By Thee *alone (a ſingle, youthful Hand)*
Boil'd with freſh Rage; and, yet afraid to ſtand,
Like the old Parthians, *fighting as they fled,*
Aim'd all the War at thy devoted Head.

"YET whatever Beauties I may fancy I "have diſcovered in this Piece; or, however "the Generality of the World may think fit "to approve of it; I am very doubtful what "Reception it will meet with amongſt a *cer-* "*tain Set of Courtiers;* and am indeed "ſomewhat ſurpriz'd, that a *Gentleman,* "who hath ſeen ſo much of the World, and "formerly been a *Courtier* himſelf, ſhould "imagine that it was ſufficient for him to ſay "a great many handſome Things of his "*Prince,* without including *One* of *his Mi-* "*niſters* in the ſame Compliment. Some of

" his ill-judging Friends, I find, are appre-
" henſive that this Omiſſion will deprive his
" *Poem* of all other Recommendation, ex-
" cept that of its own *Merit*; and for my
" Part, indeed, if He had done me the Ho-
" nour to have conſulted me on this Occa-
" ſion, I ſhould have adviſed Him to have
" flung in, at leaſt, a ſmall *Epiſode*, in Ho-
" nour of all thoſe *incomparable Perſons*,
" who *ſhine*, at preſent, at the Head of Af-
" fairs. But, perhaps, what induced this
" Gentleman to be ſo very ſparing of his
" Compliments, might be an Opinion that it
" would have leſſen'd the juſt Praiſe of his
" *Prince*, to have put Him on a *Level* with
" any of his *Servants*; or that even their
" *Modeſty* would have been offended at ſee-
" ing themſelves placed in ſuch an *indecent*
" Light. I am not ſufficiently acquainted
" with the *preſent Manners* and *Genius* of
" the *Court*, to determine how far this *De-*
" *licacy* of Procedure may be agreeable to
" that Climate; though I have ſeen ſome
" *late Pieces*, addreſſed to his *Majeſty*,
" which, upon Peruſal, appeared to be little
" more than a *Muſter-Roll of his Officers*;
" and I am very confident, that if *ſuch a*

" *Man* as Cardinal WOLSEY was at the Head " of Affairs, *He* would not be ſatisfied, " without appearing, at leaſt, *Cheek by Joul* " with his Sovereign, if he did not, accord- " ing to the conſtant Style of his *late Emi-* " *nence*, poſitively inſiſt upon having the " FIRST PLACE."

THOUGH I am very ſenſible, Mr. *Danvers*, that in ſome of the Obſervations above mentioned, you ſuffered your Good Nature to get the Better of your Judgment, I do not, on the other hand, believe that any Conſideration could have made you commend a Piece, in which you did not really imagine there was ſome little Merit; and I muſt be extremely ſtupid to be altogether inſenſible of the Approbation of a Gentleman, whoſe very Enemies have allowed him to be a Man of *great Abilities*, *great Learning*, and a *Maſter of our Language*. I could, however, have wiſhed, for ſome Reaſons, that you had omitted the *latter Part* of your Compliment; and though you are pleaſed to obſerve that I was once a Courtier, I begin ſhrewdly to ſuſpect that Mr. *Danvers* of *Grays-Inn* underſtands the Climate of a Court much better than myſelf:

ſelf: But this is foreign to my preſent Purpoſe; which is to acquaint you, that your Obſervations upon my Poem gave Occaſion to the following *moſt remarkable* Paragraphs and Queries, which were publiſhed in the *Britiſh Journal* of *June* 15. 1728. I ſhall inſert them *Verbatim*, for very *particular Reaſons*, and with thoſe very Words in *Italick* and *Capital* Letters, which were ſo printed in the *Britiſh Journal*.

From my own Chambers.

" THE learned Author of the *Craftſ-*
" *man* having done Juſtice to that
" ingenious Performance, with which a
" Gentleman of the *Long Robe* has obliged the
" Publick; I think it incumbent on me, to
" ſubſcribe to his Recommendation of that
" *moſt incomparable Poem*. I am proud of
" an Occaſion to do Honour to EUSTACE
" BUDGELL Eſq; and tho' Mr. *D'An-*
" *vers* ſeems to fear his Merits may be diſ-
" own'd, I don't doubt he'll have his *Re-*
" *ward*.

" It is not often that I apply to my " Brother *Caleb*; and therefore, now I am " poſſeſſed of a fair Opportunity, I ſhall ask " him a few well-meaning Queſtions.

" 1. *Whether the Letters* E. B. *ſubſcribed* " *to ſeveral* Extraordinary Epiſtles, *publiſh'd* " *in the* Craftſman, *were not* more *than* or- " dinarily *ſignificant, or in other Words,* " *the* initial Letters *of* proper Names?

" 2. *Why the ſame Letters* E. B. *are* " ſtruck out *in the* Octavo Volumes; *where-* " *as all the other* ſubſcribing Letters *ſtand* " *in the* Collections, *as they do in the* Week- " ly Journals?

" 3. *Whether the ingenious Gentleman,* " *who writ thoſe invaluable Pieces, does* " *not merit* more than common Favours *of* " *His Majeſty, on Account of the* excel- " lent Obſervations *he therein made on His* " *Government?*

" I ask Pardon, if this ſhould be diſagree- " able to any One; but the Author of the " *Craftſ-*

" *Craftſman* having ſo *worthily recommended*
" EUSTACE BUDGELL Eſq; I think I
" have the ſame Right, with regard to
" E. B. Eſq; and I hope this Gentleman will
" alſo have *his Reward*. In the mean Time
" I beg it as a Kindneſs to myſelf, that
" Mr. *D'Anvers* will *reſtore* thoſe *ſubſcri-*
" *bing Letters* to the next Edition of the
" Book; for ſurely the Author cannot be
" *aſhamed* to own ſuch *exceeding fine*
" *Things*."

I muſt confeſs, Mr. *Danvers*, I had long ſince made a firm Reſolution never to anſwer any Thing that ſhould be wrote againſt me, in which my Adverſary did not ſhew himſelf a Man of good Senſe, and confine himſelf ſtrictly to *Truth*. In that unfortunate Year 1720. I was the *firſt* Man in *England* who had either the Courage or Inclination to fall openly upon a *Set of Men*, who were *ſoon after* allowed to be *Villains* by all Mankind, and branded as ſuch by the whole Legiſlature. Upon this Occaſion I had no leſs than *ſeven* Pamphlets full of *Scurrility* or *falſe Reaſoning* publiſhed againſt me in *one* Week; to all which I never made any

Reply. Two of the ingenious Authors have ſince frankly owned to me, that they wrote againſt their Conſciences, and were *hired* to abuſe me. One of theſe Gentlemen had *ſixty Guineas* and a *Poſt* in the South-Sea Houſe: The other had *Forty-five Guineas*, and a *Poſt promiſed*, though never *given* him. I can *name* the Perſons who *paid* and *received* the Money; and pardon me, Mr. *Danvers*, if I preſume to ſay, that I mention theſe Particulars, as I humbly conceive them not to be altogether unworthy *your* Notice. But notwithſtanding my former Reſolution, and though you thought the Queriſt in the *Britiſh Journal* too contemptible a Perſon to be taken Notice of, I am reſolved for *certain Reaſons*, to give him a very *plain* and *diſtinct* Anſwer to his three Queſtions. You cannot but obſerve, Mr. *Danvers*, that he is pleaſed to aſſume the Air of a *very great Man*, who has the Power of *rewarding* or *puniſhing*. Speaking of your humble Servant, *Though Mr.* Danvers (ſays the Queriſt) *ſeems to fear his Merit may be diſowned, I don't doubt he'll have his* REWARD. I think I am not altogether a Stranger to the *Beauties* and *Conciſe-*

neſs

neſs of this Stile; and that from one particular Expreſſion, and ſome Circumſtances which ſoon followed this Menace, I do as certainly know the *Hand* from whence theſe *well-meaning Queries* came, as if I had ſeen him write them: But it is Time I ſhould anſwer his Queſtions.

In Anſwer to his *firſt Queſtion*, I do not know whether the Letters *E. B.* ſubſcribed to ſeveral *extraordinary Epiſtles* publiſhed in the *Craftſman*, were *more* than *ordinarily* ſignificant, or not; or, in other Words, whether, or not, they were the *initial Letters* of *proper Names*: But I do ſolemnly declare, that I was neither the Author of thoſe *extraordinary Epiſtles*, nor do I know who was; and that I neither *ſaw* or *knew* any Thing of them, till they appeared in Print in your Papers; and I muſt further tell the Queriſt, *whoever* he is, that, even in the *miſerable* and *wretched* Condition to which I am at preſent reduced, I would *ſcorn* to ſay thus much to him, if it was not *true*.

His *ſecond* Queſtion, you, Mr. *Danvers*, if you had thought it worth your while, could

could have anſwer'd, much better than I can: All I can ſay to it, is, That I neither know if theſe *terrible* Letters *E. B.* are *ſtruck out* in the *Octavo Volumes*, or not; nor whether all the other *ſubſcribing Letters* ſtand in the *Collections* as they do in the *Weekly Journals*. If the Letters *E. B.* are really ſtruck out, you never did me the Honour (and I don't know why you ſhould) to conſult me about it.

In Anſwer to our Queriſt's *third* Queſtion *viz.* "*Whether the ingenious Gentleman* "*who writ thoſe invaluable Pieces, does not* "*merit* more than common Favours *of his* "*Majeſty, on account of the* Excellent Ob- "ſervations *he therein made on his Govern-* "*ment?*"

If the Queriſt means, as I preſume he does, by the Words, *more than common Favours*, the *moſt unparallel'd Cruelties*; and if by the Words, *Excellent Obſervations on his Majeſty's Government*, he means *proper Obſervations on the Conduct of his Majeſty's Miniſters, both to his Majeſty himſelf, and to his Subjects*; though I am altogether uncon-

unconcern'd in the Queſtion as ſtated above, yet I muſt tell the Queriſt, that I have ſo high an Opinion of the *Juſtice* and *Honour* of my *King*, and am ſo fully perſwaded that he looks upon himſelf to be a *Common Father* to *all* his Subjects, that ſhould he know even the *greateſt* of *his Miniſters* made uſe of the Power with which he is intruſted, to gratify his own *little Malice* and *mean Jealouſy*, by ruining *any* of his Fellow-Subjects; in ſuch a Caſe I make no manner of Doubt but that his Majeſty would let ſuch a Miniſter know, that he ought to imploy his Power to much *better* Purpoſes.

Having given, I hope, a full and diſtinct Anſwer to each of the Queriſts three Queſtions, I think my ſelf obliged to allow an Adverſary, what is juſtly due to him; and therefore, though I always did, and do ſtill think, that the Queriſt is by no Means an Author of the *firſt Claſs*, yet I muſt confeſs, that in the Compoſition before us, he ſeems to have wrote under ſome particular *Inſpiration*, and to have been endued with the *Spirit of Prophecy*. It is very certain, that ſince he publiſhed theſe Prognoſticks, I

have received *more than common Favours*: It is certain I have had my *Reward*, and ſuch a *Reward*, as, I muſt own, I did not expect when I publiſhed that Poem, in which both you and other People ſeemed to think there were ſome Lines, with which the *greateſt Prince upon Earth* could not reaſonably be diſpleaſed.

I HAVE at preſent done with the Queriſt; but ſince I have my Pen in my Hand, I hope you will excuſe me, Mr. *Danvers*, if I take ſome Notice of the Author of that Paragraph, which was inſerted in the *St. James's Evening-Poſt* of *April* 23. and upon which you was ſo kind as to animadvert a little in your *Journal*. I chuſe the rather to do this, becauſe I am pretty well aſſured that the Author of that Paragraph is a *particular Friend* of the *Queriſt's*. The Paragraph it ſelf is in theſe Words;

" On Tueſday laſt, one Mr. *Budgell*, a " Gentleman that has been greatly diſorder'd " in his Senſes, went into the Drawing-Room " at Court, and preſented a Petition to His " Majeſty, praying that a certain great Mi-

" niſter

" niſter of State might be removed from all
" his Employments. This Accident afforded
" ſome Amuſement to the illuſtrious Circle,
" and the poor Gentleman was ſafely con-
" ducted Home to his Family.

I BELIEVE I may very ſafely venture to aſſert, That there never was before in any ten Lines ſo much *mean Art*, *pitiful Malice*, and *down-right Falſhood*, as in the ten Lines now before us.

IN order to prove what I ſay, I ſhall take the Liberty to diſſect them.

On Tueſday laſt, one Mr. Budgell.] It is very poſſible that my Name may not be ſo well known to my Fellow-Subjects, as the Gentleman's who was the Author of this Paragraph; and yet, perhaps, I have not lived ſo very obſcurely, as to deſerve being deſcribed by the polite Phraſe of *One Mr.*Budgell.

A Gentleman that has been greatly diſorder'd in his Senſes.] Such a Report has been ſpread with the utmoſt Cunning and Induſtry, both *within* and *without* the *Walls* of

of his Majeſty's Palace; and I intend, God willing, to make it very plainly appear by *whom*, and with what *Deſign*, the ſaid Report was ſpread.

Went into the Drawing-Room at Court.] This is a *Falſhood*; but ſuch a *Falſhood* as is not without a *mean Deſign*. The *Deſign* is to make an Action appear *ridiculous*, which I humbly conceive was not ſo: The *Drawing-Room*, is a large Room, very diſtant from that in which his Majeſty ſees Company in a Morning; and every Body knows, that in the *Drawing-Room* His Majeſty receives, and uſually converſes with the *Ladies*. To have troubled him with a Petition in *this* Place, would have been highly *improper*; whereas there is ſcarce a *Day* paſſes in which his Majeſty does not receive one or more Petitions at his *Levée*.

And preſented a Petition to his Majeſty, praying, that a certain great Miniſter of State might be removed from all his Employments.] I ſhould indeed have had a large Share of Impudence and Folly to have preſented a Petition to his Majeſty containing

ſuch

ſuch a Prayer. A *private Man*, and a *good Subject*, may certainly preſume, and even think it his *Duty*, to lay before his Sovereign *Matters of Fact*; but then he muſt leave his Sovereign to judge of thoſe *Facts*, and to act upon them as he ſees fit. The moſt humble Advice, unasked, might look too much like Inſolence. If it be for his Majeſty's Service, I do moſt ſincerely wiſh, that the Power of that Miniſter here meant, inſtead of being *leſſened*, may every Day grow *greater* than it is. No Man knew from me, nor does *yet* know, the Contents of that Paper I delivered to his Majeſty; and it is pretty plain that the Author of this Paragraph was not acquainted with them at the *Time* he wrote it; though he had the *conſummate Aſſurance* to tell all the World what they were.

This Accident afforded ſome Amuſement to the illuſtrious Circle.] It might, indeed, very well do ſo, if it had been ſuch an *Accident* as this Gentleman has deſcribed; yet how the *illuſtrious Circle* came to gueſs at the Contents of my Petition, when this Gentleman, for *Reaſons* beſt known to *himſelf*, does

does not take Notice that I once opened my Lips, is, what I confeſs, my *diſordered Senſes* cannot ſo eaſily comprehend.

And the poor Gentleman.] This kind Epithet of *poor*, puts me in mind of the *Crocodile*, who firſt *deſtroys* a Man, and then *weeps* over him.

Was ſafely conducted home to his Family.] Who would not think, by this Concluſion, that I had been ſent home with *a File of Musketeers*, or, at leaſt, in Cuſtody of the *Yeomen* of the Guard! Whereas, in Truth, there was not even the *leaſt Foundation* for this ſhameful Story. I confeſs I was a little moved to ſee ſuch a Falſhood aſſerted ſo roundly in a Paper, which, by the Title, we are to ſuppoſe comes from *St. James's*; becauſe I humbly conceive it to contain an high Reflection upon his Majeſty himſelf. All good Princes have ever lent a gracious Ear to the Complaints of their Subjects, and more eſpecially againſt their *own Miniſters*, who are, generally ſpeaking, too powerful to be checked by any but their *Maſter*; I could give innumerable Inſtances of what I am ſay-

ing out of ancient and modern Hiſtory; nor do I remember to have heard of any *Prince* ſo *cruel*, as to ſet his Guards upon one of his poor Subjects, who came (perhaps, at the Peril of his *own Life*) to acquaint him with what he humbly conceived it was neceſſaay he ſhould know. If the Contents of my Petition are *falſe*, I expect, and am content to be ſeverely puniſhed: If they are *true*, I am very *ſure* I have committed no Fault. His Majeſty was pleaſed to hear what I ſaid to him with that *Goodneſs* and *Condeſcention*, which are never wanting in a *generous Breaſt*; and I cannot poſſibly think, that he who penned the above-mentioned *Account*, had a due Regard to the Character of his *Prince*, when he endeavoured to inſinuate the *contrary*.

HAVING taken this Paragraph to *Pieces*, I ſhall once more put it *together*, becauſe I muſt own, that the oftener I *look* upon it, the more I *admire* it.

" ON Tueſday laſt, one Mr. *Budgell*, a " Gentleman that has been greatly diſordered " in his Senſes, went into the Drawing-Room

" at Court, and preſented a Petition to his " Majeſty, praying, that a certain great Mi- " niſter of State might be removed from all " his Employments. This Accident afford- " ed ſome Amuſement to the illuſtrious Cir- " cle, and the poor Gentleman was ſafely " conducted home to his Family."

The Author of this Paragraph being, probably, under ſome Apprehenſion, that he had not yet ſufficiently diſgraced me, was pleaſed to take notice of me again in his next Paper, with his uſual *Candor* and *Veracity*, and in the following Words, *viz.*

" Mr. Budgell, mention'd in our former, " hath attempted to print his Speech to his " Majeſty in the *Drawing-Room*, and like- " wiſe the Memorial he delivered at the " ſame Time; but, we hear, that no Body " would meddle with it."

It would be too ill-natur'd, to keep this Writer out of the *Drawing-Room*, ſince he ſeems to be ſo very *fond* of it; but as to what he is pleaſed to aſſert with ſo happy an *Aſſurance*, If he makes it neceſſary, I will convince the Pub-

lick,

lick, that I was ſo far from attempting to print *any Thing* at all, that I made it my moſt *earneſt Requeſt* to my *few* Friends, that they would take no publick Notice of this Affair; and I believe I may aſſure this Writer, that *nothing* at all would have been *printed* about it, if he had not thought it neceſſary to fall upon me in a Manner not entirely conſiſtent, either with *Truth* or *common Humanity*. His laſt Paragraph was ſo very far from frightening the *Bookſellers* and *Printers*, which I take to be the *mean Deſign* of it, that it brought ſeveral of them to me, to aſſure me, That if I intended to print my Memorial, they were ready to *meddle with it*. I have not, at preſent, the leaſt Thoughts of letting them *meddle with it*, nor have communicated the Contents of it to *any* one of my Friends; And yet If it ſhould ever fall into this Gentleman's Hands, and he ſhould think proper to oblige the Publick with a Sight of it, I humbly truſt it will not appear to be the Memorial of a Perſon who was *greatly diſordered in his Senſes*.

It is no *Secret*, that the *St. James's Evening-Poſt* is what the Printers call a *Penſion-*

Paper, that is, It is obliged for its *Exiſtence* to a certain *great Man*, who, I am credibly informed, allows 200 *l. per Ann.* for the *Support* of it; and takes care to have it ſent *gratis* to all the Cities and great Towns in *England*. I make no manner of Doubt, but that this *moſt noble Perſon*, to convince the World he was never conſulted about the inſerting theſe Paragraphs, and that he has the utmoſt Averſion to all *Untruths* and *little Arts*, will immediately withdraw his Bounty from this extraordinary Paper. I am the rather of this Opinion, becauſe *theſe Paragraphs*, added to ſome *Affidavits* lately made about the *Dunkirk-Affair*, might poſſibly give the World but an indifferent Notion of *any Cauſe*, or *any Man*, that is ſupported by *ſuch* Methods.

As to the Contents of my *Memorial*, or *Petition*, I believe I have already ſaid enough to ſhew you, Mr. *Danvers*, that it is not the Deſign of this Letter to acquaint you with them. Thus much, however, I need not ſcruple to ſay; I have mentioned no *Facts*, but ſuch, for which, I humbly hope, I can produce the cleareſt and moſt convin-

cing

cing Evidence; and that I am ready to ſeal (even with my *Blood*, if it be neceſſary) the Truth of every Thing aſſerted in that Paper I delivered to his Majeſty, and of SOMETHING MORE. It has been ever my Opinion, (in which I hope Sir *R. W.* will not *diſagree* with me,) That Any Man who *knowingly* and *deſignedly* ſhall tell his Prince a *Falſhood*, *deſerves* the moſt *rigorous Puniſhment*. As to the *Prayer* of my Petition, with humble Submiſſion to the worthy Writer I have quoted above, it was not that *A certain great Miniſter of State might be removed from all his Employments;* neither was it for *Money*, a *Place*, or a *Penſion*; I humbly truſt it was *ſuch*, and ſo *reaſonable*, that it can hardly be denied by a *wiſe* and a *juſt Prince*; for the Signification of whoſe Pleaſure I ſhall wait with the Duty that becomes a *Loyal Subject*.

I ſhall here, without the leaſt Pain to my ſelf, do Sir *R. W.* one Piece of Juſtice. This great Man has often complained that the Charges brought againſt him were in too *general* Terms; and I muſt ingenuouſly own, that I do think he has *ſometimes* made this

Complaint with a great deal of Reaſon. It cannot, indeed, be expected that any Miniſter ſhould be actually impeached in the Zenith of his Power; and, if I remember rightly, this *moſt noble Perſon* himſelf did not impeach the late Lord *B——ke* till he was removed from his Poſt; yet notwithſtanding this, I do think that no Man ought to be *accuſed*, and much leſs reputed *guilty*, who cannot be charged with *particular Facts*.

I was *once* Sir *R. W*'s *Friend*: It was in thoſe Days when he was ſtruggling with, and was kept down, by a powerful and a very *able* Man.

Sir *R. W.* may poſſibly at preſentthink me his *Enemy*. I ſhall not diſpute about *Words*; yet thus much I will venture to ſay, That If I am his *Enemy*, I am at *leaſt* one of the moſt *open* and *generous Enemies* that ever any great Man had; of which, if it becomes *neceſſary*, I think I can lay before the Publick the moſt *evident* and *undeniable* Proofs.

HAVING

HAVING taken notice that I was once *well acquainted* with this *great Man*, I muſt endeavour to take from myſelf the leaſt Imputation of the two moſt odious Crimes upon Earth, I mean, *Ingratitude* and *Treachery*: Whoever can be guilty of *theſe*, may very poſſibly have a Soul *black* enough to be guilty of *any Thing*; and I ſhould a little doubt, whether a Man who had once been *falſe* to his *Friend*, could ever be *true* to his *King*, or his *Country*. I hope I ſhall not be thought guilty of *Ingratitude*, ſince I can very truly affirm, that Sir *R. W.* has had ſome *ſmall Obligations* to me; but if I ever yet received the leaſt *Favour*, *Aſſiſtance*, or *Kindneſs*, of any ſort from Sir *R. W.* it is certain that I have never acknowledg'd it as I ought to have done; and I muſt confeſs that my Memory is extreamly unfaithful. *Treachery* is the next Vice to *Ingratitude*; and I am therefore fully determined, whatever I ſuffer, to do nothing contrary to the Rules of *Honour*. Sir *R. W.* is not in the leaſt obliged to me for this Reſolution; I have taken it, not for *his* Sake, but my *own*.

SINCE I have enter'd the Liſts, though with great Reluctance, I have no Notion of turning back; yet if I ſhould happen to *injure* this *moſt noble* Perſon in any *one* Particular, I ſhall be as ready to make him all poſſible Reparation, as he himſelf can be to require it.

IF in the preceding Paragraphs I have let drop any ſingle Word, or Expreſſion, which may poſſibly ſhew too warm a Reſentment, I hope, Mr. *Danvers*, you will have the Goodneſs to excuſe it, when you remember it fell from an unhappy Perſon under Confinement.

WHILE you are pleaſing yourſelf in *Grays-Inn Walks*, to ſee the Spring opening in all its Beauties, you can hardly have any Notion of what a Wretch ſuffers who is *ſhut up*, and ſees a *lingering Death* daily making its Approaches. You may poſſibly pity me a little the more, when I ſhall tell you what is very *true*, namely, that I do not owe *one ſingle Farthing* to that Perſon, for whoſe pretended Debt I was firſt confined; that on

the

the contrary, that very Perſon owes me above *three hundred Pounds*. You will have ſome Notion of this *ſeeming* Paradox, when I acquaint you, that I firſt loſt my Liberty upon *one* Article of an *open-unballanc'd* Account of about *twelve Years*; which *Account* I have often in Court, and oftener *out* of it, earneſtly deſired might be *fairly ballanc'd*, and offer'd to ſubmit to *any impartial Perſon*. If you wonder at this, Mr. *Danvers*, I ſhall ſtrongly ſuſpect, that, though you live at *Grays-Inn*, you are better vers'd in the *Rules of Reaſon*, than the *Forms of Law*. I know that you, who are a Philoſopher, will adviſe me to divert myſelf, either with Reading or Compoſing. But, alas! I muſt inform you, that under the *ſpecious Mask* of an *Execution*, I had my very *private Letters* and *Writings* taken from me; and loſt ſuch *Papers* as, however *trifling* they may ſeem to thoſe who are poſſeſs'd of them, I would not have parted with for 1000 *l.* I am very far from complaining of any Court of Judicature; I know 'tis my Duty to ſubmit to their Deciſions, and always to believe them *ſtrictly juſt*; yet I hope I may, at leaſt, be allowed to deplore my own unhappy

Fate, when in *more* than *one Inſtance*, I have been treated with *greater Severity* than ever any *Engliſhman* was *before*, in the *like Circumſtances*. As I never loved *general Aſſertions*, I am here ſtrongly tempted to deſcend to *Particulars*; but when I conſider my *preſent Situation*, I am in great Doubt, whether, with any tolerable Aſſurance of Impunity, I might venture to mention even the moſt *plain*, the moſt *notorious*, and *undeniable Facts*.

I ſurrender'd myſelf to the *Fleet* to ſave my Bail; which I would have done, though I had known I had gone to *certain Death*. To uſe the Queriſt's own Expreſſion, I had very good Reaſons to believe, that *more than common Favours* were prepar'd for me. In a Word, I think that I owe my Life to the Honourable the Committee of the Houſe of Commons, who, juſt as I was confin'd, thought proper to look into Mr. *Bambridge*'s Adminiſtration: I can only return my moſt humble Thanks in this publick Manner to that Honourable Committee, and heartily wiſh them Succeſs in all their future Undertakings. If any great Offenders began to fear where their Inquiries would end; if they were deceived

by

by ſuch *Tricks* as generous Minds can hardly *ſuſpect*, becauſe they ſcorn to *practiſe*; if the noble *Warmth* and *Zeal* of ſome of them was cunningly imployed to render the *Prudence* of others uſeleſs; I hope that all theſe *little Arts* will not entirely diſcourage them; that it will only teach them for the future to act with more *Unanimity* and *Caution*; and that they will ſtill proſecute thoſe Deſigns, which have already rendered them ſo juſtly dear to the honeſt Part of their Fellow-Subjects.

When my *Fortune* and *Liberty* were taken from me, you will, I believe, allow, that it was pretty ſevere to attack that only Thing I had left, *viz.* A *little Reputation*; To repreſent me every where as a *Perſon diſtracted*, that my Complaints might either be not *heard*, or not *regarded*.

The *Favours* of the Crown will, I hope, be always beſtow'd upon Men who deſerve them much better than myſelf. If I can obtain but *ſtrict Juſtice*, I need not lie in the Place I am. I have, for particular Reaſons, apply'd for *Juſtice* to the *Fountain*

tain of Juſtice, his moſt Sacred Majeſty; nor will I, while I have Life left, entirely deſpair of obtaining it. My *Principles*, and Part of my Education, are very well known to be derived from a Man who was not a *Scandal* to his Country, I mean the late Mr. Addison. As to my *Loyalty*, Sir *R. W.* muſt excuſe me, when I tell him, that if I cannot produce as great, and as undeniable an Inſtance of a *diſintereſted Loyalty*, as either *he himſelf*, or any *one* Perſon of *all his Family*, I am content to be thought whatever he ſhall pleaſe to repreſent me: On *that* Point I can never yield to him. He may poſſibly think this an unpardonable Way of Talking, from a Man in a Jail to a Firſt Miniſter, who ſpends more Money in *one Day*, than the Wretch that ſpeaks to him ſees in a *Twelvemonth:* But as ſome Mitigation of my Crime, he will, I hope, have the Goodneſs to remember, that there was not *always* this *immenſe Diſtance* between us. It is, indeed, at preſent *immenſe;* and I am as truly ſenſible as you, or any Body can make me, how unequal a Match I am to a Man ſupported with ſo much *Power* and *Wealth.* I know it is an Hundred to One,

but

but what I have already done will prove my Deſtruction; I am even prepared to meet it: I know I can hope for nothing but *faint Friendſhips*, while I am ſure to find the moſt *implacable Enemies*. I am ſenſible, that if at laſt I ſhould, beyond all Expectation, happen to be a very mean Inſtrument in the Hand of Providence of doing ſome Good, many of thoſe very Perſons who would rejoice at the *Event*, would envy my *Succeſs*. I even foreſee ſome Dangers, which, perhaps, other People do not; and yet, notwithſtanding all this, I reſolve, God willing, *To Proceed*. I was never extremely enamoured with *Life*: I am leſs in Love with it than ever, ſince I have contracted a Diſtemper in my Confinement, which, I believe, will hardly leave me; and I do aſſure you, Mr. *Danvers*, That did I but know how to lay down my *Life* for the real Service of my poor Country, you ſhould ſoon ſee how little I would heſitate to part with it.

I have but *one* Favour to ask of you, *viz.* That if I ſhould happen by any *Accident* to die in my preſent Confinement, (you know we are all Subject to *Accidents*,) you will

will do me the Juſtice to believe ſome *Memoirs* which I have left in the Hands of a *faithful Friend.* I will not promiſe that the *Stile* is correct; but I hope the *Matter* of them is curious enough to engage the Attention of the Publick. I am, *&c.*

Ludgate-Hill,
May 10. 1730.

POSTSCRIPT.

THOUGH my *Letter* has run to a *Sixth Edition* in a *few Days*, I have had Time enough to hear what is ſaid, both of *that*, and of *myſelf.*

I AM aſſured that my Meaning is often miſtaken in Page lxx. where I ſay,

I was once *Sir* R. W's Friend: *It was in thoſe Days when he was ſtruggling with, and was kept down, by a powerful and a very* able *Man.*

It ſeems many People have thought, that by this *powerful* and *able* Man, I mean either the late Earl of *Oxford*, or the late Lord *B——ke*. I ſcarce *knew* Sir *R. W.* when thoſe Gentlemen were in Power: The Perſon I mean, was the late Earl of *Sunderland*. During the whole Miniſtry of that great Man, I was a *zealous Friend* of Sir *R. W*'s; to ſerve whom, I not only diſobliged the noble Lord laſt mentioned, but even *another Perſon*, for whom I had the *utmoſt Eſteem*; and I was no ſmall Sufferer on both theſe Accounts.

As to what is ſaid concerning *Myſelf*, I am credibly informed, that it is now induſtriouſly given out by *ſome People*, that though I had the Aſſurance to tell the King I was an *Engliſh Gentleman*, I am really an *Iriſhman*. I ſhall make no other Anſwer to this, but a *plain* Relation of *Matter of Fact*.

I was born in *Devonſhire*: My *Father* was a *Doctor in Divinity*. He was my Grandfather's *third Son*; but his *two Elder Brothers* dying without Iſſue, he ſucceeded

to

to the *Eſtate* of the *Family;* which, I think I can prove to a Demonſtration, was *known* and *ſettled* in *Devonſhire* above *two hundred Years* ſince. My *Mother* was the *only Daughter* of Biſhop *Gulſton:* The Biſhop was born at *Wymondham* in *Leiceſterſhire*, where I have now a ſmall Concern, which was *Part* of his *Paternal Eſtate*.

Upon his late Majeſty's Acceſſion to the Throne, I was made *Secretary of State* in *Ireland*, *Accomptant-General of all the Revenue*, and choſen a *Member of Parliament*. I was removed from the *firſt* of theſe Poſts, for not doing what no Man of *Honour* or *Honeſty* would have done. The *Story* is *very well* known, and particularly to Sir *Robert Walpole*. My reſiding in *Ireland* for about *four Years*, while I was in the Poſts above mentioned, is the *only* Pretence any one can have for calling me an *Iriſhman*. I am very ſenſible what it is my good-natured Enemies would inſinuate by that Appellation: But I muſt intreat them to remember, that *Truth* and *Innocence* (eſpecially when *oppreſſed*) have ſomething a little *bold* in their very Nature.

Shame

SHAME ought to be the Companion of GUILT: If it really *was* ſo, I ſhould not at all deſpair of making *ſome Men* bluſh, whoſe MODESTY was never yet thought the moſt *conſpicuous* of their *Virtues*.

Ludgate-Hill,
May 28. 1730.

The Publiſher's *Advertiſement.*

TO render this Edition compleat, we ſhall add to it, the Author's Speech to his Majeſty, on *April* 21. which was never yet printed but in *one* of the *News-Papers*, neither was *that* done from a *true Copy.*

Mr. *Budgell* having preſented his Petition, ſpoke as follows:

I *Beſeech Your* MAJESTY *to read that Petition.*

It contains an humble Complaint againſt Sir R——t W——e.

If Your Majeſty ſhall find that I have preſumed to complain againſt ſo great *a Man, without the* ſtrongeſt *and* juſteſt *Reaſons, I am content to ſuffer the ſevereſt Puniſhment, even* Death *itſelf.*

I am at preſent, Sir, an unhappy Priſoner *in the* Fleet; *but when Your Majeſty knows* ſome Particulars, *Your Majeſty may poſſibly*

poſſibly think, I deſerve a milder Fate, *than either to* rot *in a Goal, or to be* privately murdered *there.*

Before my Confinement, I had ſollicited for above a Twelvemonth together, *at a* great Expence, *for* one ſingle Audience *either from Your* Majeſty, *or the* Queen.

It is highly proper *Your Majeſty ſhould know by* what Methods *I was hindered from obtaining this* only Favour *I ever petitioned for; A* Favour *ſeldom refuſed to an* Engliſh Gentleman, *eſpecially to* one *who has been employed in* Publick Affairs.

Among other very mean Arts, *the utmoſt Cunning and Induſtry was uſed to repreſent me as a* Perſon diſtracted. *I truſt Your Majeſty will not find me to be ſo; though it is very certain, that if* Cruelty *and* Oppreſſion *could have diſturb'd my Reaſon, I ſhould not at preſent have been Maſter of that ſmall Share of Underſtanding, which Providence thought fit to beſtow upon me.*

I fly from Your Mi——rs Cruelty *and* Ingratitude, *to Your Majeſty's* Justice *and* Mercy.

FINIS.

Juſt Publiſhed,

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